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CONTACT FROM MARS
AMONG THE SAUCERS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE MITCHELL SISTERS
BY HELEN AND BETTY MITCHELL

Published by

UFO PHOTO ARCHIVES
P.O. BOX 17206, TUCSON, AZ 85731, USA

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NEW UFO BOOK

AMONG THE SAUCERS

BY

HELEN AND BETTY MITCHELL

MARS INTEREST

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Some showing possible evidence of life there

Mitchell Sisters contacts with human beings from Mars in 1957

described in detail in Old Autobiography Now Published

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UFO CONTACT FROM MARS

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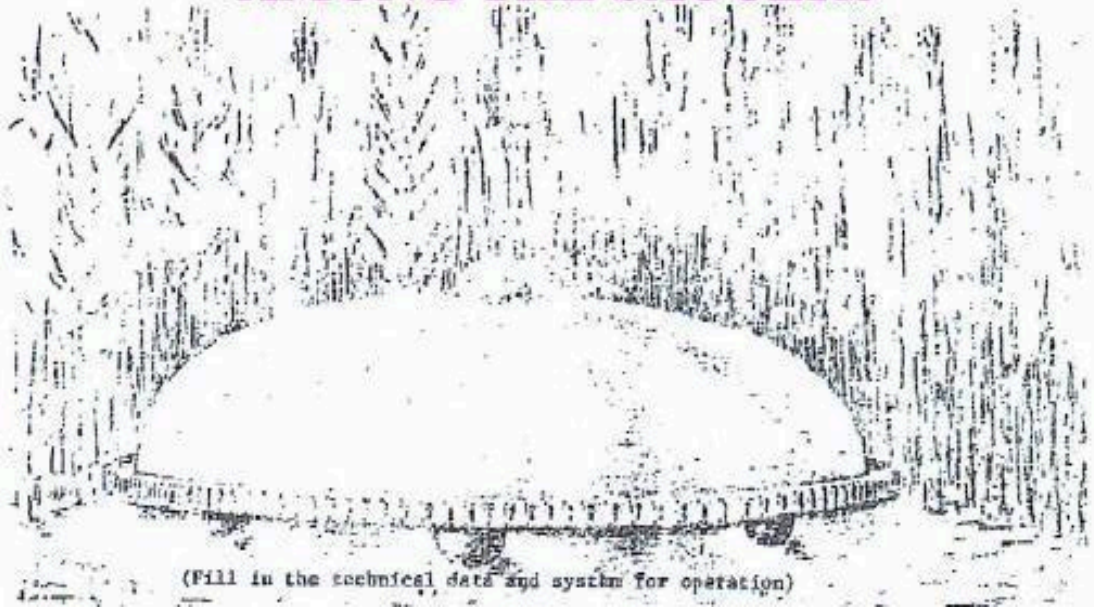

November 1957, Floresant, MO. Helen Mitchell was picked up by a craft like this parked in a vacant meadow in farm country on the outskirts of the town near St. Louis Missouri.

By

Helen and Betty Mitchell

- Men from MARS working in harmony with Men from Venus –
- Witness taken in smaller craft to and aboard the bigger mother ship –
- Witnesses given communications device for contact with visitors –
- Martian society and life described and shown in detail –

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- Direct Communication with the ETs -
- Geography of the Other Planet -
- Cities of the Other Planet -

•Society on the other planet -

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UFO Contact

AMONG THE SAUCERS

BY

Helen M. Mitchell

Betty J. Mitchell

Published by

Wendelle C. Stevens
UFO PHOTO ARCHIVES

Dedicated to

TRUTH

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Acknowledgement is made by Helen and Betty Mitchell to

Bud Hopkins for his devoted assistance in bringing this material to light.

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PREFACE

This autobiography came into our hands through a very trusted and well informed friend. We had been studying a number of extraterrestrial contacts that purported to come from Venus, a very inhospitable planet according to our scientists, at least the part that we can see and measure and test within our own spectrum of sense vibrations. But is that all that there is? The Venusian contacts, without exception, stated that they come from a spectrum of vibration so different from our own, that we can not perceive their reality in terms of our reality in any way. Even our most sophisticated instruments do not pick up the vibrations of the life waves on Venus, but record only what vibrates to our own native spectrum of senses. Thus what we perceive when we look at Venus is some level more dense than the level on which native Venusian life is lived. They have learned to control their vibrations into ours by changing their rate in a field which then makes them congruent with us for the time they do so, and we can interact with each other on our level.

The situation with Mars is somewhat similar, except that the life wave on Mars vibrates at a different rate from ours and that of Venus.

But since the Venusians can control their vibrations into ours, they can likewise do so with that of Mars. The Venusians and Martians are fully aware of each other, and do in fact work together on some Earth projects. The Martians like the Venusians have learned to control their vibrations of being up and down the scale within certain limits that does include Earth. Martians have also come here on various projects of their own to be carried out in our reality.

Both Venusians and Martians have some of their own living and working quietly among us and living our style of life as they seek to change it for the better. We are a violent society that has to be calmed from within.

Navy Lt. Comdr. Wallace C. Halsey and his wife Tarna, from Salt Lake City, Utah, were being contacted by Venusians and Martians together who drove our automobiles and ate in our restaurants. They would be given rendezvous locations and when they got there they would be met by the Venusians and Martians together in a restaurant, or even in a remote wilderness meeting place, and would be taken to and aboard one of the extraterrestrials ships.

Mr. Ron Card, then a University student in Miami. Became a contactee with human beings who said they came here from Venus, and they also were working in harmony with human beings from Mars. Those Ets often drove rented cars to pick Ron up at his University campus and take him to their landed ship. Once he was asked to return the rented Mustang automobile after such a rendezvous. Ron's unfinished narrative account has never been published. Those ETs even carried away a Battleship!

Venusians, Omnec Onec, and her uncle, newly arrive from Venus , were picked up near Las Vegas, Nevada, and driven to Little Rock, Arkansas, by a Martian human man driving a black Cadillac Sedan.

See Omnec's autobiography in "FROM VENUS I CAME".

This is somewhat the case with the Mitchell sisters. They were being contacted primarily by human beings who said they came here from Mars, but those Martians were also in contact with other human beings from Venus, and interacted with them in the Earth's field of vibration. We also find the Venusians mentioning and even including contact with Martians in some of their relationships with Earth people. Sometimes Venusians were seen on Martian ships and Martians on those of the Venusians.

All of these accounts began in the 1950s, and some of them continue even today. These few cases are only representative of an unknown number of similar events that have not yet come to my attention. The actual number is unknown.

The Mitchell Sisters first told their story at Buck Nelson's Flying Saucer Convention on 28 June 1959. They were attacked by the usual "againsters". They did it once more at another similar convention the following year, and then gave up and stopped speaking publicly.

Gray Barker of Clarksburg W. Virginia published the first transcript of that first presentation in a small 15 page booklet called "We Meet The Space People", which he sold for $1.00 per copy. The story of the Mitchell Sisters was told in a republication of that small pamphlet under the title "Among The Flying Saucers", and then the case seemed to have lost energy after the sisters stopped speaking on their experiences.

But Helen set down their autobiography of their case in a 216 Page typed manuscript, which comprises this book you now hold in your hand. We can see how their case progressed beyond their wildest dreams and unimaginable in its fantastic scope.

Perhaps the best way to introduce this tome is to reproduce that first pamphlet, the transcript of their first presentation, here for you to examine. Then we will offer their autobiography of their experiences

in its full entirety. We hope you find it as interesting as we.

Wendelle C. Stevens

INTRODUCTION

The small southwestern town where Helen, myself, and our older sister were born and raised, seems to me now, another separate little world. Yet as I reflect on it, I can again see the flat topped buildings which lined the small business section called The Square. They sat silent and dozing in the sun, reflecting the quiet life of the community which surrounded them. The small white church where we joyously gathered every Sunday morning seems to stand out more clearly than the rest, for it was here, within its quiet peaceful walls that I discovered myself and my God. Helen was always there, too, as devout as I, in accepting all this little church offered.

But Helen, like a many sided crystal, was always seeking and reflecting more light. Somehow it seemed to her, that the pattern of life was not quite complete enough. She always had to know, to

search out, to find what she could about everything. Always reading and investigating, her desire to know seemed to spill out and saturate me too. But there was a difference. Helen was only persuaded by facts. In me, there seemed to be a willingness to believe, even if the facts didn't quite add up, and I had a feeling for the subject.

On warm summer afternoons, we used to wander off to where our father was working. Inside the cool of a half finished home, where he was applying the lathing, I used to sit and marvel at him. First he would fill his mouth full, with blue coated nails. Then in perfect rhythm, with his lightning strokes of his hatchet, his hand would fly up to his mouth for a nail. Without looking up or missing a stroke, he would cover a wall as if by magic.

But with the advent of new construction materials, his work slackened and we moved to the Greater St. Louis area, knowing things would be better there.

And things were better, for soon we were in our own home again. Our circle of acquaintances grew, and again we were back in the activities that made us feel at home; church with all its inviting functions; a gathering of friends to just talk; and a night out now and then.

It wasn't until father died that I was married, and in two years Helen followed the same pattern. Neither of our marriages worked out so we found ourselves, with our children, again under the same roof and at home with mother.

In light of what the Martians have told us about their method of selecting mates I wonder if---. But this is not a book on marriage. It IS a book on our contacts with space people and Helen's flight in a saucer to a hovering Meired or mother craft.

It was at a friends one night, just shortly after a St. Louis paper had reported an unidentified flying object, that our interest began to smoulder. As the discussion moved along, Helen admitted she'd read a book by a contactee and had laid it aside before she'd even completed it, thinking at that time the person was a bit touched by the summer sun.

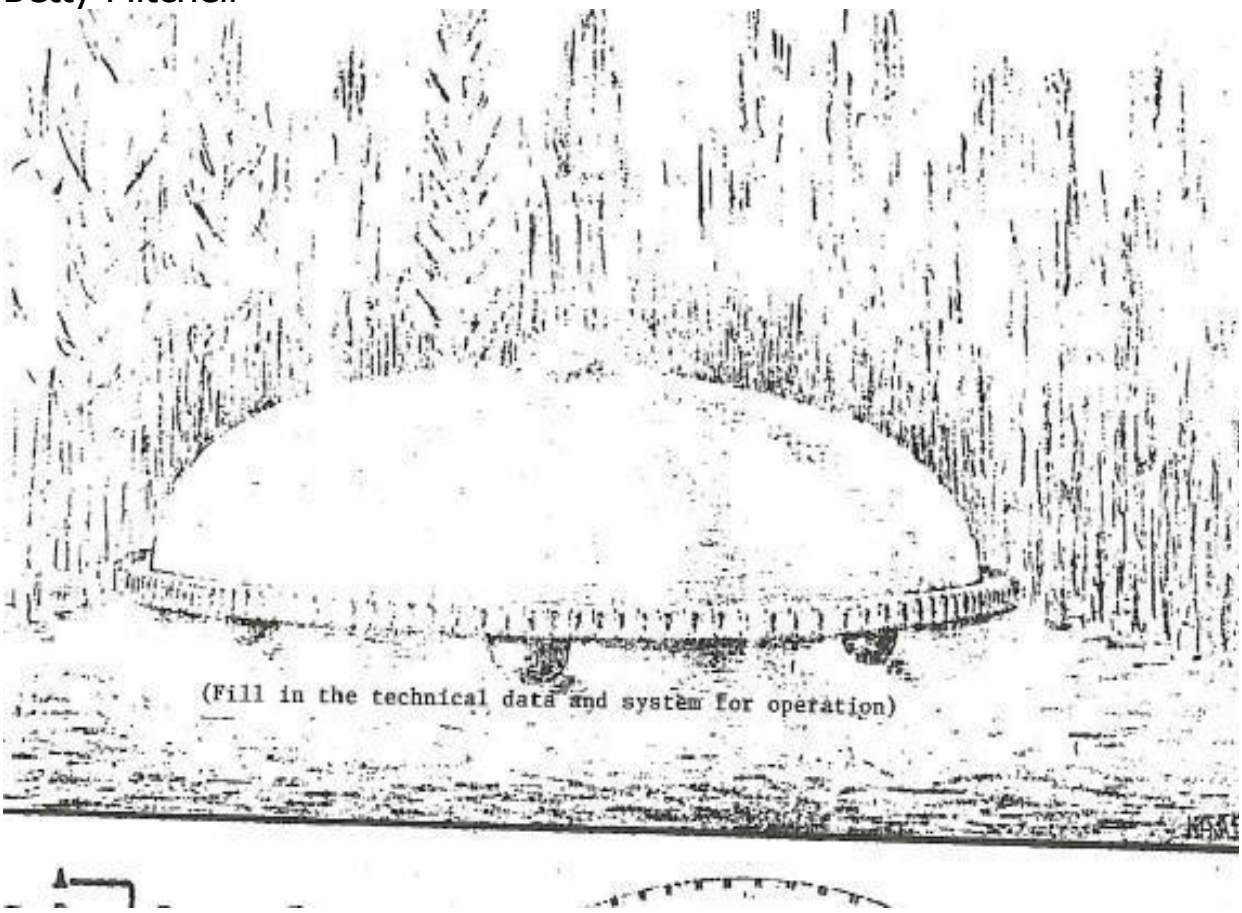
But as the discussion went further, Helen said she'd read in the Ohio

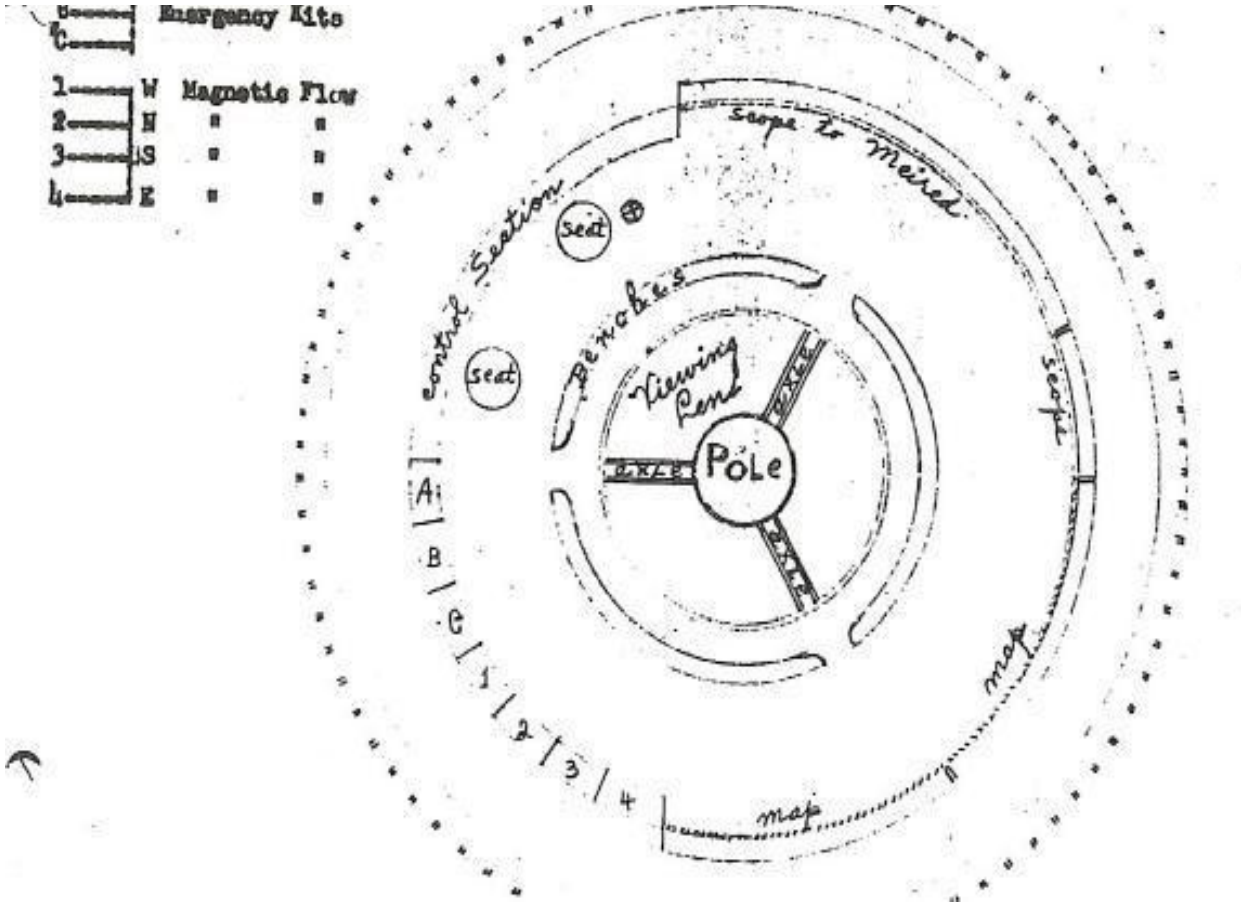
papers, where she'd moved with her husband, of U.F.O.s. "Strange lights in the sky" they'd called them. She even related one incident where these strange lights had affected the operating quality of a local electric generating plant.

The meeting broke up and we returned home, me wondering. But Helen was pretty hard to budge. Somehow I had a feeling for this whole subject. I decided I just had to read the book Helen had, concerning the contactee's experiences with the space people. After that we talked about it for hours. Helen was always analyzing the facts. "No concrete proof", she always said. But Helen with her searching mind didn't give up. She borrowed other books and read them. Then came the long discussions. I read what I had time to also.

Helen began to accept the possibility of U.F.O.s matter of factly. I was more alive with the thing. I began to take time out to watch the sky. I just had to know…not from what the books said, but from actual experience. Little did I realize that this strong desire would lead us both so deeply into the very heart of the whole U.F.O. picture.

Betty Mitchell

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WE MET THE
SPACE PEOPLE
THE STORY OF THE MITCHELL SISTERS
BY HELEN and BETTY MITCHELL

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WE MET THE SPACE PEOPLE

THE STORY OF THE
MITCHELL SISTERS

By HELEN and BETTY MITCHELL

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these requests we asked for information to give Earth's people, and the following is what they have given us, and was prepared by one of the Brothers known as Sigt. I will go directly into his message and then would like to take up a subject that many people have questioned us about—such subjects as evil flying saucers and evil space people, also strange phenomena that seem to defy natural law will be spoken of. Now, I would like to give you Sigt's message:

"Earth's scientists are creating around planet Earth the most deadly condition to material man than ever before. The explosions of the A and H bombs are placing the residue particles of radioactivity into all the materials of Earth. Each human being upon Earth now carries a certain degree of radioactivity in their bones and systems. Why should it be significant to hear of this when you cannot see the radioactivity, nor hear it as it does much destructive work? In the advanced laboratories of Mars we have proved the destructibility of such uncontrolled energy. Radioactivity drops, upon the grass, buildings and people after being carried by the air currents around an explosion. This energy is in minute particles that have the effects of deterioration to the molecules of all material things. This radioactivity settles around an object or body and penetrates the outer area of the surface or skin. What does radioactivity look like, you may wonder. As an explanation, many of you have seen small dust spirals along the streets or in a dusty area that swirl around and around in circles that then seem to disappear. Radioactivity has the same effect and looks very similar as it settles around a body. The small particles are caught up in a swirling counter-clockwise motion that causes it to be driven down into the surface of the body cells. This energy, once inside the body, offsets the balance of the normal cell and causes it to become either agitated into more activity as it tries to cast back out of the system this radioactivity, or else the radioactivity attacks cells that are already weakened by illness, and immediately sets up a destruction of them. When this new activity occurs in a normal cell a powerful microscope would reveal the atomical structure of the cell is creating a counter offensive action that is clockwise as compared to the counter-clockwise motion of the radioactivity. When this occurs, there is eventually a breaking down of the cell's motion, for as the explosions of the A and H bombs continue the action of the radioactivity is strengthened by this and overpowers the clockwise motion of the body cells that are attempting to throw off the radioactivity. Thus, the body cells are forced to become activated in the same manner. This creates a drawing together or construction of the cells and creates abnormal conditions and illnesses. As the radioactivity increases the rate of motion increases around each body living on Earth. This changes the cell formation and in the next generation this inherent condition is accentuated by the accumulated mass of more radioactivity. In the second and third generations these changes are visible as definite deformations of the body, and this in turn, if not controlled, will lead to a generation of mutants.

What does radioactivity sound like? I will try to explain. Many people are

receptive to certain high vibratory sounds that are derived from the atomic explosions, and are the elemental changes in the atmospheres of Earth. These high pitched sounds are very serious, for they can almost pierce the very soul conscious-

ness, and cause changes there. The consciousness of Man is being affected every day by these vibrations that these explosions have created, and unless these are altered or until the explosions of this nature are stopped the Mind of Man will be changed in drastic measures. Some of these notes can cause a perfectly healthy person to develop a fatel illness, some can affect the mental processes terribly, other of these vibrations, if not altered within the consciousness of the individual, can cause one to commit acts that otherwise would not be done. But most serious indeed are the changes in the atomical structures of the atmospheres of Earth. Here the greatest battle of all is arising. The Earth wants to separate with this activity, but the consciousnesses of the higher evolved here upon Earth and in Space are preventing this, until Earth can adjust.

How can you stop this from happening? The answer is simply stop the unnecessary tests of these bombs. For those who maintain it is necessary to show the military strength, we can only say what strength is there to be shown that deprives the people, vegetation and animals of a perfectly beautiful and attainable future otherwise. Is it truly possible that the deceivability of such destructive weapons can replace sane, sound actions of better living? It is necessary now for the Space People living upon Earth to take protective measures or otherwise suffer the same effects from radio activity as the citizens. It is not possible for us to

give Earth's people enough of the protectors without the co-operation of the governments, and such co-operation is at present unattainable. The continuance of these tests are affecting all responsible for them, and if one accepts reincarnation as an answer it would be definitely seen why no one here or responsible for these tests would want to re-live again in mutated bodies of the future generations. If reincarnation be unacceptable to the average person, then the knowledge that these tests are mutating their children and their children's children should be sufficient reason for stopping them. Our warning to Earth is cease your tests and save your future."

What the Space People are trying to make clear in this message and many others similar to this is that Earth is now in a most perilous situation, and faces self-destruction of humanity. In the two years we have contacted the Brothers they have been concerned and talked most frequently about the destructibility of the A and H bomb. Speaking of this destruction, the questions I mentioned earlier come to my mind, and that is concerning the evil flying saucers and evil space people. First, we must consider the evidence presented. There have been saucers that were reported as having a negative effect upon people by burning them or causing nausea, etc. And in some instances there have been cases reported where people have been assaulted by beings that have emerged from some saucers and actually attacked them. The descriptions of these beings have been generally of a small type of people who were unusually crafty or mischievous and who actually grasp the person and attempted to drag them into their craft. Where do these beings come from, and why are they entering this system? No doubt most of you will agree there is a tremendous battle going on between the good and the bad, which concerns all thoughts, actions and influences. From thousands of years ago to the present age this battle between right and wrong has been

us they may be had at a small charge of 50c each.

In closing my speech I would like to publicly thank the Space people who have given us much information and I also thank you, Ladies and Gentlemen, for your time.

An Address Delivered by Betty Mitchell at the Buck Nelson Convention, June 28, 1959

This address followed the one delivered by her sister, Helen Mitchell.
Ladies and Gentlemen:

When Helen and I made our preparations to come to the Convention we felt it would be interesting to get as much direct information as we could from the Space Brothers, so when we contacted them we asked if there were any definite statements they had to give us. We received a lot of informatoin from the M-4 Section on Mars and Helen presented it in her earlier speech, but we also contacted the planet Venus an received much interesting information from a Venusian called Tregon. I would like to read his message for you, which we received just a few days before we came down here, so without any further comment at this time I will quote the message from Tregon of Venus:

"Often the revised facts of Earth's history come to our attention, for the credibility of the human mind is filled with much misrepresentations. As our sciences developed on Venus we were able to devise machines capable of picking up the past actions of history and by a series of transformers create the scenes and sounds of unforgotten history. Many scenes that have been completed on Planet Earth have been viewed, and it is with understanding that we realize the means of recording for Earthman were inadequate. Barriers of language and habits prevent

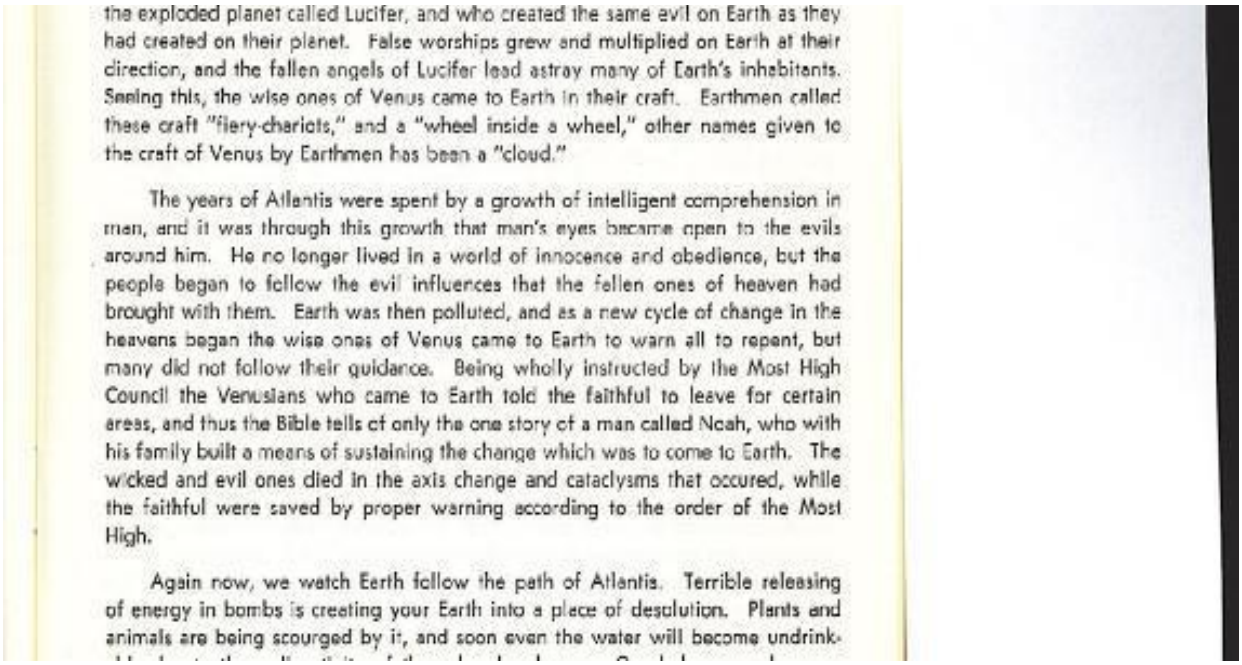
the interpreters of knowing what ancient man meant by his words and phrases which he left as a record of his deeds and actions. Languages that have long since ceased being spoken or learned create much of the present man's difficulty in comprehending what his ancestors meant by certain symbols and figures. The present stage of man cannot possibly know what was in the thoughts of the ancient man, who left as a record chipped symbols and signs upon rock and marble. The dead languages of the past create the insurmountable barrier, for it was thus the purpose and plan of the Creator to prevent the understanding of certain tribes. When the decree was given to have the tribes split and the languages differ upon Earth it was for the purpose of veiling the darkness from the untrained mind of the evolving souls living on Earth. Thus the sealing up of ignorance and the fallen angels began.

As history proceeded the decrees of those possessing the wisdom of darkness grew until they recorded much false history that glorified their deeds. The sons and daughters of man had learned the wisdom of entering heaven, but falsely used the illumination they gained and instead of living according to the proper laws they built and obtained material creations to satisfy their bodies. Thus the spiritual advancement of man was prevented from properly developing, and the decree of severance and chaotic though filled the Earth. Much time passed before this was completed, for it was from Venus that the messengers came to start these changes. Changes came and flooded the Earth and the separation of people began. Through these many years the Greek civilization came and passed, leaving it's imprint with the only means of communication known then, but those of different language found they could not comprehend what the ultimate motive for certain symbols was and as the vast civilization of the Greeks fell into obscurity so, too, did the true meaning of their records. Roman history came also and then left, along with the Egyptian rulers and people; but none of this history is known today in it's true sense. The language barriers are definite and profoundly confusing to the minds of man who tries to surmount them. Earth man was thus protected from himself by this severance of language, for the wisdom of some historical periods and people would have been destructive. Those people who came to Earth, being sent by the Creator in His wisdom, served to prolong the advancement of man and his material creations, for it was known that Earth man could create anything then that his imagination would reveal. Earth man had reached an evolutionary cycle where he responded to the intellectual flash of creation that was born from his mind. He could see mental images of vast material creations inspired by the elevation of his thoughts, and in disobedience to his spiritual growth he sought to satisfy this and create similar effects. Knowing the effects this would have upon the development of his mind the messengers of Venus came to prevent the destructibility of man. The True Creator was no longer exemplified in man's mind, for it became filled with the material wonders devised in his imagination. The centuries of advancement that Venus had

before, Earth knew the trend of man's feet, placed her people in a position to see the evil that Earth was committing. Those wicked people who, during the rise of Earth's own civilizations, had been cast down to Earth were creating monarchies of slavery of Earthman. This time in Earth's history was during the Atlantean period,

and the seperation of Earth man's minds was decreed to take place. Those from Venus came, and gave warning to the faithful of Earth, who, unlike the other Atlanteans, followed the laws of the Most High. The story of a man called Noah, in your Holy Book, was one of the faithful who survived this cleansing of Earth. Those unfaithful of Earth who followed the fallen angels were deprived of their powers to control by the division of the Universal Tongue. No longer could one language be understood by another, for the different ones of faith who were saved created various dialects and interpretations at the guidance of the messengers.

As a means of preserving their might and power the Atlanteans wrote upon stone tablets and inlaid their writings in marble slabs thinking men in the future would look upon his recordings and wonder at their power. Now, their magnificent temples and homes lay beneath the ocean in obscurity, lost ever to the minds of man. The tongues of the Earth are many and varied, for not even two people of the same tongue use exactly the same phrases. It is possible for those of the same tongue to understand each other's ideas and words, but when one interprets the language of another into their language some of the true meaning is lost. This is the diversion of the tribes of man as decreed by the Creator. In the age of the Atlanteans the evils of Earth were multiplied by the Evil ones who fled from



the exploded planet called Lucifer, and who created the same evil on Earth as they had created on their planet. False worships grew and multiplied on Earth at their direction, and the fallen angels of Lucifer lead astray many of Earth's inhabitants. Seeing this, the wise ones of Venus came to Earth in their craft. Earthmen called these craft "fiery-chariots," and a "wheel inside a wheel," other names given to the craft of Venus by Earthmen has been a "cloud."

The years of Atlantis were spent by a growth of intelligent comprehension in man, and it was through this growth that man's eyes became open to the evils around him. He no longer lived in a world of innocence and obedience, but the people began to follow the evil influences that the fallen ones of heaven had brought with them. Earth was then polluted, and as a new cycle of change in the heavens began the wise ones of Venus came to Earth to warn all to repent, but many did not follow their guidance. Being wholly instructed by the Most High Council the Venusians who came to Earth told the faithful to leave for certain areas, and thus the Bible tells of only the one story of a man called Noah, who with his family built a means of sustaining the change which was to come to Earth. The wicked and evil ones died in the axis change and cataclysms that occured, while the faithful were saved by proper warning according to the order of the Most High.

Again now, we watch Earth follow the path of Atlantis. Terrible releasing of energy in bombs is creating your Earth into a place of desolution. Plants and animals are being scourged by it, and soon even the water will become undrink-

CHAPTER ONE

We Meet Zelas and Elen

"What a wonderful day to be alive," I said to Helen, for the air was completely invigorating even though the May day was seemingly warm.

"We've just GOT to get out."

"Where to?" asked Helen.

"Just out." I answered.

In a matter of minutes we were both ready and our goodbye to mother and the

children was quite short. As we drove through the city streets, all nature seemed to be bursting forth in a shower of greenery. Inside me there seemed to be a bursting forth too, but what was causing it, I didn't know. Maybe something big was about to happen to us. Anyhow, I felt like it was. I turned and smiled at Helen as if I really had a deep thrilling secret. But she didn't notice for she was busy looking at the scenery.

I pulled the car into the large shopping area which had just been completed.
Stopping before the curb, I turned off the motor and looked around.
"Everyone must have had the same idea we had," Helen said as she watched the
throng of people upon the walks idling along. "Looks like they're going nowhere
too."
We got out of the car and locked it. The enthusiasm still alive, we joined the
crowd of idle window shoppers on the walk. At first the jostling didn't seem to
bother us too much. We moved along slowly, looking in shop windows and chatting
about everything we saw of interest. After an hour of this idle shopping our interest
began to lag and now we felt the jostling of the crowd on every side.
"Had enough?" asked Helen. "Let's find a spot where we can have a coke," I said. My enthusiasm and
wonderful feeling I had started out with had definitely been dampened. Maybe a
coke would help.
We started off looking for a place and found a quiet sandwich shop that looked
inviting. Helen went in ahead and found an unoccupied table near the rear of the
place. She settled on one side and I sat down on the other. We ordered ourt drinks
and relaxed. Across the room a mother was reprimanding her children for striking at
one another.
"Old home week," said Helen drawing my attention to them.
Our cokes were served and my thoughts traveled to the children at home. It had
been on such a sudden impulse that we left, that I was wondering if I'd maybe

forgotten something regarding them. I could see the small ones opening the gate and
straying into the street while mother was busy inside.
“Wonder how the kids and mother are getting along?” asked Helen.
“You must have been reading my thoughts,” I answered.
“Mental telepathy?” asked Helen.
“Could be,” I answered smiling. Coincidence had a way of always coming out as
being produced by some unknown force.
“Well, it could be,” answered Helen as if she’d really read my thoughts this
time.“I was reading about an electroencephalograph machine ---,”
“A what?” I asked.
“An electroencephalograph machine,” she answered. “it’s a gadget that measures
the electrical impulses leaving the brain. If they leave the brain when a person’s thinking, wouldn’t it seem natural that those impulses could be picked up and
reinterpreted back into the thoughts the person was thinking?”
“You mean, maybe a person’s brain has this receiving ability?” I asked.
“Something like that,” answered Helen.
“Then why don’t we read other people’s thoughts?”
“Could be, if they are electrical impulses, other electrical impulses in the air
could disturb them,” answered Helen.
“Could be we haven’t learned to overcome such impulses, as yet, couldn’t it?” I
asked
“Sorta like: Which came first, the chicken or the egg, huh,” said Helen. This was
a joke between us with pat answers.
“I say the chicken,” I said which was always my stock answer.
“I say the egg.”
I looked up startled. This wasn’t Helen’s voice answering me even though it was

her answer to our little game.
The answer came from a young man at the table next to us. I could see Helen
was annoyed for she stirred her coke furiously. I tried not to show any interest in
this man or the one sitting across from him, but I couldn't help it. They both looked
young; mid-twenties, I'd say. Clean cut and immaculately groomed. The one who
had spoken had a merry glint in his eyes as he watched Helen stir her coke. The
other one was watching me quietly. There wasn't the arrogance or brashness about
them that is usually so apparent in a person trying to get acquainted with a young
lady for personal reasons. Rather there was a gentleness about them.
Something I could feel, and although I didn't like to admit it, I could feel no animosity toward
them. We seemed to have struck him in a soft spot for there seemed to be a certain
earnestness and deep interest in this subject,
I could see Helen was stirring her coke less furiously. I know Helen and I knew
her curiosity was getting the best of her.
"Why the egg?" she asked.
"All things were contained in mind before they actually were," he said. "Science
can prove that from invisible energy, unseen by the eye, comes the formation of new
manifestations. The Atom and her motion creates new things, and it is therefore in
egg form. The egg form is the motion before the manifestation."
I shook my head. Helen was into it now, for beyond a doubt this young man was
not just anybody. Here he'd come up with the first reasonable answer I'd ever heard

on the subject. And I was sure Helen wouldn't let him go until she had some more
answers that had been bothering both of us.
"I think I see what you mean," Helen said. She'd completely forgotten her
stirring now and her coke was sitting unnoticed. "Take war for instance. Isn't it sort
of like the chicken and the egg? Doesn't the egg form find birth in men's minds as
greed and fear and misunderstanding? Then doesn't this egg mature by talk about it
and acts to prevent it which causes a like reaction in others? Then Isn't this egg laid,
and by the mothering of such thoughts and acts produces the manifestation, the war
that was its very start?"
The subject was deeply involved now, and noticing their desire not to be too
conspicuous by speaking loudly across the table, we asked them to sit at our table
while we discussed this further. The other man broke in and his voice was heavy with accent. I could see that
Helen was a little reluctant at accepting him too into this conversation, but he went
ahead.
"War is a destructive and cruel way of evolving, and though it is at times a
necessary means for early civilizations, it seems that Earth people could now live in
peace." His voice was so quiet, yet intent that I found myself straining to hear his
every word. "Brotherhood and Unity could solve all the problems here if the leaders
and people would strive harder for understanding. If all thoughts upon Earth could
contain the egg form of peace and perfection for all, then would it

not be the ‘heaven
on earth’ that the Holy Book speaks of?”
His remarks were directed directly at Helen, who had lost all her feeling of being
intruded upon, and seemed to be mulling this matter over in her mind. When she
spoke, her answer was short and crisp as frequently her answers are.
“This peace is now forming in the minds of many, and perhaps the Earth is nearer
this ‘Heaven’ than even she realizes,” she said.
I wondered what compelled her to give such an answer. I have never known her
to give such thought to this “resurrection” of the Earth. The conversation was now
treading on a delicate subject, and I suspected that these men were students of some
seminary. Despite my veiled high sign to Helen to lay low on her comments, I could
see she was ready to discuss this whole subject just as far as they cared to carry it.
“Where do you think this ‘Heaven’ lays in geographical surroundings?” He asked
in a soft, kind voice which was almost a whisper. This question interested me and I had an answer I wanted to give. I took a
quick sip of my coke to clear my throat but I was too late. Helen was already in the
process of answering him.
“Too me, Heaven has no boundaries. With all the vast amount of endless space
in the skies, it could be anywhere out there. Maybe even on one of the endless stars
that shine in the night.”
I saw both their faces brighten as if this was the ground they had been hoping to
reach. And I knew it when the dark one answered.
“Do you believe there is life on other planets?” he asked.

The question seemed to be directed at both of us, and I felt it was about my turn
to answer.
"Life, yes," I answered, "But nothing remotely resembling the life upon Earth.
Scientists tell us that climactic conditions are different upon other planets. But then,
science could be wrong too." I didn't quite know how to put what I had to say next,
but I felt I had to say it. "I was reading a book the other night about just this thing.
It was written by a man who claims to have been informed by beings from outer
space that there is life on all the other planets. He even claims to have taken a ride
in their space ships – 'Flying Saucer', you know," I added, not knowing how deeply
I'd gotten myself in.
He nodded, and they both smiled broadly, not in fun making but as if they had a
good secret between them.
The one with the accent put both palms solidly on the table top and spoke.
"If I told you that I am Elen and he is Zelas from the planet Mars, what would
your reactions be?" I looked suddenly at Helen. Her face was a mirror of surprise and her mouth was
open. In felt as if I was looking the same way. Suddenly we broke out laughing.
The spontaneity of the laughter helped a lot. It let out a lot of tension that had been
building up inside me. After the laughter had died down some, I looked at them.
They were sitting there, quietly watching us. Their faces were absolutely calm.
Only an emotion of patience showed, much the same emotion a

mother shows a
child. A tingling feeling started in me, crept up my back, and came out at the top of
my head. I was now nervous, I had to admit that. I watched Helen and although I'm
sure she felt the same thing I did, she seemed outwardly perfectly ready to handle
the situation now that her laughter had stopped.
"If you're from there," she asked motioning in an upward direction, "what are
you doing here?" How do you account for the fact that you so closely resemble
Earth people when Mars is further away from the sun?"
Helen wasn't being catty. She just wanted to know… if they had the answers
which I doubted.
"Earth has many discrepancies upon it; disease hate and war as you mentioned,"
the one introduced as Zelas was speaking. "These are sorrowful sights to those who
have had to tread the same trail as you. Mars is about 2,500 years advanced to
Earth, but there too, we had the trials of atomic fission and these other evils. We
wish to help Earth evolve in Brotherhood and Science, for peace, love, and unity.
We appear as we do because the form often is not radically different upon any planet
in this solar system than that of Earth. Mars is not extremely cold as proclaimed and
believed by astronomers here, for the warmth depends on the size of the planet, not
the distance from the sun. The sun only affords one set of vibrations, which leave it
and merge with those of Mars or Earth's vibrations to create heat and light. The planet's size controlled the amount of vibration it wishes to

receive from the Sun in
the form of light and heat, for the singular set of vibrations leaving the Sun do not
affect space unless they meet with another set of vibrations leaving a planet or
object. Mars is not as heavily populated as Earth and this too makes a difference."
An alarming feeling was growing in my mind. Could they really be who they
said they were? They were just ordinary looking persons, well dressed, the young
junior executive type. They had a good command of language, but no, they couldn't
be from outer space. They were just attempting to have their little joke with us. Or
were they? Their story was too fantastic to believe, yet they had me in a quandary.
Elan spoke, and as he did, I focused my attention on his every word. He would
slip before long now, and then I'd have him.
"Betty, do you remember the time when you were twelve and praying alone in
the small church when you realized your inner consciousness? And the many trips
you made down to your grandmother's when summer came and you stayed with
her? And you, Helen; the time you saved your money for a small telescope, but
spent it on medicine for your dog because she was sick? Remember those things?"
By now I was feeling an almost uncontrolled desire to get up and run, but Helen
was sitting on the other side of the table and made no effort to move. Perhaps she
was too startled to move.
"Do you know we have spent many years watching you both and

awaiting the
proper time for contacting you?" he continued.
I was now realizing how the savage must have felt as the first white man barged
in on his little secure domain. My defense was gone and I suddenly realized I had
little use for defense, if these persons were who they said they were.
And who else could know of the very personal things in our lives?.
I'm sure Helen didn't know
about the little church, and she'd never told me where the money for her telescope
had gone or anyone to my knowledge.
"Earth people are not alone in this vast Universe and endless Creation, for all
things were not made for one planet alone to behold," said Zelas. "Our mission here
has been carefully planned and our observance of you was always recorded. We are
members of a force known as The League, which is composed of people from the
planets Mars, Venus, Saturn, Jupiter, Pluto and others. Our appearance to you was
not intended to upset you for we understood your positions as Mothers and family
providers.
Here was another delicate subject treaded upon, and so lightly, by these people
who now seemed gentler than anyone I had ever met. They must know everything
about Helen and me, I thought.
"Where we live there is no divorce or separation," I heard Zelas say as if he'd
read my thoughts, "for the methods of knowing mind harmony before marriage are
advanced there. To make it clearer, I should explain that there are twelve members

of the League who compose the Council of Councils. These men are wiser by far
than any other on our planet. These men must approve the desire of two people to
mate before the ceremony is ever performed. At the Council's disposal are
computers that can analyze the amount of harmony or disharmony in two people,
according to personality, evolvement, and genetics."
"You mean they control marriage completely?" I asked. This was a subject I was
deeply interested in. "Yes, the Council has the final voice on all such activities, but it is seldom that
two people there are drawn to each other unless they are compatible."
This seeming Utopia or Paradise would indeed be a wonderful place in which to
dwell, and I realized I was now asking questions in a humble voice, for I was
beginning to feel a certain inferiority to them.
"Do you live in the St, Louis area?" I asked.
"No," answered Elen. "We have quarters on a large Meired or space craft about
two thousand miles from Earth. This craft has been sighted by the big eyes many
times."
I did not know what he meant by 'big eyes' so I asked him.
"The big eyes are the machines used by your astronomers to observe the
heavens," he answered laughingly.
"The observatories like Howell Observatory and Mt. Palomar Observatory?"
asked Helen.
They nodded.
"Do you use the phenomenal circular craft called 'Flying Saucers'?" I asked.

"yes," answered Zelan, "there are very small craft that range in size from ten
inches in diameter to several feet, and these are used for the purpose of recording or
relaying certain information back to the Meired. The larger craft also vary in size
and can accommodate either from two to six people, again depending upon their
mission and equipment carried. Larger space craft also are in use around the Earth
but they are mainly for interplanetary travel. The shapes of these vary in accordance with procedure used for composing them, and of course from the difference in
planets and people.
"You mentioned life on Venus, Saturn and other planets being similar to Earth's
but could you be more specific?" I asked. Questions now flooded my mind.
"Yes, of course," Elen answered, "there is the same amount of variation in skin
pigmentation, height, and facial appearance depending on the planet; but all have the
same characteristics of Earth men, such as two arms, two legs, one head, and so
forth."
Helen laughed and said, "What? No green eyed monsters?"
They laughed and I realized I was no longer feeling uneasy. Somehow it had all
evaporated as our conversation continued. Their eyes were very intent and it
seemed they could look directly into my mind with their long glances. There was a
warmth here, and a gentleness which flowed through me. It was nice to know that if
they were really who they said they were, they were on Earth to help. And I fully

realized that I was believing them now. I had no desire to leave but glanced at my
watch, suddenly conscious that a good deal of time must have passed. It was even
later than I had thought. I reminded Helen that we'd promised to be home before
supper, and suggested that we leave.
Elen and Zelas arose and told us that they would contact us later; then with a nod
of their heads to each other, they left some change on the table to pay for their
drinks, turned and left. I watched them as they went through the door. They both
carried themselves well, and moved with a certain briskness. Both were dressed
alike; business gray suits, matching hats, and black shoes. I remembered their faces
now. Zelas was darker than most men. A little on the Latin side, I'd say. His features were regular, his eyes, dark and quiet, yet alive with an inner light. Elen
was more fair, his hair a much lighter shade than Zelas'. His features were more
rounded, but his eyes were lighter than Zelas' with the same inner light.
I turned to Helen who had been watching them too.
"Well," I breathed, "What do you think?"
"Now that they're gone, I've been questioning my own sanity," she answered.
"Men from outer space!", I said. Who would ever believe that?"
"Mother?" asked Helen.
"I doubt if even mother will," I answered.
"let's just keep shush until we find out something further," said Helen. "With the
kids to take care of, we'd hate to get locked up in an asylum somewhere."
We paid for our drinks and moved out into the late afternoon air. My

mind was a
roaring inferno of doubts and uncertainties. I tried to look in dress shop windows as
we walked by. But it was no good. I didn't see a thing. Somehow there was a
feeling of suddenly being alone, a feeling that I'd never really felt before.
Were they or Weren't they? They said they would contact us again. The thought
sent a glow through me and I knew that the alone feeling would be there in part until
they did – if they did. Only time would tell.

CHAPTER TWO

The Listening Device Revealed

The week following our first meeting with Zelas and Elen was a hectic one. Both Helen and I were in a state of confusion, and it was very hard to carry on with our normal routine. At times we were certain that the whole thing was a big joke planned by some one who knew of our interest in saucers. Again we were certain that the whole thing was real and with this realization also came the realization that nothing in our lives could or would ever be the same again.

Helen and I must have discussed it a hundred times, but, although we analyzed it from every angle, we couldn't come up with a solid conclusion.
"But it can't be," Helen would say. "It's just too fantastic to believe. Men from Mars!". Then she would shrug as if to dismiss the whole thing, but I knew she couldn't any more than I could.
There was always that warm feeling inside me as I remembered Zelas and Elen, and it persisted. It was something I'd never felt before, sort of a scary feeling intermingled with the feeling that something very wonderful had gone out of my life, something I didn't want to lose.
"Maybe they're who they say they are," I kept saying.
"Maybe," said Helen, "but let's move around among our friends and see if we can come up with something."

But our friends were maddeningly normal. Not a word did they drop that they'd had a hand in this affair. There wasn't even the usual knowing looks that pass between plotters. Two or three times we were tempted to say something but held ourselves in check. It it wasn't a joke, then why didn't we hear from the two persons we'd met? A phone call, anything. I even caught myself trying to get a "mental message" as I'd read other contactees had. I suspected Helen of trying the same thing, but the only thing I got was things I knew I was making up within myself.

At the end of the first week, I had had about all I could stand. So I searched around and found I had some shopping which I could do, not much but enough to use as an excuse to get out and perhaps shake this thing.

"Would you like to go shopping?" I asked Helen.

"I certainly would," she said, "for the same reasons you would, I suspect. Maybe a movie would help too."

We took more time this day in making our arrangements with mother to care for the children and getting ready to go. There was none of the carefree feeling we'd had a week before.

At last we left the house and as we drove through the same streets, I felt a little better. It was good to get out. Maybe today would unload some of the feelings which had piled up inside me.

We parked in the same area we had a week ago and after locking the car we started out. Our shopping took only a few minutes and we started looking for a movie that would fill in what seemed to be lacking in our lives at this particular time. Nothing interested us very much, not much at all, but we'd made up our minds to go to a movie so we meant to go.

I looked up and realized we were in front of the same little place where we'd met Zelas and Elen just a week before.

"Let's have a coke and try to decide what we want to see," said Helen. She started through the door, then paused and continued: "We've sure let this affair influence us. Right back where we started from."

Yes, we certainly had. But today I hoped, would put a stop to… I bumped into Helen and my train of thought was lost. I looked at her.

She was standing as rigid as a statue. And there was a queer frozen look on her face. I looked inside to see what had startled her so. Elen was sitting at the same table where he and Zelas had been the week before!

I felt a sudden tingle go along my spine and suddenly everything I'd been feeling all week left me. Helen regained her composure, and as if she hadn't noticed him, she moved through the room and found a table. I followed behind and noticed out the corner of my eye that Elen had risen, his face smiling in greeting, and was moving toward the table we'd chosen.

I took a moment to arrange my packages on an empty chair, and moved in and sat down beside Helen. Elen came over, and in his friendly manner sat down opposite us, never questioning whether he would be welcome. His smile was so disarming that I found myself smiling back at him, a warm friendly feeling now going completely through me.

"It was intended for you both to come here today," he said, "I am pleased to know you observed the impulses sent you so correctly." His accent was heavy as before and he was dressed in much the same manner. His eyes sparkled in approval as he spoke.

"Where is Zelas?" asked Helen.

He informed us that Zelas was away from St. Louis at this time on one of his missions.

I found my interest had come completely alive now, for all the compounded feelings of the week before were gone, and I felt at perfect ease as one always does in the presence of an old and loved friend.

"Missions?" I asked.

"Yes", answered Elen, "We have several different types. There are three main missions or checks which we must make; one is for Universal movements of planets and conditions; another with contactees such as you, although not all contacts are with Earth people. We must also make various contacts with our own people here on Earth."

Helen looked startled.

"Your people?" she asked. "You mean there are people from Mars

here on Earth?"
Elen smiled and nodded.
"Many of our people are here spread throughout all nations upon your planet. They serve mostly in the scientific and medical fields trying to bring advancement to Earth. Many also report on needs here, making it possible for us to place many more in positions where we can help Earth further. We also are assigned the duty of returning our own people home, where they are checked for possible adverse reactions.
"Of course, you Earth contactees are the ones who are helping to get the movement of Brotherhood started. We feel that if all the governments will make acknowledgement of such contacts to their people, it will open the path for a more direct contact with the governments themselves. We only wish to help Earth more directly in the fields of science which will help Earth eradicate the evils of disease and war."
I couldn't help wondering why Earth was not willing to accept their help.
"Why don't you just land simultaneously in Washington, D.C., in the Kremlin, in Government headquarters of France, Britain, China, and all nations throughout the Earth?" I asked.
"To do that is impossible at this time," Elen answered. I could see the trace of a smile on his face, much like the smile a mother would give a very small child who has asked an impertinent question. His voice became even more tolerant as he continued.
"We do not wish these people to think we are here to conquer, or to force our will upon them. With the thinking as it is, such an act would seem to be symbolic of an invasion force, and they would immediately take steps to repulse us. The East would think it was the doing of the West, and the West, the doing of the East. Our efforts would be lost, and all would burst forth in panic.
The force of the whole thing hit me. One nation suspicious of the other, and each believing its only protection lies in the ability to strike first with the most. And not accepting space people, wouldn't their attitude be to strike first, and ask questions after? I could see that a lot of ground work had yet to be laid before such a thing could

happen.
Helen must have sensed the same thing I did for she said, “I think I understand, but why did you pick us to help in this work? We are just two ordinary people. Wouldn’t others have served you better?”
Elen started to answer but paused as the waitress brought our cokes, placed them before us, and left.
“Who upon Earth can judge who will serve us best? Is education the only standard by which to judge? It is not I who choose, but I can say I am happy to welcome you both into this vast field of knowledge which we will spread before you, and which will prove a great satisfaction to you both.”
His humbleness was sincere, and I felt as though I could truly learn much from these gentle people.
“How are your contacts with Earth people maintained? Are they planned beforehand? You mentioned that you had placed certain guiding thoughts in our minds, so it must be. But can you always be certain that we will show up where you expect us?”
“Miracles do exist, you know, but only according to Natural Law. But we do not rely on miracles that are above the law as we understand it. We plan our meetings, such as his one now, and we also have indirect means of making contacts.”
“When a thought is placed in a persons mind, it is by a process of sending certain vibratory wave rates and directing them so they affect certain cell accumulations in a person’s brain. These in turn stimulate certain thought patterns, which gives the person a tendency to go to a given place.”
“Can you always control their thought patterns so that they will go to the place you designate?” asked Helen.
“At times this is possible.” Said Elen, “but much depends upon the receptivity of the person to these vibrations. Before we send out these rates of vibration, we must first be certain that the person has the time and opportunity to go to the place where a contact is possible.”
I began wondering just how they knew when a person had this time and opportunity, but Elen answered before I could ask.
“Zelas is in charge of the Control Section of the Meired, and has

under his command certain workers, who observe the conditions presently surrounding the person or persons to be contacted. These contactees are under our observation at various times during the day and night. During this period we record their reactions to various situations. Our means of observing differ according to the situation. There are times when we record direct, and times when we record by means of our small discs or apparatus which is less than two inches in diameter. These record certain pictures and messages made by the contactees which are relayed back to the Meired."

"Is this apparatus which you mention something like a television camera?" I asked. How could anything so small perform such a feat when our picture sending studios are so great? Yet I had read of such discs in most of the saucer books which had come into my hands. He must have thought we knew many things which we don't for although his answer was quite technical, it left many an unanswered question in my mind.

"The smallest piece of equipment for surveillance contains a certain metal which has crystallized characteristics. This metal has that certain property which reflects vibrations from its four corners to the center area of the disc. There it becomes enlarged by four times its original size and this enlargement is picked up by certain equipment aboard the Meired."

Each crystal then, must pick up the entire picture by some electrical process and reflect it to the center where the enlargement takes place. I thought again about the magic little crystal sets that are in operation. By finding a certain spot on such a crystal, it somehow had the ability to pick up broadcast sounds and in turn induce within an earphone certain vibrations. When interpreted by the ear became the sounds of the broadcast. This I knew was done without any source of power whatever. They must have an even higher development of this same process which made the operation of the discs not so impossible.

Elen reached in his pocket and drew out a small pad of paper and a pen. He laid the paper before him and began to draw. He drew a circle, then drew two lines across it, one diagonally and the other vertically. This divided the circle into four equal parts. In the center

he made a dark dot, then started explaining to us.
This is what the inside section of the small disc looks like," he said. "Each line leading to the center represents a line of force and feeds registration of an object's vibrations to this central point. Here they become amplified by four times the original vibration's intensity. From this in turn we receive the disc's information with our equipment aboard the Meired.
"Now suppose we wish to send this small disc to a particular person's location so we can observe his actions. We would, through our operators and equipment, feed this person's vibratory rate to the disc, then release it."
"It then goes directly along a magnetic line to the locality to where this particular person is, and then registers only the picture action of the person."
They must have a record of every person's vibratory rate who they work with then, I thought.
Elen answered my mental questioning. "Yes, we have very small recorders of thought, one for each person living upon Earth from the year 2,008 B.C. These recorders can keep within their small circumference of 1/4th inch the thought pattern of a person's mind over a period of 500 years, tracing this person through all these years in the material world and the spiritual, back to rebirths in the material world. We have store houses kept and guarded by The League on Mars, which keep these records safe."
Being scientifically more curious than I am I knew Helen would pursue this further. Her questions were along the scientific line.
"Is this magnetic line that attracts the disc sent out by a person's own mind, or is it a line following certain magnetic lines of Earth?"
Elen answered softly, "They follow the vibrations of a person's mind; being attracted by the desire to blend and be near that of a like vibratory rate. And they can register these impulses or actions of a person in one tenth of a second by your measure of time."
"Wow!" said Helen.
"Pretty fast," I answered.
Elen laughed then continued.
"Yes, but without this tremendous power to absorb they would never

return to us, for they would become so attracted to a person's mind vibrations they would follow him forever or until it met something solid with tremendous force."
"Then how can they return? For if this power of attraction is so great how can it break it to return?" Helen asked.
"A good question," He said, "but it is this very power to attract that also repulses it in an instant."
"How?" asked Helen and I simultaneously.
"The disc absorbs and records the actions and thoughts of the person, not only his present actions and thoughts, but those which are forming in his mental and chemical reactions within him. It absorbs so many of the actions and vibrations of thought that it disrupts the harmony between the disc and the person's mind. This disharmony thrusts it away and it returns to its vault, being drawn back to the high vibrations here. So it completes its business by the law within it."
"What a demonstration of the Law of Attraction," said Helen,. "but, now, are these the only type you have?"
"No," said Elen, "We do have other devices that can register the conversation and thoughts along with the picture, but these are larger. The electrical vibrations around a person, which are activated by his actions, register on each of these four lines in the discs and travel toward the center where they are transmitted back to the Meired with the picture."
Helen and I had talked many times about the possibility of an electrical counterpart to the human body. We'd noticed it when we would go and tune our TV set to a good picture then move away and the picture would fade, but when we moved back it would come on clear. Also when we'd hold the end of a radio antenna, and had the set come on quite loud when there had been little sound before. Obviously these people knew much of this, and therefore made it possible for them to gain information not yet attainable to us by such methods as these discs.
"What if one of your discs should, in flight, come into the path of a plane?" I asked, "Would it be able to avoid the plane or would it strike it?"

Elen drew more lines on the paper. "There," he said, "represent the magnetic lines of force that circle your Earth, originating from the actions and minds of the people of Earth. They run from north to south. Our discs follow these lines. Should an object such as the plane you mentioned cross this path at the same moment as our small disc, there would be a small burst or explosion as the disc disintegrated.

"A disc cannot alter its flight path unless it is being directed from the control section of the Meired by an operator. Should an operator be in control of the disc then he could change its flight path. The small explosion would not affect an airplane in flight, for it would completely disintegrate the moment it touched the plane."

Elen paused and turned to a new sheet in his notebook.

:"If I told you of a means whereby you could contact the Meired and speak with us there, would you be interested?" he asked.

I felt a shock run through me. I had been so intent on trying to fathom what he'd been explaining that I seemed in another world. His words brought back the impact of this whole affair. Would such a device involve us over our heads? But before I could make up my mind, Helen answered.

"Would we?" she said, "More than we can say."

"Could we get the necessary materials?" I asked, for I was all for the idea too, now that the shock of it had worn off.

"Here's what you will need," he said and began writing down a list of things we'd need. "But I must warn you, you must keep this device a secret. It won't be easy. There will be many who will say that you don't have such a device and will try to taunt you into revealing it to them, but you can not. There are many on your Earth who are not with us and such a device in their hands could become a dangerous thing to our projects among you."

After he'd finished writing down what we needed, he drew a small diagram on the paper.

"You will need this in just this shape," he said pointing to the first item on his list. "Then these in this shape," he continued as he drew further on his diagram, and showed us where each of the four parts belonged. There was a fifth piece which was detachable.

“This is the unit by which you make contact,” he said. “Place it on the first constructed part and hold it there with your hand. The right hand is preferable in that it is the positive side of your body and will activate the equipment better.”
He handed us the paper and we both studied it carefully, memorizing everything there. He sat quietly watching us as we studied. And as we studied it became somewhat clearer.
“Do you think you can manage it?” he asked.
“I think so,” said Helen.
“Let me go over it again,” He said and went over the list of materials again, their shapes and their place in the construction. “Now you must remember that you are to give this to no one. It will be a hard thing to do but it must be. If others are to have it, we will see that they are notified. Do you agree?”
I looked at Helen. “We agree,” we said together.
Elen looked around as if summoned by a silent command.
“I must leave you now,” he said gathering up the papers with the diagrams upon them, and folding them neatly, tucked them in his pocket. “Be diligent in your efforts and remember to place it just so, for if you don’t we won’t be able to get a magnetic line beam on it. Good Luck.”
He got up quietly, reached in his pocket and left change on the table. Almost silently, he disappeared through the door.
The old feeling of last week didn’t return now for he’d left us something that was a part of their world – a means of contacting them. No longer did I feel alone. I watched Helen thoughtfully. She seemed in no mood to talk. Instead she stirred the few remaining bits of ice in her glass with her straw.
“Where do we start looking?” I asked.
Helen mentioned a few places we might find such metals. We left, almost forgetting to pay for our drinks. We were in a hurry now. Life had taken on a new and exciting meaning for both of us.
The thought of being tricked or fooled had left both our minds. If this device worked, we had all the assurance we needed that we were into something very different and very exciting.
Any thought of going to a movie was now removed from our minds.

We were too excited and busy trying to locate our most precious merchandise. It took the rest of the afternoon, and much searching before we came up with what we exactly needed. And we got some queer looks in certain places as we asked for the particular items that had been listed on Elen's sheet.
We didn't spend much time driving home. Although we broke no speed law, the speedometer needle was always just on the exact speed as the posted signs allowed. Excitedly, with our precious packages under our arms, we went into the house.
Mother, seeing us coming started dinner. We headed for the basement and the workbench. Tediously we started to assemble our listening device. Women who live with no man around the house, learn to do things so our efforts weren't entirely futile. At last we had the object completed. Amazingly we both agreed on every detail. As we finished, we heard mother's voice calling us to dinner.
"Just a minute." I answered.
I knew I couldn't eat a bite until I knew whether our device would work. We lined it up as Elen had told us. Helen asked me to be the first to try it, but I refused. She took over and the palms of my hands felt sweaty as she made the first call.
"What are you girls doing down there?" called Mother.
"Wait a minute," I said, and she must have sensed the urgency in my voice for she closed the door and left us alone.
Helen waited and nothing. I began to think about the extra strain this purchase had put on our budget, but I knew if it worked, no price would bee too high to pay. My doubts grew as Helen waited. Was the whole thing a big hoax? I began to feel funny in the pit of my stomach. I was about to turn and go upstairs. We could try again after dinner.
Then I saw Helen's face light up. She motioned for me to come quick. I hurried over and laid my right hand on the device also.
Zelas' voice was coming to me quite clear!
"I've been observing you while you assembled your device," he said.
The world suddenly became a wonderful place to live in and I noticed Helen was laughing. I started too. All the strain of waiting drained away in that merry laugh. We had succeeded!

Zelas told us it was time to dine upon the Meired, and asked if we could contact them in about two hours for their Commander, Alna, wished to speak with us.
A feeling of unworthiness flooded over me. What would we say to such a person? But we were into this thing now and we couldn't back down. Helen seemed to have the same feeling, for her voice was not too sure as she spoke.
"Yes, we will contact you then." She said.
"Peace be with you," Zelas answered and then broke contact.
Helen went to the basement steps and sat down, a dazed look on her face.
"How do they do it?" she asked.
"I don't know," I answered, "what they do. That is certain."
I remembered dinner even though I knew I wouldn't eat a thing. And how did one spend two hours waiting? We climbed the stairs thoughtfully and, I think, our minds were both carrying the same questions. What would this be like? What could he possibly want to talk to us about? We had two hours to wait and find out. How long is two hours? I was afraid it would be an eternity that I would spend nervously pacing and yet anticipating one of perhaps the most important moments of my life. Could we wait two hours?

CHAPTER THREE
We Speak With Alna

As we sat down to dinner, I could see from the expression on Helen's face that she was as much lost to reality as I was. We filled the children's plates as if we were two automatons. Their constant chatter went unnoticed by both of us and I caught Helen just picking at her food idly.

What would this great person, Alna, say? Would he allow us to ask questions? I even dared hope he would. And with this thought, a hundred of them flooded my mind at once. But they intermingled with each other in such a rush of confusion, I wondered if I might be just a bit crazy. Suddenly, somehow the whole thing seemed out of focus.

What was the matter with me? Such things didn't just happen to people. It was so completely contrary to everything I'd ever been taught. Talking with people from Mars! Really!

All of a sudden, I wanted to bolt from the table and run outside where I could see the sky and feel the Spring breeze in my face. Maybe that would bring my reeling senses back into balance. But I didn't. Instead, I sat there turning the food over on my plate and even tried to eat a bite. But the food had absolutely no taste.

Real or unreal something terribly different was happening to Helen and me. And then from somewhere inside me came the assurance that no matter how strange it all seemed this really was an actuality, a bit of unrecognized truth revealed to us. And with this assureance, came the feeling of calmness. I tried hard to bring myself into the present and pay more attention to the children. Would the whole two hours of waiting be like this? First I wanted it to flash by, then I didn't. I was more than thrilled at the prospect of talking with one of such high station, but I also felt unworthy, completely unworthy. Why should they choose Helen and me? We were just ordinary people with an ordinary background and education. Why us? Why?

What could we do to repay them for this kindness and honor? We certainly owed them something, for just being in their presence gave life a grand and wonderful meaning. If I could do anything for them, I certainly wanted to. Knowing Helen, I knew she felt this as deeply as I.

After what seemed an eternity dinner was finished. We put the children aside to play and did the dishes. The activity of moving back and forth and working with my hands helped. Helen and I only said the necessary things as we worked.

Then came the children. We fixed them for bed and I agreed to read them a story. This would take up some time, an awfully lot of time, I hoped. I sat beside their beds and read. I heard the words coming out of my mouth but they seemed strange to me. Was it really my voice? Soon they were asleep. Helen had stayed beside me during the entire time. But she was either staring at the curtains or investigating her nails.

"How much longer," I asked.
"Forty minutes, yet," she breathed.
What made time crawl so?
Why couldn't we push the clock ahead and have it over with?

I looked at Helen and she looked at me. A weak smile spread across her face. I noticed she was drying the palms of her hands on her handkerchief..
"Television?" she asked.
"Anything," I answered.
We went in and turned on the set. Although I tried hard, I couldn't get interested. Helen picked up a magazine and was thumbing through it idly. But, I'm sure, she couldn't have told me a thing that was on the pages. After twenty minutes of this, I'd has enough. I went in and looked at the children . What lay ahead or them, I wondered. Would their world be filled with peace and understanding or would they be embroiled in a war that could only mean horror and death or destruction for the whole world?
I wondered what it would be like to survive such a war. To have to start all over again. Wresting out the very necessities of life from a poisoned earth and a forest, burned black and stark naked, with only shattered trunks and torn limbs showing? I felt a deep compassion for these little ones. I was no longer upset at the prospects of talking with Alna. If this wonderful person, whoever he might be, could help assure a better future for our children I would wait until doomsday to talk with him

It was enough to know now that Helen and had been chosen. I knew we would both do whatever was in our power to avert this great catastrophe that doomed all mankind here upon Earth.
Helen moved in behind me and put her hand on my shoulder. She must have had her own revelation for she was quiet now, quiet and composed and ready for whatever was ahead and to follow this road that led, we knew not where.
"Time yet?" I asked.
"Ten minutes," She said.
She led the way and I followed her down the basement steps. We both sat on the bottom step and watched the minute hand on her watch. It seemed not to move at all.
"Nervous?" she asked.
"Not anymore, " I said. "We're into something big; bigger than I could ever imagine.
"Yes, Betty, " she said. "It's as if we've had the whole universe exposed for just a moment before our eyes. And after always thinking that this was the only world and we were the only people in all God's creation."
"I'm glad were not alone." I said. "It gives me a new faith and hope and a new courage, too."
"Time now," said Helen, "do you want to try to reach them?"
"You try," I said.
Helen went over to the closet, got the device down, placed it on the table and made her call. I could see Helen's hand shake as she waited. More reaction to the waiting than anything, I guessed.
Suddenly her face lighted up and she motioned for me to hurry over. I ran across the room and laid my hand beside hers. Zelas' voice came into my mind clearly. It was such a different sensation, hearing his voice this way. It sounded much the same way one's voice sounds over the telephone. His words were so distinct and clear, that I knew it had nothing to do with mental telepathy, for my own thoughts played back and forth across my mind undisturbed by his

words.
"Betty and Helen," he said, "I will not speak much now for I am going to directly connect you with Alna, our Commander, Please wait."
Breathlessly, we waited. Then we heard his voice, quiet, serene, and in accented English. We felt awed, but drawn by the gentleness in his voice.
"Little ones, patience must greatly be when you learn of us. Love must fill Earth now, and you the path shall lead for others. Know you that, but One sees Truth, then efforts spent shall be well. Within the living mind of man is need for Union and Love. Love is endless and even the flowers sing with it. Flowers are perfection by serving in manifestations which give honor to their elements. Men not living like pure elements have dishonor and the need for Union with Love."
His phrasing was so different, yet I knew exactly the message he was trying to convey. With great patience we can learn all the mysteries of the Universe, but this takes time and effort, for I knew from experience that anything worth knowing does not come easily. It takes long, hard, arduous hours of study and definite patience. His second sentence struck me with the impact of what was ahead for us.
The time has now come when mankind must learn the art of Love. Even the word Love, I realized had the intonation of weakness, for to love upon this Earth is to express weakness in the eyes of men. But his type of Love was something different. It had the meaning of equality, of doing unto others the same fairness we like to receive. And not doing it for a material gain, but as a matter of human decency. It flashed through my mind that this is what all great leaders are striving to bring before their people. That only when we live our lives and help others for the common good of all, do we build a foundation upon which the future of our Earth depends.
"Upon planets revolving near Earth around the Central Spark

are people advanced in all sciences. There is no hate, war or disease here. Little Ones, your hearts are open to serve Earth. Were it that all hearts as yours could be. Wanderers you are, straying from those held by chains of superstitions and wrongness. Deliver you the Truth in your missions, for I respect you, and pray for strength to fill you," he continued. Then not only Mars was inhabited but many planets revolving around our Sun. In a flash of intuition I saw their beautiful worlds; wonderful buildings, cities free from slums and decaying structures of the past; great wonderful light and fields of plenty and green beautiful scenery. And somehow I instinctively knew that the people upon these planets were a happy and joyous lot. No sickness nor disease. No poverty. Not ever the fear of poverty. Going about happy in all things they undertook. This, I realized, could be our world of the future. In fact it was our world of the future if we would only listen to them. They knew the path, and were here to show us the same way. I suddenly realized we were chosen to be a part in it. A humility flooded over me.

"We are humbled to be chosen by you, and I only hope we can remain worthy of receiving your guidance," I said.

"Why did you choose us?" Helen asked. She had a way of being blunt when something was on her mind.

"Little ones," said Alna, "Minds like containers are. Earthly wisdom many find within themselves filled to the full. Wisdom we give is of other elements and mixes only within its own likeness. There are those into whose containers is dropped our elements of wisdom and these quickly are passed out, for they are rejected by the wisdom of Earth. We seek to find those containers empty; our elements into these we pour. Much rejection do our elements receive, some there are our elements are sought. In you, the elements we give, already started have in your mind begun. Room there is, and seeking too, of elements for the forming of Love".

I had never thought of minds as containers before, but it was

true. How many people get filled with worldly wisdom to the point where they just can't accept anything that isn't of the same likeness they already have in their minds? It hit me like a bolt! Their minds are so full, another drop can't be squeezed in. They know it all. They are the ones who have reached the end of advancement itself. This, then, is pride. The Great Pride that goes before the Fall.
Judging all by the size of their own yardstick. Maybe I was all right after all. At least, I would admit there were many, many things in this Earth and about it, I didn't know the slightest thing about. Many, many things. And I found I wanted to know.
"Do you want us to call you sir, or Alna?" spoke up Helen. I punched her, for I felt such a question was out of place, but there was humor in Alna's voice as he answered.
"Alna is the name given me, and I am known by one other, Kadar.", he said.
"I understood from things I've read, you – you people live to quite old ages," Helen continued, and I could see my poking her did no good.
"Could you – would you, tell us how old you are?"
"To Earth's judgment of time I am one hundred complete revolutions of Earth around its central spark," he answered.
"How tall are you?" I asked, for I was in it too now.
"I am by your judgment five feet seven inches tall," he said.
"Can you see us?" I continued.
"I have a large scope, whereupon I can see you. Within the wall section does it function, and to my right hand side it is," he said.
"Oh", Helen exclaimed, for we had both changed to shorts when we'd arrived home from town.
For some reason I felt uncomfortable, and began smoothing my hair as I moved behind the table.
"Not so is it clothes which beauty creates or distracts. From within comes beauty which we see." His words were humorously gentle.
"You mean you see something about us we don't see?" I asked.

“There is much about the human body which Earthman does not see,” he answered. “But of this we will talk later.”
“Are you married?” asked Helen. Leave it to Helen to get all the facts.
“Members of the League do not often mate. I am one such,” he answered
“What is your position in the League?” she continued.
“My charge is all craft operations near Earth,” he answered. “Mine also is charge of this Meired.”
“Do you have officers and enlisted men as we have here on Earth?” I asked.
“There are those whose duty is charge of different operations. Of these there are twelve other than myself. Those who are under number seven hundred.” He answered.
“Seven hundred?” Helen asked. “Your Meired must be quite large.”
“The immensity of it, we hope you shall view one day,” he answered.
“Really?” asked Helen. She was quite excited now.
“Possibilities exist always.” He andwered.
“When?” asked Helen.
“The hour you shall know when it comes,” he answered, “But come it must first.”

“Do you dwell with your parents on Mars?” I asked. I was sure we could go no further regarding the possibility of visiting the craft, for he had a way of closing things off as final which Helen and I recognized immediately.

“I return to my father when on Mars,” he answered, “But alone he is now, for the mate who served him well and me, as Mother, is now sleeping.”
Somehow I knew he meant she was what we call dead. Yet to them such a word didn’t seem to exist. Sleeping to be awakened again. It was a wonderful thought.
“What is the work of your craft on and near Earth?” asked Helen.
“Craft duty is much regarding Earth,” he answered. “But always they must be ready to lift our people and other people chosen of Earth to safety should the elements become fire.”
“What do you mean, “If the elements become fire?” I asked.

"If the great bomb which Earth men play with should be detonated. Elements of Earth shall become fire." He answered.
"You feel the Atom Bomb would cause much trouble then?" asked Helen.
"Many could the results be from detonating such explosions of the atoms. Earth could completely reverse directions, North would East then be. South then West would be. The Earth's axis would be revolved to reverse. Free elements high ignited could be. Earth's encirclement of fire would become," he said.
"You mean the Earth would actually shift on its axis?" I asked.
"Of this Earth knows much," he answered. "Sea shells now on high mountain plains dwell. Beneath seas lost civilizations exist. What Earth was, is no more. Little is left of what once was. But of this we shall speak later also."
"Of all the millions of persons upon this Earth, why have you chosen us?" I asked.
"Those there are, who have made themselves ready to receive us," he answered. "We come not until each is ready."
"How many have you contacted here on Earth?" Helen asked. You had to give her credit. She wanted to find out everything she could, but Alna had a way of answering in such an indirect way that nothing could be pinned down.
"Those who our purpose to fulfill we use, not always know that by direction we guide. Direct contacts made fill the material manifestations needed by Earth minds. The unknowing contacted serve science and Truth and many more minds they lead upon this path. Those who in mind open little serve also. Their light filters through but little. Yet of the elements of light it is, and serves therefore," he answered.
"Many who serve Earth long ago have come. Birth their path into service. Among these are those who the light lose. Heaviness of Earth weighs his mind and holds captive his person. But those who come of us are never lost, for to the sewer they return. Others who the way find, serve in all important fields of Earth. When their mission completed to us they return."
"Where do the Earth people fit into all this?"

“For those who are from Earth raised in mind, we know them also. They are that which must carry over the New Race of Earth. But those who fail in raising themselves into the higher vibrations of Truth, other mansions shall they occupy when death comes to reap.”
“Other Mansions?” asked Helen.
“Mansions to which they draw themselves, equal to their thought,” he answered. “Great is the plan of evolution for Earth, but slow also. Evolution began in Mind, and now takes form in Earth man’s mind. Thus is environment created. Those of the New Age, new age thinkers are. Those of the old, old thinkers remain. Yet in due season, new all things are made.”
“Just like I have always heard, ‘As a man thinkest, so he is,’ but you said some of your people are born into Earth. How can this be?” asked Helen. “We have always been taught that death is the end of Earthly existence. We either go to Heaven of Hell.”
“Many things we know, which are not of Earth’s knowledge as yet.” He answered. “Some there are upon your Earth who think of life’s cycle as a wheel, ever monving, passing the same point upon the wheel each in due season. Yet the path it passes over, never the same point twice.”
“But of Heaven and Hell?” I asked.
“Heaven and Hell of man’s own making are constructed. In keeping of the Law, is Heaven created. In breaking of the Law is Hell created.”
“You mean then, we just don’t go to Heaven or Hell when we die?” I asked.
“Life has many cycles in the turning wheel,” he said. “Not all present upon your existence plane, but spreading in mansions elsewhere also.”
“But what of the body?” asked Helen.
“Of the body as of the lives,” he answered. “Many bodies man now has within the earthly crust which is seen. There is that body in man which death does not know. This body as life beyond is not seen by Earthman. It is through the knowledge of this eternal body we bring health, both physical and mental to our people.” He answered.
“Gosh!” said Helen.

“This word I do not know.” He answered.
“Pardon me,” answered Helen. “It’s just slang.”
“The late hour arrives,” he said. “Again we shall talk and of many things shall we speak.”
“Goodnight,” said Helen
“Goodnight,” I repeated also.
“Mel Bex De Son,” he answered and the power was gone from the device.
Helen sat back exhausted. I felt it too – as if the room was suddenly lonely and empty.
“What time is it?” I asked.
“Bed time,” answered Helen.
“Bed time?” I asked. “Do you think I could sleep after this?”
“No,” answered Helen, “Neither could I.”
Slowly we rose and put the device away. When would we talk with this wonderful person again?
Upstairs, Helen flopped down in an easy chair in the living room. I followed suit.
“Now what shall we do,” I asked.
“Do?” she asked. “What do you mean, do?”
“Do we tell anyone?” I asked.
Helen thought a minute.
“I don’t know,” she answered. “I just don’t know. Who would believe us?”
“Couldn’t we prove it some way if we did talk?” I asked.
“How?” asked Helen. “We have only dthe device as concrete evidence and we can’t show it to anyone. So how do we prove it?”
“We’ve got to do something about all this,” I said. “It’s too wonderful to keep all to ourselves.”
“I feel that way too,” said Helen, “but somehow the time isn’t ripe yet. Let’s just leave it up to them. I can’t help feeling they have a plan of some sort.”
“Do you remember what he said about maybe we could come to the Meired?” I asked.
“Do I!”, answered Helen.
“Would you go?” I asked.

Helen thought a moment before she answered.
"Yes, I think I would. Would you?" she asked.
"I couldn't right now," I answered. "My baby's to be born in November and I couldn't risk anything until after that."
"Well, I guess I'll just have to go alone." Helen said laughing.
"You do and I'll --," I answered, laughing too.
"You know, we've been talking to space people for a week now and we haven't seen a saucer yet." Helen said.
"Let's fo outside and look," I said.
"Good idea," answered Helen. "I wonder if we could manage to buy a pair of field glasses somehow?"
"We'll manage," I answered.

CHAPTER FOUR

We Meet Zelas and Elen Again

The following week was a confusing one, to say the least. Helen and I were tempted to use the device and contact the Meired again. But as we were about to give in to the urge, we realized we had no reason to. It seemed to us to be a sort of encroachment upon their privacy. And since they had been wonderful enough to give us the secret of our disc, we could at least be good enough not to become a bother by calling them incessantly.

By the end of the week we'd both had about all we could stand. So on this warm June Summer afternoon, we found an excuse to go the little shopping area where the confectionary was located. Away we went, both high in spirits, feeling sure that today we'd see Elen and Zelas again.

We idled along forcibly, looking in shop windows and chatting. I know our words didn't make sense for we were both anxious to be off and have a coke – or so we told ourselves. We tried to be quite calm as we entered the small soda and sandwich shop. Helen, seemingly to feel it was my turn to be first, held the door open for me. Excitedly we went in. There were two or three people at the counter and a couple of tables were occupied. But there was no Zelas and Elen.

We plumked down at a table, a little dejected, I fear. We ordered cokes and sat sipping.
"Disappointed?" Helen asked.
"Yes, I am," I said frankly.
"Me too." Said Helen
"We'll wait awhile," I said. "Somehow I felt sure they'd be here."
"Maybe our 'urge' was created from our desire to see them." Helen said.
"Could be," I said as I stirred my ice idly.
Our ice melted slowly in our glasses as we tried to make conversation. But suddenly I knew it was no good. Elen and Zelas would not appear today. Helen looked at the watch.
"We'd better go," she said.
"All right," I answered. "By the time we get home and changed it'll be dinner time."
Dejected we left. There was a last minute hope that maybe we'd meet them as we walked out the door, but there was no such luck.
During the second week of waiting we calmed down considerably. Our main interest now, was watching the skies in the evenings after we'd put the children to bed.
Never before did we realize the panorama of the heavens was so beautiful. Stars appeared where they had not been half an hour before and we were sure we were seeing something. We'd strain our eyes looking through the glasses and the bright sparkles we saw, we were sure couldn't be, but they always proved to be. Or we saw flashes of light moving so rapidly that we couldn't distinguish what they were. Falling stars with their brilliant tail of sparks added to the beauty of the night skies.
"Gosh," said Helen one night after we'd been watching for hours, "we've just got to start going to bed. Here it is midnight!"
"Just one more look," I said as she handed me the glasses. I scanned the sky and picked out a couple of mysterious objects, but they turned out to be brilliant stars.
"Guess you're right," I said. "We see so many things that could be something other than stars, yet we can't be sure. How can anyone be certain they see a saucer?"

“I really don’t believe they can unless it’s up awfully close.” Answered Helen, “Or marbe acting in a very peculiar way. Then there could still be arguments.
“Gotta go to town tomorrow,” I added.
“An urge?” asked Helen.
“No,” I answered, “I’ve really got to get some things.”
Bambi, our little Mexican Chihuahua began to bark in the back yard.
“Well at least Bambi sees something,” I said.
“Yes, they say dogs have a way of seeing things that human’s can’t, said Helen.
“Lets take him tomorrow,” I said. “He needs a new harness.”
We drove to the shopping area the next day after lunch and parked in our usual place. Bambi jumped out of the car and wagged his tail, ready for the venture of being with us.
“Not so fast, young man,” I said and headed directly for a hardware store where I bought him a harness and a leash. Bambi was straining in front of us, as we set about our shopping. Finally after about an hour and a half we had everything we needed. I was hot and thirsty and so was Helen.
“Coke?” I asked
She looked at me suspiciously.
“Thirsty or looking for someone?” she asked.
“Yes,” I answered, “but I really don’t believe we’ll see them today.”
We headed for the soda fountain.
“Oh, oh,” said Helen as we approached. My heart skipped a beat. I was sure she’s seen Zelas and Elen inside. But instead, she was pointing to a sign on the door which stated, “No Dogs Allowed.”
“That’s that,” I said and turned around, starting for the car. Helen caught up with me.
We put Bambi in the back seat and started for home.
“I’m still thirsty,” said Helen, her eyes intent upon the heavy traffic.
“Drive In!” Helen shouted and I automatically wheeled the car over, and drove into the almost vacant parking area.
We pulled into a shaded area where only one other car was parked, a black late model sedan. I turned off the motor and pulled on the hand brake. We relaxed thinking what we should have. The girl came

quickly and took our order. She stood on the opposite side from which the other car was parked.
“Two large cokes.” She said.
The girl wrote the order and left us quickly as she’d come
“Cokes aren’t good for you,” I heard a voice say. I looked beyond Helen.
There sat Zelas and Elen smiling at us!
“May we join you?” asked Elen, his accent coming back very heavy to our ears.
“Certainly,” said Helen and she reached in the back seat and fished Bambi into the front seat with us.
Zelas and Elen climbed into the back seat behind us. Bambi yipped and gulped happily, then opened his mouth and panted in a friendly way. He reached over the front seat to make friends with these newcomers. Zelas reached out his hand and Bambi licked it, almost talking as he did. His whole back was wagging back and forth.
“Such a nice dog,” said Zelas
“Yes, a beautiful dog,” said Elen as he reached over and rubbed Bambi’s neck.
I could see there was a great mutual friendship established here immediately. But Helen said something that almost floored me.
“Would you like to have him?” she asked
I was shocked at her words, But that was Helen. If anyone admired anything she owned, she always offered it immediately. Well, she had said it and although I hated to lose Bambi the worst way, I’d have to go along.
“You are very generous, Helen,” said Zelas, “but we of the League are allowed to own no personal possessions. There is always the fear that becoming attached to something might lessen our ability to serve.”
I breathed a sigh of relief,
“We have been watching,” said Zelas. but patience is of the utmost importance. silent so long.”
That wonderful feeling was coming over me again. It frightened me now that I felt it so clearly. Was I falling in love with these two? Such a thought shocked me but I had to face it. My feelings always got too

mixed up when I was with them. But to picture them ass a husband also shocked me. And suddenly I knew I couldn't even bring myself to think of such a thing. They were different. That was the only way I could describe it. Sort of holy. Yes, that was the word, Holy. This word scared me too, but I had the same feeling about them I had when I was in Church with the organ playing quietly and everyone bent rever- ently in prayer. Good Lord! Was I beginning to worship them?

Zelas, I realized, was watching me closely.

"What you are feling is quite natural," he said, "and it is good that within your own mind you are honest enough to examine this thing thoroughly."

"What is it that makes us feel as we do around you?" I asked.

"There is much to explain regarding this," he said, "but I will do it as simply as I can."

"We are to be accepted as that which you shall become one day when you learn the act of brotherly Love as taught by your Christian Bible."

"There is within being, man as you speak of it, a true body of spirit or God energy. I believe you will understand it better if it is called an electric body. This body is eternal, the part of man in which is all true feeling, memory, the storehouse of knowledge, and the record center of all thoughts and actions. This electrical body has its negative side as all things do. This negative side is called magnetism. It is this part of the electrical body that holds all atoms in place to form the physical body"

"The electrical body in turn sends out vibrations in accordance with the moral development of a person. High moral development sends forth high vibrations. Low moral develop- ment sends out low vibrations. This body can receive as well as send vibrations."

"The vibratory rates of our electrical bodies are much, much higher than yours, and as yours receive this, it recognizes these higher vibrations as those which it is truly seeking. Thus there is a quickening in it that comes forth and is interpreted in your mind as a drawing, an attraction that becomes hard to resist."

"You are really above us then?" Helen asked. "Maybe like Angels?"

"Last week we were sorry we couldn't come You must learn it. That is why we have been I was awed at Helen's question, yet it didn't seem so ridiculous after all.
"Angels as pictured by men of Earth with white robes and wings are symbolic," he said. "We have always served man in his evolution. In past ages man had a greater vision than he has now. We were known for who we are; beings sent to serve. The white robe is representative of the glow of the electrical body in which you recognize feeling. They in past ages felt it too, but also saw it. Thus the white robes,. representing this. And knowing that we come from above, the wings were added to symbolize this flight."
I just sat batting my eyes.
"We do not consider ourselves above you," Zelas continued. "We are simply more evolved than you, further along the same path which you now follow. We are that which you are to become."
"But if you are this, then why do you bother with us?" asked Helen
"We must serve. This has been allotted to us by the beings who are further along the path than we. And by this serving we too, aspire to the plane upon which they now reside."
"But, if that's the case," asked Helen, "why don't you come out in the open and straighten everything out? Give the evil persons here on Earth their just dues and gather the good ones together and elevate them?"
"There are no evil persons," said Zelas, "only those who have not reached so high a plane of understanding as others. All Earth men have been put asleep in materiality. The memory of his divine heritage has been removed from him also. This is for the purpose of higher evolvement. Yet now the time has come for the awakening from that slumber. Many refuse to be awakened."
"What happens to those who won't awaken?" I asked.
"Of these matters we have spoken enough for now," said Zelas, let us talk of lighter things for I know there are many questions in your mind."
Helen and I took time out to sip our cokes. The door had been closed on this subject for the present and perhaps it was for the best. Such a conversation could lead on and on and we could easily get lost.

“The Truths we give you are as seeds, planted in the ground,” said Elen as if he’d read the hunger which still lingered in our minds to know more. “If too many are planted, none may take root and grow. This is why we do not give you too much at one time. Let these which we have sown come forth and from them other areas seeking to be planted. Then you shall receive more.”
“There is one thing I’d like to ask,” said Helen setting her coke aside. “Why is there so much denial of the existence of your craft around Earth when there are so many pictures and actual sightings?”
“Those in charge of your many agencies know much of our craft,” said Elen., “but they select what they believe is that which people should hear. Although their files bulge, they continue to deny. And there are those too, who, no matter how weighty the evidence, refuse to believe. In them is a certain fear and they expend every effort to have all people believe as they do. This they believe will dispense with the fear they feel within themselves.”
“You who persist in your reportings,” said Zelas with a smile, “bring much discomfort to those. You refuse to be quieted and therefore their fears must linger.”
“It’s a matter of emotion then?” I asked.
“It is a matter of emotion,” said Zelas. “Minds free of emotion admit the possibility of all things. Such minds go forth fearlessly seeking out the truth in all things and are not put aside by idle denials.”
“We didn’t believe before we met you.” Said Helen.
“Not fully,” said Elen. “It was your seeking the Truth that brought us to you.”
“In read in one book,” said Helen, “where a military plane crashed and seemed disintegrated in chasing a saucer.”
“This incident is one which brings sorrow to our minds, for the craft which this pilot was chasing had a power failure. It had entered an Earth magnetic fault line and was attempting to regulate the controls for such when the military air craft came across it. There are many fault lines in the atmosphere which shift and change according to Earth’s rotation and other disturbances. The general fault lines are known and noted before our craft leave the large Meired, but this was a case where this fault line had not been charted. The craft’s

operator was unaware of it until he moved into it. The operator tried to signal the pilot of the military craft back, but due to the difference in communication systems the pilot did not receive this message."
"Our craft are surrounded by a force field that vibrates at an extremely high rate. If an Earth craft comes into this force field, it suffers a certain disintegration due to the difference in vibratory rate of the material of the air craft and the force field surrounding our craft. This high vibratory rate disrupts the atomic structure of the object, and causes its failure.. It is with much sorrow that we know of this. I have seen Alna leave his command and go to the Temple in the large Meired when he sees Earth-made planes enter such a fault line and crash to Earth>"
I felt concern for the feeling his voice conveyed to me.
"If people only knew the true cause of such crashes and not build up a fear of saucers because of such happenings, we'd all be better off." Helen said.
"Yes," said Zelas, "our missions to Earth, and all in service, date back over two thousand years for craft from Mars. Much longer than that for craft from Venus. Others are coming now from other solar systems, to examine conditions upon Earth. Beings from Mars have watched Earth through the wheel age, the age of the domesticated horse, the mechanical age, the air age and mow Earth stands on the threshold of the Space Age.
"It is our hope that people from Earth shall come into space as brothers of all they find there. Yet with conditions as they are on Earth at present, we are concerned. She will not be allowed to explore other planets until she does come with peace in her heart. For the Law of Progress is, that good must be created by progress, or Progress itself will destroy what she has created."
This was something to silently meditate about, and the space of silence was respected by Zelas. He sat humbly quiet, with his head slightly bowed. But Helen and her never inactive mind seemed to feel the need to question them some more on another line.
"What about the little people we've read about?" she asked.
"Little people?" asked Zelas. You have seen little people in saucers?"
"No." she answered, "but some books report that little people have

been seen entering and leaving saucers."
"Many people from many parts of the Universe are now visiting Earth," he said. "Earth people must have all things like unto themselves or they fear. All beings come to Earth under the fulfillment of the Law of Brotherhood. It cannot be otherwise."
"What a wonderful thing it was to talk with Alna," I said. "Is the Meired he commands near Earth – near enough for us to see?"
"The Meireds are approximately twenty thousand miles from Earth at present," said Elen.
"You used the plural," I said. "Is there more than one Meired over Earth?"
"There are two." Answered Elen, "and sometimes we are joined by one from Venus."
"Do beings from different planets serve upon the same Meired?" asked Helen.
"I am Venusian." Said Elen.
This then must account for his lighter coloring and rounder features.
"My parents live yet on Venus, but being a son of a leader I was considered born to serve in the League. I was sent to Mars and entered into a school there at the age of four years by Earth time. The largest school for training members of the League is located on Mars in the beautiful city of Vrss. My counselors were sent with me. After fifteen years of study, I was allowed to enter into service. The usual age is twenty two or older.
"Why were you allowed to serve sooner?" asked Helen.
"I asked permission and by approval of the council was accepted to serve."
"You are, what we would call an officer?" I asked.
"Great is my pleasure in answering that, for I have now been appointed to serve as assistant to Alna."
"Congratulations." we said together.
"The time grows late." Said Zelas.
Helen looked at her watch rather surprised.
"Gracious," she said, "we'll have to leave."
Zelas and Elen opened the car doors and started to leave, but I had one question I had to ask.

“About the device,” I asked, “may we use it freely?”
“You may use it when you feel occasioned to,” said Zelas. “Mel Bez De Son,” he said as he left us and moved to his own car.
“Mel Bez De Son?” I asked. “What does that mean?”
“Peace be with you,” answered Elen.
In a moment they were gone, and as they left I felt that lonely feeling again. I couldn’t help knowing why now. And within that came a great revelation.
“Helen,” I said, “you know how there’s been some people in our lives we never could like?”
“I certainly do.” she answered as she reached over and honked for the curb girl.
“I think I know why,” I said.
“Why” she asked.
“Vibrations,” I answered. “Their vibrations disturb us. We just can’t accept their vibrations and feel good about it.”
“That makes I simple,” said Helen. “We’ll just stay away from those whose vibrations bother us.”
The girl came and we paid her. Then I released the brake, backed up, and we were in the traffic again. Helen reached over and gathered Bambi to her, hugging him in her arms. How quiet, I realized, he’d been during the entire time. He looked up at Helen and yipped as if he was lonely too.
“Bambi sensed their goodness.” I said.
“And now he feels lonely as we do.” Helen said.
“Ah, but it’s been a wonderful afternoon,” I answered. “Do you suppose we’ll ever get this puzzle put together?”
“I would’nt want to,” said Helen. “It’s too exciting to complete and wrap all up in a nice little package. Always another piece to be found and fitted in.”
“Evolvement,” I said.
“Evolvement,” answered Helen.

CHAPTER FIVE

We See Our First Saucer

During the rest of the Summer we were privileged to have many talks with the three space people; Zelas, Elen and Alna. I marveled at the many things we learned from them, and the vast amount of knowledge they had at their fingertips. We truly felt humble for each contact with them, for they opened up new and vaster fields of learning for both Betty and Myself.

They told some of their way of life on other planets and I found it quite parallel with ours in many points. They have a sort of class distinction much as we have here upon Earth. There are those who serve in high positions of governing, and the development of the sciences. There are those who labor to bring into manifestation their homes, their marvelous equipment, and their craft much as we here on Earth also work to bring such things into reality.

In questioning Zelas and Elen on this matter, I found that they believe that all persons are predestined to be born into the position they are born in for the purpose of furthering their evolvement. This immediately opened a floodgate in my mind through which a thousand questions poured forth.

"You mean, you feel persons in your planets actually choose, before they are born, a station in life for themselves?" I asked.
"We not only believe this but we also try to understand the purpose of their being born into that station and work to see that their evolvement follows the pattern of the birth." Said Zelas.
"Not like people on Earth, huh?" asked Betty. "Here we feel we are just born and must work out our own solutions to life's problems the best we can."
"Betty," said Zelas, "Earth works under the same Law of Compensation as do all planets. It is that very few people upon Earth recognize the existence of such a Law and therefore know nothing of its workings."
"Some people?" I asked. "Then there are some people upon Earth who do recognize this Law and use it?"
"There are some," answered Zelas. "But at the present time, they number only a few. There are individuals who, from understanding

gained from within, realize the presence of the Law and live their own lives accordingly. They are the ones your Holy Book speaks of as 'Laying up treasures for themselves in Heaven.'"
He must have read the confusion in my mind for he said, "A discussion of these things can come later, for I see the confusion they have caused in your minds."
Betty's mind must have been reflecting the lost feeling I had in mine.
"Tell us something of the way you live," said Betty. "Are your homes very much like ours?"
"The more enlightened ones of our people do have advantages such as the more wealthy of your people have. But with the advantages come also more responsibility to serve the others."
"Their homes are larger and in some cases cover a large quantity of ground. The lesser live in smaller homes as many of you on Earth occupy, but of different construction. Yet they are far better equipped.
enclosed in the wall areas.
In the kitchens, which you two have no love for, all things are Dishes are cleaned automatically. Waste is taken care of automatically. Cleaning is automatic and very simple. Our furniture is much the same as yours except it is more shaped to the body and one relaxes much more when using it. The walls and ceiling produce an even light and there are no light fixtures such as you use. Heat comes evenly from both walls and floors. These things Earth is working to gain, and some day she too will have the comforts and the ease we enjoy in our living quarters."
"But what about all the time that is saved with cleaning and straightening up and cooking?" asked Betty
"We have many games of competition. Swimming and dancing are favorite pastimes. Much time is spent in educational pursuits. And like you, we indulge in travel."
"Between cities on your planets or interplanetary?" I asked.
"Both," answered Zelas. "There are craft trips to other planets which all may take. They are much like excursions upon your planet."
"Do such excursions ever come to Earth?" asked Betty
"Never!" answered Zelas. "Our people are never allowed to land on

Earth for numerous reasons. They do not speak Earth languages; they could not easily adjust to Earth clothing; landing areas would have to be provided for them, and this is impossible with conditions on Earth as they are. Only members of the League who are specially trained make such landings."
"Oh," said Betty, as if she somehow felt left out.
"Could you tell us something of home life on your planet?" I asked. "Do you marry as we do, and how many children are there in a family?"
"As before, mating is done only by the approval of the Council. Some are mated who never see their mate until they are wed. Although this may seem harsh to Earth people, through the method used, the scientific coordination of like vibrations, persons are always well suited to each other and we have little marital difficulty."
"As for the size of families, this depends upon the traits of the members wed. The higher eveolved the two mated are, the more children these actually have, for it is felt that the bringing of children into such an environment adds greatly to their ability to evolve."
"You seem to have things pretty well figured out," said Betty. "But how about sickness? Do you have that?"
"On our planet there is some sickness as you would call it," said Zelas, "but it is handled quickly in our laboratories by trained technicians of a higher order and is quickly resolved."
"Can you tell us more of this method of curing sickness?" I asked.
"I have time now only to tell you it involves regulating the vibrations of the 'Other body'."
"A Venusian saucer has arrived aboard our Meired, and is taking Alna for a conference. Elen is to go with him, and I must prepare for their departure. Peace be with you until we are privileged to talk again."
During the evenings conversations, we spent the remaining evenings searching the skies for signs of saucers. There was the usual fast moving streak of light, or a brightly blinking star, or something else which seemed quite out of the ordinary to us. But it was nothing we could be definite about. Too many people made saucers out of everything they saw and we didn't want to be one of those, so we waited.

that we weren't talking with the space people in similar
In September our enthusiasm began to mount. The papers had reported unidentified objects overhead. We searched the skies diligently, but to no avail so we thought we'd try another method.
It was quite hot for a September evening and Betty moved restlessly from one room to another, looking for something interesting to do. The children acted restless too, and as they started fighting over a toy I knew I'd had enough of this. Betty finally got them separated, and then suggested we all go for a ride.
"It's pretty late," I answered, "but maybe we could cool off and sleep better for it."
"And maybe see a saucer?" asked Betty laughingly.
We bundled the kids into the back seat of the car and started out. Betty was pretty far along now, so we felt we'd better watch out where we drove. I wished that I did not have a squeamish feeling about driving, for it would have been better for Betty if I could have done all the driving. We rode along the highway out into the country, and the cool evening air brought back memories of childhood. The smell of early Fall in the air, and the still green shrubbery and trees made the hot city seem miles behind. How we both loved the out of doors, and only in the contrast of the country did it really come so much alive to us.
"Let's get off on a side road somewhere," said Betty.
"Pretty bumpy," I answered.
"I'll be all right," answered Betty. "We'll never see anything along here; too much traffic."
She turned off on a fairly smooth country road, and I began peering up at the sky. I removed the glasses from their case and adjusted them; then laid them down on the seat beside me. Betty had been looking up too, and looked down just in time to keep from running off the road.
We laughed.
"Looking for someone?" I asked.
"Well, I had been thinking about Zelas and Elen, and wondered if it could be their craft which had been seen over St. Louis this past week. Betty was paying more attention to the driving, but I caught

myself staring off into space and reminiscing.
I remembered again their hints that perhaps we would be honored with a ride in their craft one day. What would it be like to go aboard a saucer? Would we be frightened? I thought not; especially now that we know them so well. Yet at the thought of such an experience, I could feel a certain nervousness in my stomach and my legs acted just a little funny. But if the opportunity ever presented itself, regardless of what I felt, I was determined that I'd go!
"Betty!" I cried and jerked her arm. She slammed on the brakes, thinking that she hadn't been paying enough attention to her driving, and perhaps was going off the road again. The kids in the back all spilled onto the back floor of the car like a bunch of ten pins.
:Look!" I said pointing.
She looked at the wooded area to the left of the road where there was a bright glow coming from an open area quite a ways away.
"Do you suppose it could be a saucer?" asked Betty breathlessly.
The children were babbling and muttering in the back seat, but neither Betty or I paid much attention, knowing they weren't hurt.
"I don't know," I answered. We'd seen so many things in the past we thought were saucers. Maybe our over-anxiety was up to its old tricks.
"Let me have the glasses," I said as I got out of the car. It was in such a disadvantageous place that it was hard to see.
I took the glasses and focused them on the object. A tingle went over my whole being, much the same as I felt in the presence of Zelas and Elen.
It was a Flying Saucer!
I could make out the dome on top and three port holes through which the light was pouring. It wasn't a bright light, but a glowing light that seemed to penetrate the distance between us very easily.
"It is! It is!!" I shouted, handing the glasses to Betty who was also at my side now.
She took them and looked.
The kids, I noticed were quiet now, and had their faces glued to the back windows of the car watching us.
"Maybe it's them!" said Betty. "Shall we go over and find out?"

I walked through a weeded area and up the side of a small mound of dirt. There was barbed wire, three strands high, closing off the wooded field.
"We can't drag the kids over this fence," I said, "and besides remember your condition."
"Hang my condition," said Betty. "But I guess you're right about the kids. We just can't make it."
"Let me look again," I said and Betty handed me the glasses.
I looked, and from what I could tell it looked about as high as a small house up to the roof. It was about three times as wide as it was high. I could see a sloping away from the rounded cabin section. This didn't exactly look like a saucer. Rather it looked like an inverted saucer with a cup sitting on top of it.
What a depressing feeling it was to know that the saucer. was there and we were here with the fence and so much rugged ground between us. Suddenly I had the feeling that we were being watched. Betty must have had it too, for we both went back and got in the car. We felt better now.
"What shall we do?" asked Betty.
"Let's try to send them a message by mental telepathy." I answered
"How do you do that?" asked Betty
"Just sit and concentrate on them, I guess," I answered. I realized I didn't know the first thing about telepathy but from what I'd read I guessed that was the way to make it work.
I sat and tried to concentrate, but I didn't know what to concentrate on. What did one think about? Was it sort of like talking with Zelas on the device? Did we just think, "This is Helen and Betty? Come over if you are there?" But this was only a thought which flashed through my mind. I certainly couldn't concentrate on it.
Maybe if I just pictured Zelas or Elen coming across the field, maybe that would do it.
I glanced back at the children. They were all quiet now, and the smallest was sound asleep on the seat. I went back to mu concentrating.
I tried to picture the figure of a person coming across the field toward us. This I could do better. And as I watched, every shadow

suddenly seemed to take on a shape and move toward us. I began to get a scary feeling, and suddenly wanted Betty to turn on the ignition, start the car and leave.
"Take another look," said Betty handing me the glasses.
As I took the glasses I felt better. I focused them to my eyes and looked..
"How big would you say it is, Helen?" asked Betty.
"About eight to ten feet high," I said. "Maybe twenty five to thirty feet across."
"How'd you come by those figures?" asked Betty.
"Well, I know our house is about ten feet to where the roof starts and about thirty two feet across. It looks about as high as that and not as long as the house. That's all."
"See anyone around it", asked Betty.
"Not a soul," I answered as I surveyed the small clearing in which the saucer was sitting.
"Couldn't we go up just a little closer?" asked Betty.
"In your condition, not a chance," I answered. and Elen. They said Betty's baby would be a girl. us like a maternity doctor does?
As I sat there I thought again about Zelas Did they know or were they just kidding "See anything else?" asked Betty.
"It looks like there's some little balls under it that it's resting on." I answered. "Just like the pictures we've seen of them, huh?" asked Betty.
"Just like the pictures." I said.
"Well, I guess tonight isn't our night," said Betty. "It may not be their craft at all, but one from another Meired."
"Could be," I answered, "but let's just give them another fifteen minutes. Nine fifty-five;" I looked at my watch. "We'll leave at ten ten."
We were quiet as we watched. I tried again to picture someone stepping out of the craft and coming toward us. Again everything about us seemed to take life and begin to move. But I stuck with it, realizing that if someone DID step out of the craft and start toward us, I'd know it in spite of all the funny feelings that were running through me.

“Getting kinda spooky,” said Betty. I knew she was feeling what I was.
“Guess you’re not so good at mental telepathy.” I said.
“Could be they’re on some sort of a mission and wish we’d go home,” said Betty.
“Could be,” I answered. “Well, let’s just say this isn’t out night. If they wanted to contact us, they would have by now.”
Betty turned on the ignition and started the car. I held the glasses to my eyes and watched the craft as long as I could see it.
“Well, at least we can say we’ve seen a flying saucer,” I said.
“We certainly can,” said Betty. “And I intend to. To heck with what people think.”
“I’m tired of keeping quiet too,” I answered. I felt lonely and let down. The hardest part of this whole thing, I suddenly decided, was the waiting. The wishing and the waiting. Suddenly I realized what a selfish thought that was. How many people had been looking and waiting for years. I realized how truly lucky Betty and I really were.
“How do you suppose Zelas and Elen think they can tell what the baby will be?” I asked, wanting to change the subject.
“Maybe they count its vibrations on one of their machines,” answered Betty, smiling.
“Ten per minute for a girl, and fifteen per minute for a boy?” I added.
More like fifty kicks per minute for a boy, and twenty kicks per minute for a girl,” answered Betty.
We both laughed.
We drove on home, and the children proved to be no problem now. We undressed them and tucked them in their beds. They were asleep in minutes. But Betty and I sat up until after twelve discussing the saucer.
“Would you really go with them if they asked you?’ asked Betty.
“I really don’t know. It was kind of spooky out there tonight. But I guess I would,” I answered.
“Well, I don’t have to worry about it until after the baby comes,” said Betty.
“That’s almost two months yet.” I answered.
“You’re anxious to go, aren’t you, Helen?” asked Betty.

“It’s like waiting for anything,” I answered. “The waiting is what kills you.”
“You really do want to go.” Said Betty.
”I really do,” I answered, realizing it for the first time.
“Well, let’s go to bed.” Said Betty
“Yes, let’s,” I answered, but I knew I’d rather be up there somewhere in the sky riding in the saucer I’d seen on the ground, and maybe even going aboard the Meired. What a thought! Would it ever really happen to us? Considering the many things that had already happened it could, I realized. It certainly could.

CHAPTER SIX

Helen Takes a Ride in a Saucer

In early November I had certain matters to take care of down town so I boarded a nine o’clock bus and started out. I’d worn my heavy coat for the air had a briskness which forewarned of the coming Winter. I’d picked a spot far in the back of the bus and pretty much to myself. The matters of the day weighed heavily on my mind, but as I looked out the window they seemed not so important as I’d thought when I started out.

The bus hurried along through the morning traffic, stopping at each bus sign to pick up new passengers. The trees were bare now and the lawns were dead and dry. The end of another Summer, I thought, and what a Summer. And with that all the past weeks we’d spent talking with the space people came to mind.

I was remembering the saucer we’d seen in the field in late September, and of the many conversations we’d had regarding it. As I stared out the window, the funny thought came to me of how much of my waking hours were now filled with thoughts of these people. We’d learned so much about them, and yet so little. Was there a purpose behind all this? There had to be one of some sort. And I knew, Betty and I were a part of it, enen if we didn’t understand.

In the past few weeks we’d contacte Zelas and Elen, and even Alna, many times, but our light banter was spent with Zelas and Elen.

"When do we go for that ride you've promised?" we'd ask them.
"Think you have the courage?" they'd answer.
"There's just one way to know for sure," we'd say. "Just offer us a ride and see."
"The day will come." They'd answer.
"But when?" we'd ask.
"Patience is a virtue you must develop," they'd answer.
"We're patient, all we want to know is when?" we'd ask.
After that there'd be no more answers for us. We somehow felt they were laughing as the power would go out of our device, not at us but at our impatience.
Specifically we had asked them about the saucer we'd seen in the field.
"It was a craft from another Meired and not connected with our unit," said Zelas.
"Oh, darn," said Betty, "I thought you'd come to take the whole family up!"
Such were the conversations with them throughout the Summer. I shifted in my seat and watched the individual homes through the bus window as they began to blend into the more squalid buildings on the city's down town area. Would we really ever get the opportunity to take a trip? From somewhere the word "patience" came into my mind again. All right, I told myself, I'd have patience even though it wasn't a quality I'd tried to develop.
I realized my corner was fast approaching, and I made my way through the now crowded bus to the exit door and pulled the cord. The bus slid to a silent stop and the doors opened. I got out and wrapped my heavy coat around me a little tighter. I didn't like Winter much. It seemed like I was always cold when it came, and not having the nerve to drive the car myself I was doomed to ride the bus until after Betty's baby was born and she was again able to be the family's driver.
Making my way to the building where I was to have my appointment, I took the elevator and got out at the proper floor. Opening the door I went in.
Behind the heavy wooden counter, a secretary was beating out a

staccato on the typewriter. She stopped and looked at me.
"I'm Helen Mitchell," I said. "I have an appointment to see Mr. Stevens."
"I'm sorry, He isn't in," she said. "Will you wait?"
I settled in one of the easy chairs and thumbed through a large stack of magazines. The girl at the desk went on with her rapid typing.
After an hour I became a little restless. I walked to the counter.
"Can you tell me when you think Mr. Stevens will be in?" I asked.
"Oh," said the girl, "I forgot you were here. Mr. Stevens just called in. He won't be in today. Perhaps you can see him at his suburban office. I'll be glad to make an appointment for you."
No use letting this young woman know how I felt about the useless trip. How could I? There was too much to be said, so I said nothing.
"If you will, please," I answered.
"I'll arrange it and call you," she answered taking her notebook and making a note of it.
I went back downstairs and out into the street. Well, now that I was downtown, the first time in ages, I might as well make the most of it. I could at least go on to the shopping area and browse through the large department stores. After walking several blocks, I came to one of St. Louis' largest and decided it was time to have a drink of some sort before I looked around.
I'd just entered the store, when I heard someone speak my name. I looked around. The man was a complete stranger to me. How did he know my name and what was I to do? Go on as if I hadn't heard him, or stop and see what he wanted?
"I am Benen," he said. I noticed he was neatly dressed in a gray business suit, and hat. I was sure I'd never seen this person before. He must have sensed my reaction for he smiled slightly and continued.
"Zelas is here also," he said motioning.
Zelas moved out of the shadows of the wall and I recognized him immediately. All the disappointments of the day left me suddenly, and I felt good again. He smiled at me as he moved in beside Benen and me.
"Many times we have spoken to you of riding in our craft," he said.

“Would you be afraid to go with Benen and myself today?”
“No, I wouldn’t!” I said nore from reaction. I hadn’t taken time to decide whether I would or not.
“We will go then”, said Zelas
“Now?” I asked.
“Yes,” answered Zelas.
Benen had started ahead and Zelas was waiting for me to follow him. Only now was I aware of the hundreds of people who flowed around us going in and out of the huge department store. Somehow they seemed to offer a familiarity that I didn’t exactly care to leave. It seemed my legs were turning to water. Maybe I had spoken too suddenly. Maybe I really was afraid of such a strange an adventure, but Benen was turning in the street and automatically, I followed him. He slowed down slightly, waiting for Zelas and me to catch up. Benen took the position next to the curb, Zelas moved in beside him and I walked along the inside, beside Zelas. I suddenly began to think of Betty at home. She had always been a part of every experience we’d had, and now more than ever I wanted her by my side. But I knew that because her baby was due in such a short time there was no hope. Well, I was into this thing now and I had committed myself so no matter what, I intended to go through with it, no matter how my heart beat and how weak my legs became.
We walked about half a block and I saw the black car again which Zelas and Elen had used at the drive-in. Benen walked around the car, and Zelas opened the back door for me. I hesitated before I entered. Once inside there would be no backing out. Zelas waited for me patiently. I looked into his face. He was smiling in his quiet friendly way, and I feltr an ease in the tension which gripped me. I went on in. He closed the door behind me and got into the front seat next to Benen.
Benen started the smooth running motor and eased the car out into the traffic. As the car moved away, I saw the hundreds of people moving along the sidewalk and wondered what their reaction would be if I should suddenly shout at the top of my voice that I was going to go up in a flying saucer. I didn’t have to ask. I knew. And again I thought of how many strange things go on in the world every day

that people brush shoulders with, never even conscious that anything out of the ordinary is happening.
I looked at my watch and noticed the minute hand was crowding one o'clock. I'd always had the silly habit of looking at my watch when disturbed or nervous.
"How are Betty and the children?" asked Zelas as if he was trying to relieve the tension I felt inside
"I'm afraid Betty will be disappointed when she hears," I said
Zelas smiled and from his smile I knew everything was as it should be. Such a trip could bring very dire results to one in Betty's condition, I realized.
Zelas and Benen were silent during the entire trip leaving me with my thoughts. I noticed both Benen and Zelas were dressed much alike. Gray heavy flannel suits and matching hats with no overcoats. We left the downtown St. Louis area and turned across the bridge that leads into Illinois. I noticed the spotlessness of the inside of the car, such a contrast to the inside of our own car which the kids kept strewn with bits of paper continuously. And with the thought of the children, and all that I was leaving behind, a new tension grew inside me.
Could there be a chance that this thing might not work out as well as I'd dreamed it would? Could the saucer crash or was there a possibility of getting radiation burns? Again I felt the water forming in my veins where my warm blood should be. I pulled the coat tighter around myself and decided I'd try to figure our exactly where we were going. Somehow I had a feeling that Zelas knew my every thought and reaction. He looked back and smiled reassuringly. I also had a feeling they were passing secrets back and forth between them, for Zelas would turn his head towards Benen and act as if he were listening intently.
I looked out the window trying to record every turn in my mind, and although I tried hard, I knew they'd lost me way back. I even wondered if we were following a straight course of it they were doubling back just to confuse me.
A silly thought flashed through my mind. "Didn't they trust me?" Well, did I trust myself? If I really knew the way would I be able to stay away? It was a question I'd rather leave unanswered. They probably

knew my weaknesses better that I, myself did.
I looked at my watch again. Better than half an hour had elapsed. We were slowing down now as we came to a side road. Benen turned down it and I noted it was quite closed in by weeds on each side, We went along it or several minutes when Benen turned in to a gravel drive. We were at the end of our trip I realized and I felt the tension mounting again inside me. It all seemed concentrated in a tight knot in the center of my stomach. The instant he stopped, I had a feeling I must get out but wondered if my watery legs would hold me. Now that I was here, I wanted to see their saucer, and right away. Would it be like the one we'd seen in the woods? Again I looked at my watch. It had taken about forty five minutes to get here. It had seemed like two and a half hours.
Before us was an old barn with sagging swinging doors. Zelas got out first and opened the door for me.
"Helen, we keep the car inside the locked barn, so if you will get out we will wait for Benen to put the car away.
Strangely enough my legs did hold me as I stepped out upon the ground but the weak feeling hadn't left them. I clutched my coat about me to keep my hands from shaking. I noticed Zelas watching me and had the feeling he was giving me what moral support he could. Benen drove the car into the garage, came out, closed the doors with effort and snapped the padlock on them. The entire area was surrounded by naked trees and there was a certain loneliness to the place. Bare and bleak though it was, I was searching for the craft.
"Back here," came Benan's voice over his shoulder as he led off toward an area behind the barn. As I started to follow him, I remembered my childhood where I'd spent many an hour playing in just such a place as this and now it seemed more friendly to me.
We passed a few leafless trees and I caught a glimpse of a shining metal craft. My breath caught in my throat. It was beautiful. It glinted in the afternoon sun like a huge highly polished metal hubcap, I slowed down for now because my breath was coming in gasps. I hadn't realized I'd been hurrying so fast until I felt the lightness in the calves of my legs. Benen led on ahead, and a door slid open in

the side of the craft. I paused a moment just at its edge. A ring of some sort seemed to run around the entire circumference of the ship. Above it the whole craft looked much like a bell, even to the little knob on the top. I could see two balls beneath it and was sure there was a third behind them. This I presumed was the landing gear. As I neared it, Zelas kept at my side. I hesitated a moment. I'd read so much about the danger of radiation upon approaching one, I felt a tinge of uncertainty in going closer.

"It is safe," said Zelas as if he knew exactly what I was thinking.

I moved forward reassured now. When I was near the step which led into the craft, I stopped a moment and tested the outside much as one would a hot iron. I even wet the tip of my finger. Why, I don't know except for some reason I expected it to be hot. It was only warm. I ran my hand over the smooth glistening surface. Nowhere could I see any place where the craft looked like it might have been seamed together, rather, it seemed like a solid moulded unit. Zelas had gone ahead of me with Benen and was waiting just inside the door.

"Don't think me rude," he said. "Benen and I go first to show you that the way is safe."

I stepped down inside, and the craft felt very stable. I had expected perhaps a slight rocking sensation but there was nothing of the sort. Once inside and my eyes accustomed to the light, I was rather startled to see a uniformed operator seated at what I presumed was the control panels. He did not turn to look at us, but the way he inclined his head, I was sure he was listening to silent orders from someone, perhaps Benen, for Benen looked very much like he was speaking, yet his lips didn't move. The craft, I noticed, was filled with even a fresher smelling air than the Fall scented air outside.

The ceiling, I noticed, was curved as were the walls. A gentle blue light filled the craft, and seemed to come from a rim around the entire ceiling area. Benen sat down on the curved benches that ran around an area through which a center pole ran. Zelas motioned for me to follow, which I did.

"This craft is different than the one we saw in the woods," I said

"Yes," said Zelas, "craft are built in different designs although the

propulsion systems use the same principle. This one has no port holes as the other had, but does have the viewing scope on the wall and the lens in the floor for observation."

He turned and motioned to the central area behind us. I shifted slightly on the bench and looked. I could see the ground beneath. There was a map on the back of the door, which I had noticed when the door closd, and now I wanted to know more about it.

"Some sort of flight map?" I asked.
"Yes, but not as those of Earth," said Benen. "The map you see before you has lines which represent the magnetic lines around the Earth. Lines along which the craft can travel most easily. Such lines of force field shift daily, and we keep missions out constantly checking them."
I wondered about the magnetic lines and why we of Earth either knew nothing of them, or didn't bother with them if we did, but before I could speak, Zelas touched my arm and pointed behind me toward the central lens. The ground was sinking away from us at a rapid rate. Although I could feel no pull of any sort, I did have an empty feeling inside. But this I realized came from the Earth dropping away so rapidly. I wasn't flying, I suddenly realized. The Earth was falling away from me and at a very rapid rate. I felt Zelas' hand on my shoulder and it did help by breaking the spell this falling away feeling gave me. I was glad for it and took the opportunity to look around the craft again. In the very center and running from through the top was a long slender pole. About a foot in diameter, I'd guess. Where it ran to above I couldn't tell but I noticed it did run through the lens and from its base ran three horizontal tubular sections. These, I presumed, ran to the landing balls, for this is what I thought they must be. However, I learned later that they also had something to do with the craft's operation. Exactly what, I could never understand.
The wall seemed quite smooth except for the control section in which the operator sat. I saw in one area what looked like it might be a picture frame or even a turned off wall television. Zelas seemed to follow my gze in everything that I took in.

“That,” he said, “Is a direct visual connection with Alna, on the Meired. We do not use it unless there is an emergency.”
“That area beside the empty seat near the edge of the control section contains three emergency areas with supplies,” said Zelas. “Over here beside the map which covers the door are four other areas which contain regulators. We refer to them as the West, North, South and East regulators. The center pole is also separated into four matching sections of West, North, South and East. This pole in turn supplies the wall regulators with energy for travel.”
Pointing to what I presumed to be an axel to the ball wheel, he said, “This rod contains the mechanism through which the energy travels to the regulators. This force flow gives four different speed controls which are governed in turn by the regulators.”
I was looking at the axel affairs which ran under the viewing lens, wishing I could understand what he was talking about, but I couldn’t.
“How fast will this saucer go?” I asked.
“The West regulator controls the flow in regular spells on an electromagnetic field, forcing the craft to speeds of light.” He answered.
“Oh,” I answered. It was my only answer for I hadn’t the faintest idea what he was talking about.
“Do they ever fly faster than the speed of light?” I asked.
“Yes,” answered Zelas. “The East regulator controls the flowing lines of force to speeds past that of light. North controls the oscillating wavelength from ten thousand to ten times ten thousand. South controls the vibrating oscillating pole receiving a force field from West to East.”
“It’s Greek to me.” I said
“What?” asked Zelas
“Greek,” I answered. “Foreign. Beyond my understanding.”
Zelas turned around on the bench and pointed down through the viewing scope.
“Chicago,” he said.
I looked down and realized we must be very high for I saw sliding beneath me rising clouds of what appeared to be dirty smoke, and below that a vast spread city of many huge buildings huddled close

together, sitting among the less distinct housing areas.. An amazing jumble of humanity, I thought as the city unrolled beneath the viewing lens. Our speed must have been terrific for in a matter of what seemed like a few seconds we were over water of the blue lakes which surrounded it.
As the city faded from view I realized, much to my amazement, that I had felt nothing which indicated we were in flight at all. There wasn't the usual pressure even in my ears that I felt when going into the mountains. I turned back from the viewing lens and gazed about the interior of the craft.
Along one wall, I saw the sealed compartments and wondered what they contained.
"Emergency supplies," said Zelas.
"Emergency?" I asked, "Do you have need of emergency supplies.
"Yes," answered Zelas. "If our craft should have difficulty and we should have to abandon it, there are supplies within those containers which provide us safe escape."
"What type of escape?" I asked.
"In them are clothes resembling those worn on Earth," said Zelas. "Should the craft get into difficulty, we try to contact a person of our own League near us. If not, we make our way to our closest contact where we remain until we are picked up."
"But what about the craft?" I asked.
"We have means to disintegrate it completely," answered Zelas. "The other compartments contain energizers and controls," he said.
The operator, I noticed, was quite busy with the many dials before him. Small lights flashed on and off on what I assumed was the control panel. At his right was a small scope with wavering moving lines. I noticed there was a small scope on the panel before him also.
"Boston," said Zelas.
I looked down and the city seemed to have a mist over it. The ship turned and swept much lower over the city, Below me were group upon group of brownish looking buildings, clustered very closely together. Here and there was a spiked protrusion above the rest. I thought perhaps they might be cathedral towers but couldn't be sure.
We began traveling faster now and the scene was swept out from

beneath me, and we were over the bright blue waters of the Atlantic. For some reason I'd always had a great fear of it.
I glanced back around the inside of the craft. It was perhaps eight feet to the center of the cabin top and about as wide as an ordinary living room is long. There were other scopes on the wall, one of which I was told, gave the same picture as we got through the viewing lens. The other I never learned about.
"We're nearing the North Pole area," said Zelas.
I looked down again. Below me, I saw just vast whiteness. My! What a desolate land, I thought. The craft seemed to slow down again and came low over a cluster of squalid buildings. What a lonely place this would be to live. And I suddenly felt sorry for anyone who might live there.
The whiteness shot past and I realized we were rising; almost vertically, I realized. The brightness of the day was now fading and a twilight seemed to set in. Then this too faded and we entered an area of complete darkness.
Now I began to wonder where we were headed. I could only hope that we were going to the Meired. The thought of meeting Alna caused a jump in my pulse. What would this wonderful hundred year old person be like? Would he be as old as I had pictured him? A new thrill of anticipation filled me.
I looked back now at the Earth below. All I could see now was a pinkish tinge around our planet. Its surface was very uneven, broken here and there with blotches, and it was far from symmetrical as I had supposed it would be.
Then there was a darkness combined with a small jolt. The viewing lens showed what appeared to be metal sliding beneath the saucer. And I knew that we were in a hangar of some sort. It certainly had been some experience so far, and what lay ahead seemed to offer an even greater experience. The craft pulled to a stop.
Zelas got up and the door opened.
"We are here," he said.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Aboard the Meired

As the door slid open, Benen got up from where he was seated and went to the door. Zelas followed and I was the last of we three to leave. As I stepped up one step and moved through the door I realized we were in a huge room. It had the unique appearance of a huge auditorium of some sort. The whole open interior was lit as if by sunlight, so even was the lighting. The ceiling was domed and quite high, yet there was none of the ornate decorations that go with auditoriums, nor was there any exposed supporting structure. Only smooth walls and the vaulted ceiling.

"This is our receiving deck," said Zelas as he saw me looking around. "The craft enter into this area through that entrance there."
I looked in the direction toward which he had motioned. I could only see a darkened area that, I supposed, was some sort of hatchway. I had the feeling that we hadn't entered this room directly but rather by some sort of a passage from some other part of the Meired for I was sure that we could be no other place.
"The ships come and go through this room," he stated. "Others are stored in the areas behind the walls."
I had the sudden feeling that this ship must be immense but I failed to question him regarding this point. I somehow felt if he wanted me to know more, he would tell me.
Machinery of a stationary type was placed throughout the room. Men in what appeared to be blue-gray uniforms were working behind some and around others. The close fitted clothes they wore were the same for all men working here. They were of a blue-gray color and appeared to have a soft metallic gleam. Their footwear resembled what we call a jodphur boot upon Earth., yet they looked more sturdily constructed than ours do. Each uniform had a symbol upon the right sleeve and I noticed that all were identical with the other. There obviously was no distinction between the ones in command and the ones working.
Three men working around a small machine nearest us, paused in their work and looked at us, but there was not the usual curiosity that an Earth person under the same circumstances might show. Rather they turned back to their work without a word between them.

As I got out of the ship and followed behind Zelas, I realized this must be some sort of a shop area where all their repair and rebuilding work was done.

Benen led Zelas and me up a rampway and we went through an open arch which led into one of the longest halls I'd ever seen. The ceiling was arched and the floor was covered with what appeared to be light marble with a rough surface. From the walls radiated a soft blue light. The hall looked absolutely void of doors and doorways but I noticed there were quite a number of small blinking lights. Some were green and others were yellow. After we'd walked some distance, Zelas stopped by a yellow light and a doorway appeared where there had been no door before.

"This yellow light indicates that we may enter as we wish," said Zelas, "and the door opens automatically. The green lights which you see flashing indicate that those doorways are blocked and must be opened from within."

We entered into a large and meticulously kept room. It struck me as somehow quietly beautiful. It was lighted in the same manner as the hall, and the furniture arrangements seemed to give the room a certain harmony that is seldom found in rooms on Earth.

Chairs and divans made up the groups and they were covered in a white material interwoven with what appeared to be a metallic thread of a golden hue. The chairs looked much more inviting than chairs on Earth, for they seemed shaped for comfort. However the divans had backs which only rose about six or seven inches above the seats.

There were several groups of persons gathered at various places in the room. Each seemed intent in the conversation of the particular group he was in, and I noticed that these persons too, were dressed in the same type uniforms as those working in the hangar area where we had landed. I looked around and noticed that all were men. I felt a moment's hesitation in entering a room with so many, but Zelas smiled and led me in.

As the group noticed us enter, they all became silent and looked our way flashing their friendly smiles in a way of welcome. Never have I seen a smile as these people do. It seems as if a door opens and you feel that you're with old friends.

We paused near the entrance which was now no more and I noticed three men get up from a larger group as if signaled and start toward us. All were small and of the same build as Zelas. Their greetings were merry and spoken in a soft flowing language. It seemed a friendly sound, and I no longer felt left out.
"Helen," said Zelas, "This is our Kadar Alna"
The darkest of the three came forward to greet me.
I felt a funny sensation run through me. This man appeared not much older than Zelas and Elen, whom I knew to be in their twenties. I had been picturing him, if not a wizened old man, at least a man with wrinkles in his face and a bit of gray hair. But here he stood, a picture of health and vitality. I noticed Zelas and Benen disappear through the door we had entered, but before this gentle person I did not feel deserted.
"Little one," said Alna, we have talked much. It is with honor and Love that I greet and welcome you to be upon this Meired."
"I – I am honored to be here," I said, trying hard to find the right words for I felt a little out of place, now that I was actually in his presence. "Betty and I both wish to thank you for the help you have given us … You know about our problems with things," I finished lamely.
"Ah, yes, Betty." He said. His accent was heavy as usual but I'd become accustomed to it now and understood him quite well.
"Disturbed she will be at your privilege. But later she may join us."
Betty had been with me through every contact and now I realized how she would miss this opportunity, but knowing Betty, I felt she would have no ill feelings toward anyone.
There was a quietness about Alna and I felt drawn to him. A drawing that was deeper than anything I'd ever felt before. I remembered again Zelas' words as he told me why they seemed to draw us as they did. There was a goodness and a gentleness in this room, that I realized added much to its beauty. Yet there was another part of me, too, that was feeling quite nervous.
Alna stepped back a step as if expecting someone else and I looked across the room. A woman had entered and was approaching us now.

toward us. A fluid motion of rhythm and beauty.
I noticed how gracefully she moved Her flowing gown swept around her ankles with each step. Her beautiful oval face was lighted with a gracious welcoming smile. She moved up beside Alna and spoke to him in their native tongue but I somehow felt included. She nodded to me in a friendly greeting, and I returned her smile and nod. I noticed that her beautifully formed lips were slightly redder than our own drab lips without lipstick. Her eyes were as dark as her hair which was perfectly combed and hung around her shoulders. I noticed a slight curl to it and wondered if this were natural or if they had to make up as we Earth women do. There was no heavy coloring evident on her face and I felt that everything about her beauty came without the aid of our elaborate makeup kits.
Her gown was of a pale blue hue and was without fluffs and ruffles. It had a simple band collar and simple tight band sleeves. There was silver looking threads woven into the cloth at the neck and sleeves. The gown fell about her figure revealing in only the slightest manner, the perfectness of her body. She wore no adornments at all, and I felt she needed none. It always seemed that such trinkets were merely for the purpose of detracting attention from the person wearing them. There was no need of such detraction with this beautiful creature. She took two steps back from the group and turned to leave. It was a nice feeling to know that at least, I wasn't the only woman on board.
"She is Len, sister of a priest of the Temple of Light on Mars. She visits the craft frequently with her brother." The voice I immediately recognized as Elen's. I hadn't noticed him come up behind our group and was happy to see him.
He suggested that I perhaps would like to remove my coat and leave it and my bag elsewhere. Leading the way, we moved through the door into the hall and off on a branch hall to our left. Here was an alcove behind an archway that had only a table and a chair in it. I deposited my things and he led me back into the main room. When we arrived back, Zelas and Benen I thought were still gone, however as we approached Alna's group, and they turned toward me, I realized they weren't gone at all. They had simply changed into their

League Uniforms.
There was a fourth person with them that they introduced as Emba.
"We wish you our control section to see," said Alna. "Come with us."
I walked beside Alna, and Zelas took up a position on my other side. Elen and Emba followed along behind. We went again into the long hallway. Alna led us to a door where a green light was flashing. He stopped and waited a moment. The door slid back and we entered the first control room. This section, I would judge, was approximately twenty feet by twenty feet. What appeared to be two control sections were in the center of the room, and they ran almost the whole length of the room. Sitting intently at the panels with their many knobs and flashing lights were operators, all dressed in the same uniforms which were apparent throughout the Meired. The number of dials and flashing lights were just that to me, a maize I knew I'd never be able to fathom. Along one wall were other operators before what appeared to be another control panel. One was watching a flashing screen, much like a television screen, and the other was making some sort of mark on a chart which was before him. He used the longest pencil I'd ever seen, if it was a pencil.
"Our Meireds are always in danger while in space of being struck by some objects which float there," said Zelas. "The one you see before the scope is constantly on watch for such objects. Should they appear, they show up on his screen, disturbing the lines there."
"How can you tell what is coming toward you?" I asked.
"There is a continual flow of energy toward our Meired." said Zelas. "This is an even flow and is registered by vibrations which show as lines upon the scopes. Should an object enter into this field of flow, it too, having energy, sends out vibrations which disturb the vibrations of the free flowing energy. This registers upon our scope as a disturbance."
"Something to do with magnetic lines?" I asked. I'd heard so much about magnetic fields and magnetic lines since I'd met these space people that it seemed to be the answer to about everything.
"It operates through the use and complete understanding of what your scientists call ether," said Zelas.
I doesn't understand the first thing about ether, and so I decided not

to pursue the subject further.
"How do you manage to protect yourself against such objects in space?" I asked.
"After the courses of such objects are determined and approximate size and velocity, we either create about the ship a magnetic repulsion field or we move the ship to another location."
"Are they always detected in time?" I asked.
"They are now." Answered Zelas, but it was one of the big problems when we first began space travel."
I always found myself wondering just how these craft operated and why we, on Earth, weren't able to duplicate them. We know much of electricity and magnetics and from what I'd read we'd created some wonderful advancements. Why, then, hadn't we fathomed the secret of this type flight? Here was an excellent opportunity to clear the whole matter up. I remembered again Zelas' remark about the four control regulators and the center pole. But that wasn't clear. Maybe there was something that I wasn't getting. Perhaps they thought I knew more than I actually did. I decided to try and fathom this secret again.
"What causes your craft to fly?" I asked. "How can they operate as they do? And why don't we on Earth duplicate them?"
"To know the operation of our craft, one must understand the principle upon which the Universe operates. There is another type of energy which Earth scientists are not yet fully aware of, though they are experimenting in this direction," answered Zelas. "This basic energy which is tapped and used by us is both positive and negative in nature. This is assimilated by our equipment and deposited along with free electrons which act in a manner not understood by Earth in this basic energy."
"Through the tapping of this basic energy which is in relation to the All, and the action of electrons upon it, we charge the center pole with a polarity of our choosing. This polarity is either 'like' or 'unlike' the position we wish our craft to occupy. The flow of this energy then causes our craft to be moved."
"You mean, the pole, as I saw in the small craft, absorbs this positive and negative energy and this causes it to move toward or away from

a certain magnetic area as shown on the map I saw in it?", I asked
"Yes", said Alna. "This is so as your understanding interprets for you. The basic vibration of the All energy is tapped. Earth scientists have atomic fission theories of the tapping and releasing of energy, but not so in this area. We watch Earth in her expansion, and know too this energy will be used by Earth scientists. The pole, as called by you, is in both the large Meired and the small craft. You analyze quite correctly."
Well, if I did, I was still very much at a loss. There was so little I really knew that I only had the vaguest of ideas of what it was all about. Somehow I realized there must be an energy everywhere present in the Universe that had somehow a quality of magnetism about it.
And that in different areas the conditions or frequency or polarity or vibration of this must differ, Then by setting the controls in the craft and giving it the opposite magnetic condition, the craft just naturally sought out this condition or location. By giving it the same conditions, the craft would naturally be repelled from this location or position. This I could understand, for science class in high school had revealed these attributes of a magnet. The positive pole of one would repulse the positive pole of another, but it would draw the negative pole toward its positive pole. Very simply a matter of harmony and balance between a positive pole and a negative pole. I let this thought command my deepest attention for a moment, and then I felt I could understand in a simple way the manner in which their craft operated.
I then felt a curiosity concerning the method used in determining exactly how far they were from a particular planet of position. My thoughts were intercepted by this gentle man, who smiled down upon me as he answered.
"Our calculus in flight is determined by the length of motion superimposed upon an object by the impulses of the Universe in relation to its place in the All."
Now I was completely lost in the maze of his information. My! What tremendous minds these people had, but curiously I tried to understand.

:”You mean your position is affected by the motion of the planets in their orbits?”
Alna answered understandingly.
“Yes, but so this motion the orbiting planets have is also affected by motion of the entire solar system.”
Zelas laughed as he explained further.
“Do not be alarmed at your confusion, for we train technicians for years to perform this duty. What our leader, Kadar Alna, means is that all motion had a certain length.”
Here he held up both hands, one several inches from the other, and said, “Between these two spaces is the area which would be called the length of motion if a craft were traveling from perhaps the left hand to the right hand.”
Now I could see what was meant by “the length of motion.” It was, very simply, distance. But the rest of Alna’s explanation was not clear. What did he mean by the impulses of the Universe in relation to its place in the All. All what?
Elen and Emba joined in the laughter, which was a gentle laughter, and not mocking or superior. Zelas answered my mental question.
“The All is everything. Everything in existence.”
“Oh! I see,” I said feeling somewhat relieved.
Zelas continued in his explanation.
“Each Universe has a certain speed at which it moves through space, This includes the sun and all the orbiting planets..”
“Yes,” I said. “I think I can understand this. So, a craft then has to adjust its speed to make up for this universal movement, and also the distance between each planet.”
“True,” said Zelas. “Very good! But now there are two forms of computing used.”
“Oh, let’s take them one at a time,” I said, now completely amazed at their knowledge.
Zelas nodded to Alna who in turn spoke.
“Explain you this, Zelas, that she may understand. Speaking not so understandable am I.”
Zelas smiled at this seeming honor at being told to explain this to me, and he nodded again to Alna before he continued.

"The illusions of distance are erased by the relation of motion to the consciousness analyzing it."
I was trying to grasp his every word, and offered my understanding to what he had said.
"Then to your technicians there is no such thing as distance as we understand it; only a realization of this motion between planets?"
"Yes," said Zelas, "That is true. Several computers or technicians are very necessary in decreasing the amount of power applied to pilot the Meireds, since each may interpret the motion differently."
This I could understand was due to the differences in personalities. Each person would adjust himself differently when observing the motion of the planets, and would in so doing have a different understanding and answer as to the motion.
Zelas was watching me closely as though reading my thoughts to be certain I understood. Then he resumed.
"The final figure is arrived at by subtracting the differences in impulses received from the individual minds computing." He motioned toward Alna and said, "Suppose Kadar Alna was a computer and reached the number of 250, While Elen here computed the figure as 200, and I reached a number of 205. The largest number would then be subtracted from by all the odd numbers under ten, That would be 5, and the answer would be 245."
The idea was awfully fuzzy and even though they seemed to think I had the proper analyzation, I wondered if I really did.
Alna now spoke, and I marveled at the gentle tones present in his voice.
"Errors were great when Mars was yet young in exploring far from our planet. This calculus difficult was for us to conquer. But Earth shall have born a person, this calculus to reveal, so safe will be their flight."
What a wonderful thought to know that Earth would one day have a person born unto it that could solve the problems of space flight, so we upon Earth could also be beside our brothers and the Space People. I was thinking of all this information, when I remembered Zelas had said there were two forms of calculus used and wondered what the other type was.

Zelas again answered my unspoken question, and I wondered if words were ever necessary when around these gentle and evolved people.
"The second calculus is used by other technicians who must determine the motion of the system, which is much to lengthy to discuss."
Suddenly, our operator raised up from the desk at which he was working, gathered up a paper and hurried past us and through the door. Yet there seemed no anxiety in his movements. Only an assurance as if something needed his immediate attention. His boots made no noise as he passed us. After he'd passed there remained only the slight noise of the clicking dials and the quiet rustle of papers as the other operators worked on. The feeling of concern left me, and I felt there was no immediate danger to me or the craft resting so impossibly thousands of miles above the Earth.
The quiet and apparent tranquility of this room brought into sharp focus the many times we'd talked with this craft with the children raising a fuss near us. I wondered if such discord wouldn't have a tendency to disrupt this quiet order here.
"Children are energy undivided by channels of living," said Alna, and I knew he must have read my thoughts. "Actions they give inspire me, filling so full my mind with love of perfection undiluted by effects of living. Open and gentle the children are, yet the truth expressed by them is always unfettered loud. People becoming children also, open their minds to Truth of the All. From children's acceptance of the Laws of being comes Truth born of Love for the All."
Alna was moving now, and now led us back into the hall. We followed respectfully behind, but Alna stopped and indicated he wished Zelas and I to walk beside him. All was quiet except for the click of my heels on the marble floor. Alna stopped before a green light, and I heard a voice coming from the other side, speaking what I learned was their universal tongue. I marveled again at the flowing smoothness of this language. Alna answered and the green light turned yellow, then the doorway opened as the invisible door slid back into the wall.
Alna entered first and we followed in single file behind him. Zelas

introduced me to Wone, who was on duty in this second control section. Both Betty and I had spoken to Wone before, and he acted much like an old acquaintance who knew me by sight. Elen and Emba struck up a conversation with Wone in their native tongue after our introduction, and I gazed about the small room. It was about twelve feet by twelve feet, I would say. The control section was directly opposite the door through which we entered. I was again baffled by the maze of dials, screens and flashing lights. Only one thing seemed familiar to me. It was what appeared to be a microphone attached to a small table. Wone seated himself before it as it glowed a pale green and spoke into it. At the end of his conversation, it turned back to its dull metal finish.

This, I understood was Zelas' operation headquarters. He walked across the room, and started to work with the operational panel.

"I am placing a call for you," he said.

"For me?" I asked in wonder.

"Yes, it is here that we receive your messages, and send foth ours to you," he answered.

I looked around. Somehow now I felt at home in this room. It was from here that we'd talked with Zelas, Alna, and Elen so often in the past. The pale blue light coming from the walls gave the room a quiet and peaceful air and I now knew why I always felt so peaceful in talking with them, for some of the quality of this room had come across to us in our conversations. Maybe it was only in the operator's voice, but nevertheless I realized now that I had felt it.

Zelas motioned for me to come across the room to where he was standing, peering down. As I moved up beside him he pointed to a scope which covered the top of a table and was tilted for easy viewing. Both he and Wone were busy with the dials now. I was simply fascinated by this room and the feeling that I'd like to know everything about it, filled my mind. But I was always coming up with thoughts like that. Always wanting to know about things that only men should be interested in. A funny thought filtered through my mind. I must have been a man in a past incarnation… that is, if I believe in incarnation, which I didn't know definitely if I did or not. A man interested in science, I added now boldly. Now that I'd climbed

out on this reincarnation limb, I might as well make it as interesting as possible, and give myself a good excuse to vent this feeling for wanting to know.
These thoughts passed as Alna moved up noiselessly behind me, and I felt rather than saw him there.
"We are placing a telephone call to Betty, and soon we shall see her here upon this scope," He said
"No!" I said, feeling a bit funny, They HAD been watching us, then. Suddenly I felt self conscious all over.
I heard Alna laugh softly behind me. Darn, I even had to be careful what I thought! What a shock to suddenly realize that even our thoughts showed to these people. I wondered how long persons on Earth could live together peacefully if everyone could read everyone else's thoughts. The impact of it shocked me! How impossible it would make our existence.
The screen was clearing now, and I could actually see Betty, Mother, and the children moving about in the house unconscious of the fact that they were being watched.
"How do you do it?" I asked in awe.
:Any building, like your home upon Earth gives off vibrations," answered Zelas, "and each object or person in that building also gives off vibrations. These give off what we term secondary vibrations because they are several feet lower than the roof of the building itself. The first set of vibrations, which are given off by the roof, are registered here, then scattered by this device. We can then see the second set of vibrations clearly, which you see as the people and objects inside."
It was funny, watching my family and realizing how many thousands of miles separated us. Very much like watching on a very clear TV screen. Their movements and actions fascinated me. It was like seeing them for the first time. Alna was speaking softly behind me, and motioning toward the microphone.
"Here," he said. "We are now connecting direct with the telephone in your home. Betty will speak soon. For answering use the system before you."
I sat down before the microphone and Wone moved to another

section of controls and started working with the dials located there. I began getting a bit nervous now, wondering what I'd say to Betty. Should I tell her where I was? Would she believe me? We'd never been called on the phone before by any of these persons.
"You may tell Betty where you are," said Zelas, "you will be late in returning home and will want to relate this information to her also."
The microphone glowed with a pale green light, and Zelas nodded his head. I spoke into the microphone, wondering if I was doing it right. Betty's voice seemed to be coming from the wall directly in front of me as she answered.
"Betty," I said aware of those in the room with me, "I don't exactly know where to begin, but I met Zelas down town … well, Their craft and the Meired are beautiful. I have also met Alna, who is here now, and I am to inform you that I will be a little late tonight."
"Oh, no! said Betty, and I could tell she knew exactly where I was and wished she was here too.
"Yes, Betty," I said.
"I just knew you were with them!" she answered. She paused for a moment as if composing herself. "I won't worry about you, and we won't wait dinner for you." Then as if she'd composed herself fully, she continued, "You know, the phone rang two times with no one on the line. Then on the third time, you answered."
"Third time is a charm," I answered, feeling better now, knowing that Betty was really taking it all right.
"I'll explain to Mother … I hope," said Betty.
"Don't worry about me," I said smiling. What would Mother say? What would any mother say under such circumstances? I was afrain Mother didn't know what to think of Betty and me anymore.
"I won't," said Betty. "Goodbye."
"Goodbye," I answered.
The pale green glow around the microphone faded, and it returned to its dull metal color again. I got up and moved out of the way for I felt Wone wanted to resume his place and continue his work. Was he contacting their people on Earth? I wondered. How many of their people were actually on Earth? What did they report when they called in, if they did? I was lost in these thoughts as I moved away and let

Wone resume his work.
Suddenly an eerie feeling crept over me, and I looked around to see what was causing it. There was a robot moving up behind me. My first reaction was to cry out, it startled me so, but I caught myself and moved away. I looked up quickly. Zelas, Elen and Emba were watching me with a twinkle in their eyes. Alna was looking at the robot intently.
"Alna is controlling the machine through mind impulses, which he is sending out," said Zelas. "The machine has been created to receive such impressions and act upon them."
I turned toward the robot now with more interest. It was slowly receding to its place in the closet from which it had come. Once inside, the door closed silently, and even though I realized Alna was controlling it, I was glad that it was out of sight. metal moving without apparent means brought a cold fear into me. most other people too.
"You have seen our robot work," said Alna, "Yet more information than this we cannot give presently. Time will come when purpose and operations can be fully given you."
And with those words, I knew the conversation was closed although there were a hundred questions hammering at me to be asked.
"There is within you a desire for one of Earth's beverages; cokes you speak of them," said Alna.
How right he was. It had been an unbelievable half hour here in this control section, and I wanted the familiar feel or taste of something. The thought of cold I imagine it did for
"Such poison is destructive to you," he continued with a half smile. This was not the first time they had mentioned carbonated drinks to us and the damaging effect too many could have upon our health. They always advised fruit juice instead.
"It is the hour for dining," Alna said and moved toward the door. The door was released and we moved through it. I marveled at the manner in which their doors operated. What was apparently a blank wall became a doorway, and then when we'd passed through, it became a wall again.
When we entered the dining area, it seemed just a large room which

was absolutely vacant. But as we stepped forward, a section of the floor slid back and a table, fully set with the serving already on the plates, arose where the floor had been. The table appeared to be of pink marble, and was covered by a white cloth interwoven with a glistening pink thread. I was amazed at the fabrics which I'd seen while here upon this Meired. Everything looked very expensive by Earth standards.

"If you will move over here, Helen," said Zelas, and stand upon that colored square in the floor, a chair will appear for you." The square was a little under the table, and as I stood upon it, a chair rose slowly behind me. Before I sat down, Zelas warned me against taking my foot from the square lest both I and the chair disappear through the floor. Experimenting a little I found that only a slight pressure or touch of the foot was sufficient upon the square to hold the seat in place. The seat itself resembled a small round cushioned stool with a small back, very similar to the stools in a soda fountain. When they had risen to their proper places, the seat itself seemed to hitch itself slightly forward automatically to place the person seated more closely to the table, and to prevent any strain as he kept his foot on the square.

When the seats had risen from the floor, small sections of a dark metal closed the gap made in the floor section, and fitted closely around the single pole of the stool.

Upon the table was a small goblet of liquid which appeared very much like an apricot juice. Upon the plates were two wafers and two kinds of food.

Alna took his place at the head of the table. I was at his left, with Zelas beside me. Elen sat at Alna's right and directly across from me. Emba sat opposite Zelas. Fifteen other members of the League moved in and took places at the table. It seemed a perfect balance to me. Before we sat down, Alna gave a prayer in his native tongue. It was a flowing prayer filled with sincerity, and even though I couldn't understand it, I felt an impact from his words.

We sat down and ate quietly. The liquid tasted much as apricot juice although I couldn't be sure it was. The other foods were different from Earth foods, both in consistency and taste. We ate the wafer

last. It certainly wasn't as I was used to eating on Earth, yet I seemed filled and satisfied when we'd finished. There was not the feeling of heaviness that comes with eating at home. Music played softly in the background during the entire meal. It was a strange music, and as it played I could feel certain tensions leaving me. Tensions I had been only half conscious of during the entire afternoon..

"In space does Earth travel," said Alna explaining the melody to me, "leaving a music behind her in the movement upon her axis. Knowing the apprehension you feel, this music of Earth's movement will attune you harmoniously, and relaxed will be your mind."

I sighed. The music was very beautiful and relaxing to say the least. If this was the music Earth made as she traveled through space, why couldn't the persons upon her become conscious of it too and give up their drive for power and for material gains which only added to the inharmony in which they live?

"Many have been your questions to us, Little One," said Alna, "and among them your wish to observe us in dance. For you we provide this opportunity. The representation presented here of Mars and her lunar brothers are. Two in number who affect that planet's cultural development as do moons throughout the Universe."

Two dancers appeared and the unseen music began in quiet tones. They were dressed in gleaming metallic costumes which fit them tightly. One carried a small round object, and as they danced they swayed and moved in perfect rhythm, tossing the flashing object back and forth between them. Their bodies seemed fluid as they moved and leaped throughout the dance area. Their balance was perfect as they balanced on what seemed to be the very tips of their toes. They turned and fell away, moved together, then past one another in leaping circles, always keeping the object moving in the most graceful manner. As the music increased in crescendo, they too increased their movements, now they whirled and leaped as if two flashes before our eyes. The music moved on higher, then suddenly died at the very top of its crescendo. They dancers became fixed as if frozen; each holding his last pose like a statue.

A round of applause rose up from those around the table. I had been

so enthralled that I could only sit watching them. Gracefully they bowed and left the room, I wanted to say something, but felt it would be foolish to try and express in words what I had felt during their performance. The group relaxed now and turned their attention to other things.

Alna got up quietly and moved away from the table As we each left, our chairs disappeared into the floor, and what a strange sight it was. I used the greatest of caution to be sure I was clear before I took my foot off the square where I had placed it before dinner. As the others left, the dining table also disappeared. What an idea for company, I thought. And I was sure there was a receiving room below where meals were cooked and tidying up was done.

We moved into an area which I would call a game room although no one told me that it was. Chairs and tables were spread out through it and were mostly occupied. Some seemed to be playing something which was mush like our cards. Others were watching. Alna led me across the room to what appeared to be some sort of a court. The players placed a small disc upon the floor before them, and without any apparent propulsion the round, colored disc would flash across the floor and come to rest at the far end of the court; some farther than others. After each try, there would be banter and laughing. But their words were strange to me, and I could only guess at what they were saying.

"Let us try," said Alna

"Tell me something about it,"" I asked.

"The discs are placed upon the floor before one." Said Alna, "A mental command is used to propel them".

"I can't even get my child to mind," I said. "How could I ever get a disc to move just by mentally telling it to?"

"There are certain mechanisms involved," said Alna. "The floor is energized and receives mind impressions which act upon the discs. More success shall you have than you know."

He laid one of the discs before him, and suddenly it shot far down the court. I was amazed at the speed with which it moved and the distance it traveled.

One was placed before me, and I moved it into position. How did one

give a mental command anyhow? I doubted my ability to even move it. Only one word would come to my mind, and that was "Move". I gazed hard at the disc and thought "Move" as hard as I could.
To my amazement, the disc shot forward. Yet it fell far short of the one Alna had sent down the court. He smiled and the other players applauded me happily. I felt good at being so successful and wanted to try again but said nothing. Suddenly I realized it must be getting very late. I glanced at my watch. The time was exactly the same as when we'd come aboard the Meired.
"Other matters are in your mind," said Alna, "and journeying here a second time will be in Betty's presence also. Our planet, Mars, bids you welcome to become."
He paused, then continued, "The watch has absorbed the travel energy of the Meired. Come, easily it is repaired."
He motioned for me to follow him into the hall and we again entered the second control section, after waiting at the door to be admitted. Alna and I were alone now for Zelas had disappeared along with Elen and Emba. He placed the watch in a small section and left it only a moment. Then he reached in and took it out, looking at a wavering screen with many lines upon it; then he set it. I looked at as he passed it to me. It read five twenty. The trip to the Meired had taken about one hour in itself. If I left immediately, it would be around nine before I got home. I hated the thought of leaving for Alna was now an old friend, although we'd only spent a little more than three hours together.
"Return you must," said Alna. "Conditions proceed properly, we shall meet again."
We left the control section and entered the hallway. Zelas, who now had been joined by Benen, were dressed in their gray suits and matching hats. They stood quietly waiting for me to join them. I remembered now that Benen had been absent during most of my visit and wondered where he'd been. But I realized there was no answer for that unless I asked him, which I didn't think I should do. Perhaps he'd been resting; perhaps working on other matters. I walked down the hall and retrieved my coat and bag from the small alcove where I'd left them. Alna was gone when I returned. Zelas

took up a position beside me and Benen led the way toward the archway and ramp that led down into the huge receiving room. This wonderful experience was behind me now, and I realized it would be a matter of minutes before we were back on Earth. Suddenly, I was anxious to get home, and tell Betty all that I had seen and experienced this day.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Return Trip Home

As we moved through the archway and started down the ramp, I saw that the room which had been so filled with activity when we arrived was now completely empty as far as personnel was concerned. The machines which had seemed so busy when we had entered more than three hours ago, now stood silent and unattended. The room itself, though friendly, seemed to be quietly resting. The place where our craft had been when we left it was also empty.

"The workers are through," said Zelas, "They have many hours now for sleep and entertainment. You saw many of them in the entertainment hall. All over the Meired the workers are now finishing, and can do as they wish with their time until the hour comes for a return to their tasks. When work is to be accomplished, all give to the task the intentness and skills they possess. When it is accomplished, they are free to relax as they will."

"I'm afraid if we on Earth relaxed only after all our work was done," I said, "There wouldn't be too much relaxing. It seems like there's never much time for it in our lives, anyhow."

"Yes," said Benen, "we watch Earth struggle clumsily with her tasks. Inefficiency, confusion, and discord add much to the burden. We watch, and although we know wherein lies the weight of this burden we can do little to lighten it. Yet those who are receptive to our ways find themselves free of much of it."

I listened to his words and had to agree, for there had been times when I had been so overcome by what lay ahead, I didn't know whether I could go on. And something always seemed to happen to

give me the inspiration to overcome these difficult moments and go ahead. Is this what Benen meant by saying that when we become receptive to their ways, the burden was lightened? Was the inspiration actually from these people? Did they have a way of making us conscious of the proper thing to do and giving us the courage to do it? After what I'd seen today, anything could be reasonable to me now.

Benen bid us wait and ran lightly across the large room, and disappeared through a doorway in the hall.
"Did you enjoy your visit?" asked Zelas. "I know Alna was impressed by your interest and acceptance of all we have here."
"I don't believe I have ever experienced anything to compare with today," I said humbly. I felt slightly embarrassed that I had proven myself worthy to receive Alna's praise. "Everything seems so harmonious and orderly here. I find your Kadar a truly wonderful person and I know why you feel as you do toward him."
A door had opened in the huge sidewall of the receiving room and a craft was sliding noiselessly down it. As it came level with the floor, it rolled toward us and Benen was standing in the open doorway. It looked exactly like the craft we'd made the trip up here in.
"Over there, you see the release doors for the craft," said Zelas. "It opens and we travel along another ramp through another part of the Meired before we leave it and enter out into space."
Again Zelas entered the craft first and I followed him, stepping down into the cabin of the ship. Looking around, I was sure it was the same one, for the operator was the one who'd brought us here and everything was in the same places as I remembered it from the trip up. The operator again gave me little notice, as if he were intent upon the responsibility and duties that were his. I took my place upon the round bench and peered over my shoulder down through the Lens. The ship moved slowly and I saw metal moving beneath the lens. The lens became dark and I felt as if we were moving through the second section which Zelas had spoken of. All became quite black and I had the feeling we were suspended in space. Glowing spots of light darted here and there beneath us. Then the

lens was lighted in its entirety by a pink glow, and I realized this was Earth slipping beneath us. Then there was the darkness again. I felt nothing now, and knew we were traveling only because of the movement beneath the lens.
Something dark and solid, even darker than the inkiness of space flashed beneath the lens.
"What was that?" I asked.
"A bird," said Zelas.
"In space?" I asked.
He looked at me and smiled. This I knew was his final answer. Yet I had the feeling it was something of importance which he didn't care to tell me about. The old sense of curiosity pricked me, but by now I'd learned to control if. For how many times had I questioned them and they'd just refused to answer? Maybe it was another space ship.
I looked at Zelas.
He moved his head back and forth, indicating I had the wrong answer, and seemed to cut me off completely in his gentle way.
Twilight was showing in the lens now, and I realized we were entering the outer lighted areas of Earth. Soon the blues and browns of the Earth began to show distinctly. In a matter of minutes they took on form and shape. But there was no sightseeing tour this time. The Earth seemed to rush up at us. Trees and buildings began showing distinctly, and before I realized it we were hovering near the ground.
I could see the brown grass of the field, and I knew we had landed. The door opened and Benen was first out, followed by Zelas and now myself. The air was chilly, and I put my coat on and pulled it tightly around me. There was the crispness of late Fall in the air and the Earth seemed brown and drab to me. The long evening shadows were everywhere.
Benen unlocked the garage and backed out the car. Zelas again put me in the back seat and we started again for town. I relaxed a bit now. It had taken no time at all to get here. I was now conscious of the tremendous speed with which saucers must fly. I wrapped the coat around my legs for the car was chilly inside.
I was completely relaxed now. And I realized how good it was to feel

to feel the familiar Earth scenes around me. There had moments when I felt as if I hadn't wanted this whole afternoon to come to an end, but it had passed. We twisted and turned through the countryside and I tried to recognize certain check points I'd picked out on the way in. Nothing jibed. And maybe I was glad. Betty and I would be just foolish enough to drive out here some day if I thought I could find it. We had taken a lot of advantage of these people, but such a thing could be carried too far.

We traveled for perhaps a half an hour before the surroundings became familiar to me. We were in East St. Louis now, and heading for the river bridge. We crossed it and headed down town. The traffic was quite heavy but we made good time.

"We shall return you to the exact place where we contacted you," said Zelas. "Certain Laws prevent us from doing more than this." His voice sounded as if he were apologizing for not driving me home.

"You have done enough for me, today," I said as Benen pulled up to the curb in front of the huge department store.

"I must tell you goodbye until we meet again," said Zelas as I got out of the car.

"Thanks to you both, and thank Alna for me," I said.

"Alna knows," said Zelas

Only stragglers of the busy shopping day filled the streets, but there were enough to crowd the bus which I boarded for home. I found a seat near the rear and settled into it. Looking out the window, I realized what a tight little world these people lived in. What would be their reaction if I should suddenly jump up and shout that I'd been aboard a space ship? I had to go no further with the thought, for I knew. They'd have me in a padded cell in a matter of hours.

Yet I felt I had to tell them. There had to be a way. Maybe if I wrote a book. But I was no writer, I knew. It would be a long hard tedious job, many hours of work. And I'd forgotten so much that they'd told Betty and me. I pondered the situation as we jostled along the crowded streets stopping at, what seemed every corner along the way. People poured out and poured in again at every transfer point. People, people. Thousands upon thousands of people here in this great city. Cities like this all over the world. Some, I felt, might

believe my story. Of course there would always be the skeptics and they would be the majority. But what about all the little people who just might accept my story? What good would they receive from my experience? I really didn't know but somehow I felt we had to get the information out.

At least I could give it a try. If I failed at least I had tried. It was quit dark now and the lights blinked in the windows as we passed. At last we moved out into the suburbs, and I knew before too long I would be home.

The bus stopped at our corner and I got out. It was a short walk home, and the air was quite chilly now. I hurried through the lonely night. I suddenly realized the home I was approaching would seem very cramped and drab to me. It wasn't a home built for living. Rather a place designed as a shelter for less fortunate people such as us. I halted. Less fortunate? How could I use such a word? Perhaps we didn't have the best materially, but we certainly were fortunate. Who could have such friends as these space people and feel unfortunate? I realized what a blessing they were, and my world had become enriched. Somehow the two had begun to fuse. I knew that we had riches that gold couldn't buy.

Betty must have been watching for me for she opened the door. Her face had a funny look on it… as if she were expecting me to be changed or something.

"Kids all in bed?" I asked, as I took off my coat and laid my purse down. I went inside the lighted living room and sat down. Where did I begin? So I began at the beginning. I tried to remember everything but Betty had a thousand questions. Mother sat quietly listening.

I went over every detail I could remember. I looked at my watch. It was midnight. Betty seemed to be satisfied at last.

"I've been thinking," I said. "I'm going to write a book. Will you help me?"

"A book?" asked Betty.

"Maybe nothing will come of it, but I'm going to write it anyway," I answered.

"I'll help," said Betty, "I'll be glad to help."

"There are so many things that I don't remember though," I said.

“We can do it,” Betty said. “I’m sure they will help.”
Of course! If they would help, it would make the task so much easier! What would they think of my idea, anyhow? I felt I just had to know. I got up and started for the closet.
“Where are you going?” asked Betty.
“To contact Alna,” I said.
“At this hour?” she asked.
“I can’t sleep anyway until I know,” I said.
I headed for the table with the device. Betty was right behind me. I made the call, and the answer came through almost immediately.
“May I speak with Alna?” I asked in a small voice feeling maybe I was going a bit too far.
In what seemed only seconds Alna’s voice came clear to me.
“What worries upset the children of Earth?” he asked.
“I have been thinking, maybe we’d write a book about all this.” I answered. “Would you mind?”
“So long in patience we have waited for you to make some recognition of our presence.” Said Alna. His voice seemed pleased.
“Do you suppose there are those who would believe if we did?” I asked.
“There are many upon your Earth who will ask for proof,” he said. “Could you bring quantities of proof before their eyes, they fault do find with it and reasons they bring out why it is not so. To these truths can never come through proof. These your efforts shall be. Yet others there are upon your planet with minds open who shall read what is written and wonder. These the path are beginning upon. Others there are who shall read and the Truth they shall know of which you speak. There is within these the consciousness which attests to Truth from without. Proof never the door to Truth can open. Truth from within must the door open.”
“Then you approve and will help?” I asked.
“It brings to us much joy that this endeavor you should undertake. Upon Earth our missions are many. At present, the doors to all minds we must open. Through open doors, can we only accomplish that which is to follow. All minds here will be yours to search out. Mel Bez De Son,” And with those words of Alna’s the power left our device.

"Well, it's done," I said to Betty.
"This scares me more than anything we've tried yet," answered Betty.
"In a few days your baby will be born," I answered. "Then after you're on your feet again, we'll both work on it."
"You mean the girl?" asked Betty.
"I bet they're wrong," I answered. "I'll bet it's a boy!"
Betty laughed and I joined her.
"You mean perhaps they could be wrong just once?" she asked?"
"It would make them seem more like us if they were, just once," I answered. "But for now let's go to bed. I'm dead tired."
"Okay, Author," said Betty, and she picked up the device and put it away. We were partners now, and I had courage to do it. Somehow we'd get the book written and somehow we'd get it published, if we had to do it ourselves.
Five weeks later, both Zelas and Elen did prove they could be wrong, for Betty had a big bouncing baby boy.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

CHAPTER ONE
We Learn of the Planet MARS

It was evening again and the children were in bed. Betty and I now sat in the dining area of the small home we'd moved to since our first contact with Zelas and Elen. It was a wonderful thing to think that we could ask these people anything we pleased and get an answer – as long, they told us, as it was within the Law. Our hands no longer shook when we contacted the Meired, and even talking with someone now on the controls did not bother us. Our conversation was warming up with new information and questions.

"There is much controversy over the planet MARS here on Earth," I said. "Betty and I would like to know something about it."
"I shall inform you as much as I can, but all must be within the Law," came my answer.
"You mean, no horse race predictions?" asked Betty, kidding them again.

“No,” they answered. “All powers we have are to be used only for the good of the whole. We can tell you nothing that would allow you to gain unfairly from another.”
“How about Mars?” I asked. I was getting quit enthused now. What was their planet really like? Astronomers had so many different views upon the subject. Were they right, or just partly right? They must have read my thoughts.
“Your men of Earth have gained much knowledge of our planet through their mighty telescopes. The planet Mars has no seas as your planet does. Water to us is a very precious thing. We have learned to conserve it with the utmost care. been built in which to store it. Evaporation is a great problem with us. certain methods for creating water out of the energies which exist near our planet but they are not perfected yet to a degree where we can be, what Earth people term, extravagant.”
“Also your men of Earth are right when they say Mars has a heavy polar ice cap, for it does. Upon the main part of our planet there are no mountains as you term them. They do exist near the poles but we, who speak to you now, have never been to them.” Reservoirs have We have learned
“Vast deserts cover the greater part of our planet, and upon these most of our cities are built; however, we do have cities underground also. There are areas between deserts which are what you might term valleys. In these is much green foliage. Here our domestic animals are kept. Fertile soil is found here too, but much of our food comes from the planet Venus, who in exchange takes our manufactured products. Mars has much ore of the kind you term iron and copper. Great mines are constantly worked to supply our great industrial centers.”
“Perhaps now you would like to know of our cities. The city known as Vrss is the capital of Mars, for there is only one nation upon our planet., and all people are governed by one governimg body.”
:The city of Vrss is laid out circular. It is two hundred of your miles in diameter. In the very center of the city are the royal palace and grounds for the governing of Mars. In the lower left hand corner of this great circle which forms the city, are the headquarters and

traianing schools for those who are, and are to become, members of the League. Directly above this and also touching the circumference of the great circle are the buildings and grounds for the representatives of Jupiter who dwell upon Mars. Directly across from this and again touching the circumference of the great circle are the buildings and grounds for the representatives from Venus. And directly down from this point in a straight line to where this straight line touches the circumference of the great circle are the buildings and grounds for those from Saturn."

"Now if you picture this correctly and draw a straight line from the quarters of the League to the quarters of Jupiter, then at ninety degrees to the quarters of Venus, then down at ninety degrees to the quarters of Saturn, and then at ninety degrees back to the starting point, or the quarters of the League, you will have a complete square within a perfect circle."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Let me get drawn what you have told me. A large circle first, which is two hundred miles in diameter, then in the very center a much smaller circle. This is the palace and grounds for the Martian Royalty, right?"

"you are correct," came my informer. We had made contact with the great sending and receiving center in the city of Vrss, and didn't know exactly who our informer might be at this time, for they never gave names unless we asked.

"Now in the four corners of the great or outside circle I should put in four dots, and then draw a line from one to the others?"

"That is correct," was the answer.

I concentrated for a moment and came up with the figure he had described.

"If you will now draw two lines from the four corners of our square diagonally, but not passing these lines through the center circle, which is the governing palace of Mars, you will have four triangles. This is the general layout of our cities, and resembles much the devices we use in our aerial travel."

"This is done in accordance with certain of our laws and is covered over with an energy dome. Within this great city are many manufacturing plants, industrial plants, communication centers,

centers of trade and commerce, places of education, and buildings for every type of community function except homes. It is from this energy dome that all these buildings receive the energy needed to light them, heat them, and give them energy by which they function."
"You mean no fumes, no smoke, no smog?" I asked.
"None of the things you mention," came our answer. "Our cities are as free from such nuisances as our country sections are. Our country areas have no fences as your planet does, nor are they plotted and divided into privately owned areas as is your Earth. All here belongs to the All, and is to serve everyone. These areas are surrounded with energy barriers which keep our animals within their boundaries.
"Is there no theft from such areas?" I asked, thinking that we have almost come to the place on Earth where we can leave things laying around, but not quite.
"There is none." He answered. "Theft is an act of dishonesty and dishonesty results only from a lack of understanding. Where all are supplied with all they have need of and educated in the Law of Compensation, none feel the fear of lack that plagues your planet, and respects fully the rights of others."
"I suppose your cities are cut up into streets and avenues," I asked.
"Access to all things are available," He said. "If you will look upon the chart you have made of our city, I can now tell you of the colors used in each section, for each section is restricted to a single exterior color,"
"The triangle formed by the base line between the League section and the Jupiter section is yellow. Between Jupiter and Venus is blue, between Venus and Saturn is green, and between Saturn and the League all is blue-gray, much the same as the uniforms worn by the League members. The center circle contains all pink buildings. The areas outside the triangles and inside the circumference of the great circle, contain buildings that are all purple. Colors have meaning to us here, and reflect certain conditions of harmony."
"Where are the homes?" I asked.
"The homes are outside this area and border the great circle; many in the purple section."
"What of the buildings?" I asked.

“Mars is much beyond Earth in principle. Our buildings are built of far lighter and stronger materials and are of harmonious design and great in size. Room areas are tremendous due to the advanced architecture.”
“What can you tell me of the homes on Mars?” I asked.
“The homes of Mars are far advanced above those of Earth. There is no crowding of persons here. The members of the Rilm, or order of the High Priests, dwell in the Temple of Light in the city of Vrss. At times they journey to other cities and dwell in like quarters. The governing Royalty live in the palaces, the members of the League, when on duty, are assigned quarters either in the League area of on the huge Meireds. Other persons live in homes according to their station and service. All homes are ample and in no case does a family live in quarters where they are without proper facilities to make them comfortable. The homes are quite large containing the food preparing rooms, the relaxing rooms, eating rooms, sleeping rooms, and baths. Never more than two persons per sleeping room is allowed.”
“No slum areas then?” I asked.
“All is quite large and convenient according to the standards of Earth,” was our answer.
“How about transportation?” I asked. “Does everyone on Mars own a car? Or do you have cars?”
“We have cars similar to Earth cars on Mars, but they are powered upon a different principle. The same principle used in our ships. All upon Mars do not have cars. Public transportation is furnished for those who wish to use it. Of course, there is not the congestion found upon Earth. Transportation is quite rapid and without delay.”
“I thought I read somewhere, where the space cars traveled above the ground,” I said.
“This is true of the planet Venus,” was the answer, but the gravitational field upon Mars is much lower than that of Venus, therefore ours travel upon the ground on wheels. Some with three wheels, some with four.”
“How about space ships?” I asked. “Do some of the people upon Mars own their own?”
“Yes, there are those upon Mars who own their own spacecraft.

There are different types of these. Those that must be charged, and those that need no such charge. Great training is required for the operation of these, and training centers are operated for such by the League. However, public spacecraft are provided for persons who wish to use this service."
"You mean if I lived on Mars, and say if I wanted to go to Venus, I could take such a trip?" I asked.
"Yes, this is possible except where Earth is concerned. Other planets have provided excellent facilities for the landing and receiving of such visitors. Many spend their vacation time on such trips, and these are also used for educational purposes."
"You say they never visit Earth, why?" I asked.
"Earth visits require great training, and only much trained members of the League are allowed to enter Earth's sphere, and land upon its surface. Because of the disbelief among Earth's people, such a landing would cause great chaos and subject such persons landing to great discomforts and disagreeable conditions."
"I think I understand," I said. "Even we who made known the fact that we'd been up in space ships received pretty doubtful treatment from our fellow beings. I again reflected upon the closed minds which are so prevalent upon our planet, and wondered if some would ever be opened.
"Can you tell us more of your recreational activities?" we asked.
"We have games such as Earth's, yet our contests make the most of our mental abilities combined with physical agility. We have none of the contact sports as they are termed on Earth, yet we have many spectacular sports. One is much as your baseball. We also have social gatherings as you do, and dancing and swimming are much enjoyed by all our people. We, here, sleep only four or five of your hours in our day, which equals approximately twenty five of those hours. Much of this time is spent in further investigation into the knowledges and sciences of the Universe."
"It is probably because of these extra hours of such research, that you have developed the unbelievable devices which I have witnessed and been told about," I answered
"These things work upon principles of Universal Law, and are free to

all who discover these principles and create from them."
"We've got quite a way to go upon Earth, I guess," was my answer.
"Your mathematics and physics on Earth are of the simplest nature, yet your investigators have made the maze quite difficult to break through, because they have followed along so many branches that lead to nowhere. When this is the case, and after end is arrived at, each step must be retraced until the main path of Truth is reentered. This retracing can be the most difficult part."
"What of your government?" I asked. "Do you have the same type government as we here?"
"Before explaining our type of government here, it is best that we should clarify certain points. Any government is good and will function if, and only IF, the spirit in which that government was created prevails in the minds and hearts of all who participate. But there is a tendency among your governments of Earth to crystallize. In this state the original spirit of government is completely lost. Individuals find that they can manipulate such agencies to accommodate their personal ends."
"When a condition becomes crystallized it is no longer of use to the All, and therefore is disintegrated. Your governments of Earth are fastly coming to this state. We find no fault, for this is a part of Earth man's evolution. Such governments created in mind seem perfect, but when put into operation, the fallacies of such agencies show forth. Out of all chaos, new and more efficient systems rise."
"I think I see what you mean," I answered.
"Our government upon Mars is a triune body. Picture if you will, a triangle with the apex upright. At the upper point of such is our Rilem, which consists of the High Priests. There are twelve members in this Order. Five are from more highly evolved systems. Seven are from Mars."
"At the lower left hand corner is the League. At the right hand corner is the Royalty. It is best that we now take these three bodies individually. The Rilem are givers of the Law. There are thirteen of these Laws. Twelve that are observed without, and one which is veiled in mystery, for this is the Law of Eternal Perfection employed by God alone to manifest his other twelve Laws. All operations upon

Mars are controlled so they act within these Laws."
"But we have many laws upon Earth," I answered.
"Yes, upon Earth you have volumes of laws. But these volumes will be discarded when the higher Laws are understood and absorbed into the Earth man's consciousness. For the twelve Laws are the Laws of the All, which will control all things and through them perfection will be attained."
"Something like our Ten Commandments?" I asked.
"The Ten Commandments are esoterically constructed, to create Laws of the evolvement which Earth people must obtain. If esoterically understood and lived, the Commandments would blaze forth Truth, but if outwardly read they can only alter certain actions of Man," was the answer.
"How can we esoterically understand them?" I asked.
"At another time we shall discuss these esoteric Laws, however we shall continue with our explanation of our government."
We had almost forgotten the Commandments described like that; however, now our attention was drawn back to it and we waited quietly for further information concerning their government.
"It is the duty of the Rilem, who have full awareness of these twelve Laws, to see that all matters upon our planet operate according to these Laws. They are in charge of education upon our planet. They institute as part of the education process this instilling within each the knowledge of these Laws and the responsibility for the keeping of these Laws. Under each Rilem are one hundred and forty four scribes, and under each scribe are also one hundred and forty four students. These in turn have one hundred and forty four below them until all of the six hundred million persons upon Mars are instructed and receive according to their ability to receive."
"The Royalty who are under the guidance of the Rilem are in charge of all matters pertaining to commerce and welfare upon Mars. There are 1728 members of the Royalty and because of their high genetic development they supply sons and daughters to serve in the Rilem, in the Royalty, and in the League as officers and leaders."
"Why the 1728 number?"
"Twelve is the number of completion, Twelve times twelve is a three

fold perfection that has great significance to our people. There is always this number in the body of Royalty."
The Royalty are in charge of all matters pertaining to the production and distribution of materials upon the planet. They also have as their responsibility the welfare and employment of all civilian persons upon the planet."
"We might call them princes of commerce then?" I asked.
"This is true. Yet they do not regard their position as a station of honor, but rather a station of great responsibility. They show no vanity but rather perform their duties with great humbleness. For theirs is the duty of seeing that all wants upon our planet are supplied, that all are gainfully employed in the positions most suited to the individual."
"Are all employed upon Mars, then? No one in want?" I asked.
"We know of all persons upon Mars, and there are none in want."
topic of conversation after hearing the Ten
"You know of everyone upon Mars then? No one, maybe, like in our remote areas who suffer from lack?" I asked.
"We maintain huge centers where all people are registered, and their location known. It is in these centers that all persons upon Mars are thoroughly analyzed. Our persons are placed in the position most suitable to their talents and evolvement."
"This is all handled by the Royalty?" I asked.
"All things of commerce are controlled by the Royalty," came the answer.
"What is the purpose of the League?" I asked.
"The League is headed by a body of twelve members termed the Council. Theirs is the responsibility for the planning and development of Mars, and they serve Earth in this capacity as well. advancement is communication centers are members of the League. Those piloting space craft and developing and maintaining these are also members of the League. Those serving upon Earth are also members of this body."
"What is their purpose upon Earth?" I asked.
"We come to Earth armed with enlightenment. Words and ideas are our weapons. It is our purpose to open the minds of men upon

planet Earth. No more than this can we do. Acceptance is a part of the All's gift of free will. We cannot interfere with all this. Ours is to show Earth a way of life that far exceeds that which it is engulfed in now. We also bring to Earth in many ways new scientific discoveries. Yet we cannot carry Earth men to this place of high attainment and freedom. Each one must choose for himself what path he will follow, and once this decision is made, he must take each step that leads to it himself."

"You more or less show us a vision of what can be, then it's up to us, step by step to get there ourselves?" I asked. "But what of those who will not accept, and believe that all they have now is good enough?"

"Like your states of government, these are crystallized ones. And through that crystallization they become static in the forward motion; and as is the Law of the All, they serve no further purpose and are dissolved to start upon the same path again, until, through eons of hardship are ready to move into that which has been prepared for them."

"You mean…?" But I really didn't know how to phrase my thoughts. I could now accept the thought of reincarnation, for it was true all things follow the law of the circle, unending. I certainly hoped I was one of the ones who was going ahead, and would not have to tread the same path again.

I heard a slight chuckle as if my thoughts had been read.

"We would not be in conversation now if you were one of the crystallized ones," said our informer.

"Tell me more of the League," I said. "You mentioned something of the Council. What is its purpose?"

"The purpose of the Council is to decide what actions shall be taken regarding Earth, as well as assigning assignments to scientists which will have bearing upon the future welfare of Mars. The Council is also in control of all marriages made upon Mars where members of the League are concerned.

"Elen previously mentioned that marriage is controlled upon Mars, but could you explain that further?" I asked. Having heard of this before I was sure that I had a vague idea regarding it.

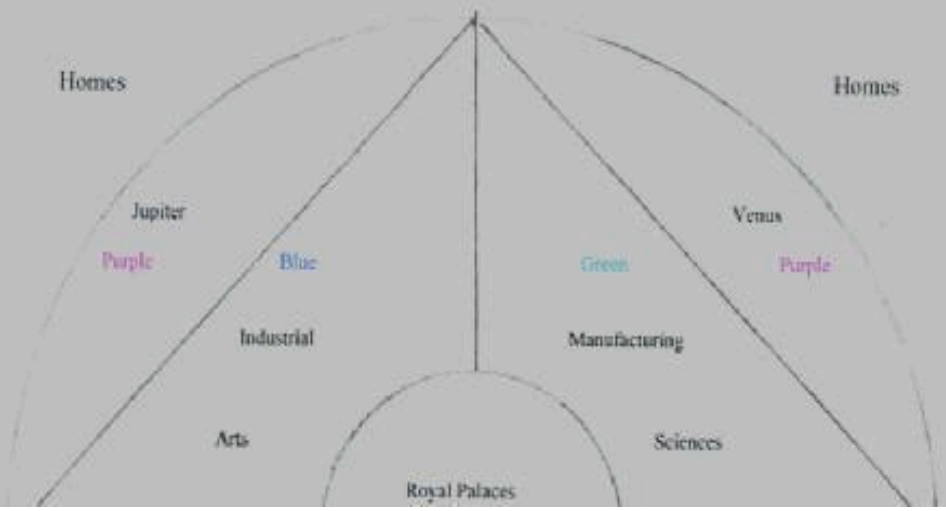
"Before anyone on Mars may be mated, certain analyzations are run

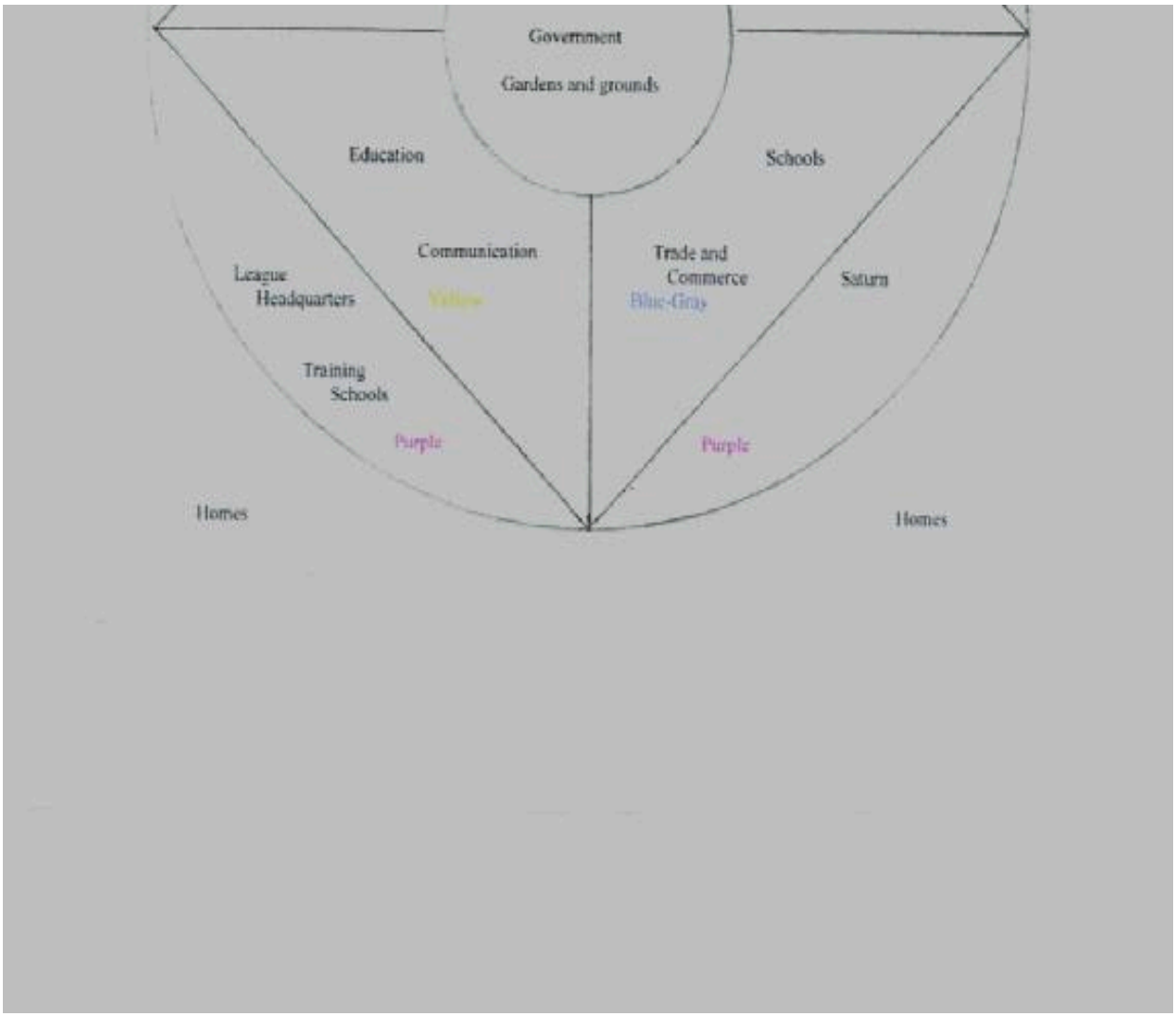
to see if the parties are in vibratory harmony. Their paths of evolvement must run along parallel lines also. This gives incoming egos the proper harmonious conditions for rebirth, and gives All scientific matters are under the League. Scientific and social their objective. Those operating the inter-galaxy and solar the two persons involved harmonious conditions, so their experiences in manifest life will give them the greatest field for higher evolvement possible."
"I can understand what you mean," I answered, for the part about the incoming Egos was explainable in the reincarnation Law. Births were guided there with the understandings of the Law of Reincarnation, and I remembered again his remarks about the Royalty giving birth to the Leaders and Rilem. But it skittered off my mind, for something more important seemed to be bothering me.
"I think I understand pretty well about your form of government, but does this allow your people opportunity to advance? This form runs parallel with what we call Socialism here on Earth."
"The principles involved here serve the planet Mars very well. We wish to make no issue with governments of Earth. Here our sense of values differ from those of Earth men, for we have all material things that we have need of. Power cannot come through control of money, for we use none. Nor can it come through popular, or false appeal, to the public. Rather upon our planet all men know they live eternally, and are interested only in developing themselves to a point where they may raise themselves to a higher plane of existence.
"But what about the workers, don't they feel left out in such a system?" I asked.
"Each worker on Mars realizes that the position he finds himself in, is the direct result of his own evolvement. Rather he considers himself as a child, with full opportunity to develop within himself wisdoms and truths, which elevate him further in our society, and in the endless Universe of the All."
That made sense and satisfied the Law within my mind concerning reincarnation.
"Has Mars always been such a nation, or has there been a struggle as Earth is now going through?"
"Mars has not always been a planet of peace, but this subject will

take some time to cover, and you are invited back at another time to discuss it."
Their way of closing off was often firm, yet gentle. I looked at my watch, and realize we had been talking for hours.
"Goodnight," we said.
"Mel Bez DE Son," came the answer.

VRSS
Capital City on MARS

About 200 miles in diameter
Covered with a Translucent Energy Dome





CHAPTER TWO

Scientific Medicine

Betty and I spent quite a lot of time discussing what we had learned from the space people regarding the planet Mars. It had now taken on definite dimensions for us. We could almost see the vast deserts, the fertile green areas, the huge ice caps, and the immense cities laid out in such perfect pattern and coloring. These cities came alive with people, much like ourselves, that moved through the beautiful streets and immense buildings, but they were people with a way of life far above ours. From what we'd been told these people could not help but be carefree and happy; free from the fear of want, almost free from sickness, and free from the driving influences that cause so many of our mental disturbances here upon Earth. Know the Truth,

and it shall set you free. It was obvious they knew much more of the Truth of being than we here, and were far freer than we because of that knowing and practicing of those principles.

On the next evening, Betty and I again got out our device and laid it on the kitchen table. I made the call for the control station on Mars. We waited only a moment, then felt the power come into our device.

"Ah, little ones," we heard from that planet, "I can see your inquiring minds are indeed seeking. Of what do you wish to speak on this occasion?"
"We were told last evening that the planet Mars has not always lived in the peace it now enjoys; that Mars at one time, was a warful planet. Could you tell us more of this?"
"The time of which you speak was a sad time for the planet Mars, and the history of this event is implanted in the minds of everyone here as an important lesson… a lesson that shall never be repeated upon our planet.
"In the long ago, thousands of years before your Earth time, Mars was a planet divided into two great nations. Our planet was then much as your planet is now, for there was much water here. We had oceans as you have, and much more foliage was existent upon our surface. It was as beautiful in natural beauty as your planet Earth, and as the planet Venus."
"The people upon Mars in that era were of a high scientific plane, even beyond the stages of present Earth. Yet those peoples had not learned to live together in peace, and tolerance, and understanding. Each nation was of the firm opinion that its way of life was correct and would in no way relent in that belief."
"Our scientists had developed a type of atom powered motor that allowed limited space travel. Persons of that era had made a limited number of trips to your planet, but were quarrelsome and aggressive."
"Perhaps that is why we have named the God of War, Mars?" I asked.
"It was thus, something established thousands of years ago, and retained through the ages in fable form."
"Each nation on Mars built a small space station, and caused it to

orbit around the planet. These are the small 'moons' seen by your huge telescopes."
"The knowledge of both nations was equal, so each created the same type destructive implements of war. Great stockpiles of such implements were created. There was no deceit between governments for each openly admitted that it was out to conquer the other."
"In the face of this great crisis, certain of the women and children of each nation were placed upon dthe orbiting space stations."
"They must have known what the consequences would be then?" asked Betty.
"There were those that knew, but the leaders of each nation refused to face such facts; and so, the great war started."
"Immediately the space ships came from Venus in great numbers, and gathered up the women and children from the artificial space stations, and others that were not a part of the great conflict."
"The doom annihilated. The seas of Mars were turned boiling hot and dissipated in clouds of steam. All solids formed into small pellets and fell back to the surface, Water became almost nonexistent. All vegetation and animal life, as well as man was no more. Much of the oxygen of the atmosphere was burned out. Mars became a place where nothing could exist."
"Centuries passed as the Venusians worked to restore the planet Mars to a place where life could again exist. Water in great quantities was carried from your Earth by their ships. All depressions that would form reservoirs were used as such. Plant life was started again in suitable areas. After thousands of years, Mars could again sustain beings."
"During this period, those that had been taken from the planet before the great catastrophe were replenished by mating with Venusians. Certain strains were kept true Martian. These were the seeds of the New Age for our planet. They were brought up in Venusian institutions of learning, and into them were instilled all the laws by which the Venusians live."
"Then there has never been such a conflict upon the planet Venus?" I asked
"The Venusians have always lived by the Laws of the All, and escaped

all conflict and wars."
"It seems that only when we live within these laws, or the Laws of God as we call them, hat there is true peace and harmony upon a planet," said Betty.
"There is no other way," came our answer. "Freedom of will which is so much sought after and fought for on our planet is the Freedom of Will within the Law of the All. Your people do not yet understand this. Many believe that Freedom of Will gives them the right to exercise that will in any manner that pleases them. When the practice of such freedom is not for the good of the whole, then it no longer becomes freedom but bondage to some. No one can be free until all are free. The Law applies to all. There are no special ones, only those that through fallacious reasoning have made themselves those 'special ones'. Yet they too are subject to the Law of Consequences and must suffer for their every deed which is in defiance of this Law whether they recognize its existence or not."
With this understanding, it is strange that all men don't comply with this Law, isn't it?" I asked.
"There are two ways to learn this Law. One is by the long hard road of 'experience', the other is by openmindedness and study. Most of Earth's people take the hard road. Yet this is as it should be, for until that certain state of awareness is reached within each through experience he cannot awaken to the second method. Much sadness comes to us when we see those that have reached this point, yet go on in their slumber and suffer because they will not take the second path."
"This is applicable to Earth then for everything we see and fear, and all earthly ails are effects, the cause being in the refusal to comply with the Law of Consequences a you state it?"
"That is correct and we shall speak of it another time. When the people of Mars were returned to their planet, they had instilled in their consciousness these very laws of harmony and being. To assure that they should not be forgotten, the system of government as used on Venus was instituted upon the planet Mars. To insure its continuance, five of the Rilem of other advanced systems were set at the head of the ruling body or Rilem of the Planet Mars."

“If war should come to our Earth, what are the plans of Mars?” asked Betty. of both nations on Mars was quite evident. Both nations became
“Earth is now being watched by both members of the League from our planet and the planet Venus. It is the hope of the leaders of this League that was can be diverted upon Earth. This is the end to which we work and do not entertain other thoughts.”
“I know you shall succeed,” said Betty.
“Fear not, little ones,” said the informer. “Regardless of the results, the seed race of Earth shall not suffer the consequences..”
“Who are the seed race of Earth?” I asked.
“Those who have shown themselves worthy in mind and action to establish a new race upon your planet such as we have established upon ours.”
“Under your system is there no such thing as sickness or crime?” asked Betty
“There are those who do suffer certain unbalances in their vibratory rate which is termed sickness on Earth and also crime. We, in our laboratories, correct such imbalances and bring this being back to normal.”
“First, let me invite you to join me as I give you a word picture of such a center. The building is quite large and all rooms are large, well lighted, decorated with soothing colors and lights, and properly equipped. In each room are cabinets which contain the apparatus used. The tables are comfortable and give the patient a maximum amount of relaxation while being treated. Those that work in these laboratories are from the higher solar systems as well as the trained personnel who are from our own planet. Upon the face of the cabinets which I afore described are many, many dials which control the equipment within. A principle of what Earth scientists would call ‘Atomic fission’ is very similar to the one used here. The use of Radium for the cure of cancer is such a beginning.”
“To effect a cure all things must be understood in their basic principle. The cause behind all such conditions must be determined before the effect can be righted. Too much time is spent on Earth in trying to correct the effects without first determining the cause.”

“When a patient is admitted to our laboratory it is determined whether his ailment is the result of material malfunction or mental disturbance.”
“By material you mean chemically?” asked Betty.
“Bu material we mean organic, such as a wound that is caused by a misoccurance. If material, the area affected is cleansed if polluted by negative elements, then vibratorially rated by a delicate machine which is applied to the nerves of main reception to that area. If, for instance, a hand would be injured and the muscles or nerves exposed in places, a clamp or band would be placed around the wrist. This area would register these inharmonious vibrations, and not trusting to visual perception, would be analyzed. The average rate would be the main objective to be applied, and the cells that are always receptive to this would rearrange and merge again in the original genetic manner. Negative elements are prevented from entering by a ray which is directed upon the affected part. All negative substances which would unbalance the system are known and counteracted by a ray, which automatically receives and conditions itself to destroy them.”
“If the system of the patient has lost much fluid, it is rebalanced by feeding it intravenously a similar fluid. The chemical balance of this fluid is kept at the same level as the patient’s and though of a slower vibratory rate than normal it will, when the condition is healed, readjust itself. Any illness causes an unbalance and lowering of the average or normal vibratory rate, which differs from individual to individual.”
“You mean then, you just recreate the atomic structure of the wounded area?” I asked.
“That is putting it correctly, for this is the same process that the body uses in correcting its own wounds.”
“The patient is generally placed upon a table and held in a stationary position with straps to prevent any possible shifting, then a ray is applied to bring up this rate of vibration. The same machine which receives the patient’s vibratory rate, generates the energy that causes the harmonious vibrations to begin. It may take minutes or hours for a condition to be corrected in this manner.”

"Supposing the patient to be suffering from what is termed upon your planet as multiple sclerosis. The extent of damage would first be ascertained by a machine which measures the rate of vibrations leaving the area of ganglion most affected. Saying that the area is centered in the arms and legs as weakening and lessening control there. The true and normal rate of vibrations is ascertained by taking a section of cells in the brain that is as yet unaffected and adding to this the divided total of the diseased cells. This when added gives the true vibratory rate. The cells appearing to be healthy are not truly, for any illness will lower the vibrations of all cells."
"Lacking in the system are positive vibrations that will regulate and balance the negative cells that compose the body. This positive vibration is of a much higher rate than electricity. Present day scientists have it at their disposal now if they will control and channel it. The diseased cells need only, through application, several repeated doses of this energy to rebuild."
"Does Earth have any knowledge of such methods?" asked Betty. "and can you tell us what cancer is?"
"There are those that have such abilities to correct the bodily vibration deficiencies through the application of passing such vibrations from their own bodies into those of the affected ones. Your science has at its fingertips such a method of cure, but it must realize that such vibrations are of a higher rate than electricity."
"Could you cure cancer by this method?" asked Betty.
"All ills are subject to our treatment though cancer is an unknown illness to our people. The disease cancer is caused by elements – six spectrum octave – arsenic – thyroid gland improperly functioning."
"Oh," said Betty. I could feel the same wonder that I was sure Betty felt, for here we had a wealth of information available at our disposal and it was our desire to see it eradicate this disease from the entire Earth. While pondering on the fullness of his words I became aware that he was again speaking.
"We have machines of various functions that are employed by our technicians in breaking down the universal energy, and directing it in rays to the body of the patient. The orbit of these electrons are selected by the polarities that encompass the whole. They channel

this flow of electrons, and using the force, create a field of electro-magnetism that can be used for the medicinal effect upon the being's system. The application of such electrons must rearrange the atomic structure they come into contact with. Certain centers are more sensitive to receive this flow than others, and the amount of flow must be cautiously regulated. In effect, the flow of too much current along a certain section of reflexes would 'burn out' this area. Too weak a flow will do little better than strengthen the negative quality that is the cause of the basic weakness."

"The sympathetic nervous system comprised of the ganglion nerves along the spine are recipients of the energy that is absorbed into the body. Since the structure of these beings are similar to that of earthlings, I shall refer in medical terms acceptable to Earth. If the illness manifesting is of an organic cause it can be corrected by application of a magnetic energy absorbed by the ganglion near the base of the skull. Here lie extremely important centers that send out impulses which aid in controlling the actions and the decisions."

I was completely caught up in this medical fascination, and did not know where to begin to ask questions.

"You mean you create the proper magnetism for a human body by actually drawing the positive or negative polarity of this universal energy into the machines; and then direct it toward the human body in this ray?"

"Yes, this is our method of healing, but I see you have some questions concerning this. Speak if you wish, and do not hesitate to ask that which you do not understand."

Betty had become as enthused as I, and she leaned forward in anticipation as she spoke.

"Is the base of the skull the only place where the healing ray is absorbed?"

"No," he said, "this is a main center of receptivity, but the ray can also be directly beamed upon an open wound and then proceed healing. If the problem is of a mental or thinking origin, then there is placed upon the head a band which will analyze the brain to determine injury. Around the waist will be placed another band to receive the impulses there, for outside influences can and often do

affect the material counterpart. If certain cell accumulations are affected they are rearrange with a new flow of energy to them, which revitalizes and enlivens the consciousness there."
"You mean each cell in our body has an individual consciousness?" I asked.
"Each cell has a certain consciousness of its own. A group of cells which form a definite part of the body have a group consciousness, and it is this group consciousness that receives from and sends to the brain; either the conscious or unconscious part of it; you call it voluntary and involuntary actions. These actions travel as messages along the nerve system, and in return register the feelings or sensations impressed upon these cell groups."
"You said something about outside influences?" asked Betty. "What do you mean by outside influences?"
"There are two sources of outside influences," came the answer. "These are of the making of either man or the Supreme Sources. The first involves computing the rate vibrations are received and attempting to correlate them with those which are registered with the Department of Records to find the being transmitting. If the being is found, the purpose is understood through counseling and eliminated."
"You mean other persons can influence us by thoughts?" I asked.
"Other persons' thoughts can affect you greatly either for good or evil. If one holds a negative thought for you, it will have certain effects in your life. Also more greatly in his. If one holds positive thoughts of you, they exert a good influence in your life.."
"This is maybe what is meant in the Lord's Prayer by 'Forgive us our debts as we have forgiven others'?"
"This is a statement of Law," came the answer. "If one holds thoughts of revenge or hate or envy against another, he, himself cannot be free of that condemnation for it is what is called prayer acting in a negative manner."
"You said there were two sources of outside influences, can you tell us of the second?" I asked. "Also what do you mean by the Department of Records?"
"The department of Records is a huge center where the recorded births and deaths are kept of each person on Mars. But before

elaborating upon the second source of outside influences it will be advisable to understand that present everywhere in our Universe and the All of Creation everything is made recognizable to us by vibration. It is (by) the receiving of this vibration within our consciousness that we are able to associate through memory the classification to which it belongs. Knowing that all things are governed by intelligence, it is unthinkable that anything could exist independent of it. If the elements composing a small particle of matter analyzed appear to move in orbits it is obvious that an intelligence is guiding this. To individual consciousness this motion has fallen under two concepts, one materialistic and the other spiritualistic, augmented by understanding of natural law. All manifestations basically fall under one of a hundred and some odd classifications. To understand the words, Supreme sources, we shall consider them as variations in the intelligence that is in command of the Whole of Creation."

Betty, who was never too overly enthused about much scientific information surprised me when she answered him.

"It's true that all things are known to us by vibration, for the color spectrum creates prisms of light, and these colors are only known to us by the different density or rate of vibration of each particular ray as it enters our eyes."

"True", he said, "blue is different from red by the length of the ray or rate of vibration as it leaves the color spectrum and enters your eye. So you can see how all things are recognized by vibration."

"These Supreme Sources affect the consciousness of individuals in various ways, depending upon the impression they intend to make. These strong vibrations if unheeded can frequently interfere with the mundane balance of a being's life, and so cause him to seek help in understanding them. When this arises it is necessary to compute from the basic degrees of consciousness forward to the present to determine the exact point that these vibrations of thought are attempting to reach. In all understanding these thoughts will become absorbed and accepted into the being's consciousness as laws. Nothing adverse can enter here for it is the most guarded units of mind."

I had an understanding of what he said, and presented it to him.

"By Supreme Sources I feel you mean not only our own individual minds or consciousness, but also that of others and even that intelligence of God that guides all material things. Such as an electron as it orbits a particular nuclei. Is this force or intelligence a Supreme Source, such as you speak of?"
"Yes," was my answer.
"Then, if say, a certain law was being disobeyed the Supreme Source of an individual's mind would automatically attempt to make it known to the person and could cause him to become ill in this attempt."
I was thinking deeply now, and Betty I was certain was too, about this Supreme Source, which many term God or the God Spark in each of us. Betty took up where I left off, and voiced my very thoughts.
"Then this could explain a lot of illness, for if one was not properly eating, due to other activities or worries, then he could become ill due to this Supreme Source which was attempting to make this known to him. So, in trying to determine why one was ill it would be necessary to go back to the time before his worries began."
There was a slight murmur on the controls as our informer spoke with someone else in his universal language, then he again spoke to us.
"Forgive me, but I was answering another call. One must go back to the start of the illness, and this could be arising from a previous life. For if one committed a particular act that was not progressive, then the Supreme Source within one's own mind would register this and forever keep it as a record for future acts. Then, if this act would attempt to be repeated in a future life the Supreme Source in one's mind would automatically attempt to stop the person from continuing this act, and so could cause either illness of mental or physical degrees."
"Therefore, one would have to go back to the first personality lived and recorded by the Supreme Source of one's mind. As said before this is a most guarded unit of the mind, for it contains all the inner thoughts and desires of a person."
I was swept up in this advanced medicine, and wished that I could see their laboratories in operation.
"How can this checking be accomplished?" I asked. Earth that the

subconscious mind can be revealed?"
"No, we do not employ hypnosis for this. We constructed which directs the flow of energy used for corrections of this type. Combined of what would equal an electronic brain computer, recorder, and transmitter. This machine covers an area of many feet and is built to automatically slide from the enclosed wall area. Since each vibration of a certain rate emits a particular color the front section is clothed in
"Is it by hypnosis like here upon

have a machine most precisely various hues. These are observed and computed by highly trained persons of a special order. The final results of the recording unit are studied, and certain possibilities are taken and given to other technicians, who are also specially trained. The final action is taken when the transmitter is fed the decisions and activated, sending out vibrations which will become registered as laws to the being's mind," he said.

Betty and I both started to speak simultaneously, so I motioned for Betty to go on. "Here," she said, "We come to the same thing as vibration having color. Again it can apply to the color spectrum. Red has a different wave length of vibration than the color blue. Then, if say, the mental worry or illness was due to dislike of something in some degree, or else disobedience to some other law, then the color of one form of mental activity would be different from another type of mental activity?"
"Yes, perhaps disobedience to a moral law would vibrate to the color red; whereas dislike of something would create a dull dark blue color." He paused, then continued.
"Receptivity of thoughts into an individual's mind comes through the association of ideas in the memory units, which are powered by the consciousness of the whole. The absorbtion of electrons into the brain units which associate the Mind into consciousness within the body is governed by the Whole. and regulated within the Whole, which Consciousness."
How deeply this conversation had gotten, but I knew we had to go even deeper to truly understand. So again I put forth my questions.
"You mean that the thoughts of a person come through this

comparison of actions in the memory units of the mind? Like the act of thievery, if done in a previous life the memory unit of one's mind records this, and in turn recognizes any attempt at thievery in one's present life?"
"Yes, this is the memory unit's work," he said.
"Then you said this memory unit that activates the body into perhaps illness, is in connection with the Whole or Universe and Great Consciousness. What exactly did you mean?" I asked.
"The Whole is all creation or everything, and each one's mind is in connection with the Great Consciousness which you term God. This Great Consciousness has created all things, and since we were also created by Him we are always in connection with Him, never removed."
"Do these treatments always work?"
"No, the evolvement of the planet that the individual resides in is the main regulator of this flow, and at times the amount of electrons entering the brain area is too weak to change the affected areas. When this occurs a larger machine that employs the aid of a huge generator feeds the transmitter and charges the area with a larger degree of energy. The area affected becomes sluggish and will eventually lose its power to function in its assigned area. If this is the case it must as stated before be deter-mined if it is of a material or a mental or mind cause. If of a material cause this area that is revitalized with a new flow of energy will start to function at its highest capabilities, and will in turn recharge the entire area of the brain with its higher rate of vibration. If of a mental or mind cause the actual Supreme Source must be understood."
"Is it difficult to teat an illness of mental origin there, Betty asked.
"The illness of a mental or Supreme Source involves a cure by technicians, who are of an order beyond our Solar System. These technicians are very similar in wisdom as are our Rilem, and can fully understand the Laws of the Mind. This form of illness is delicately treated by these highly trained men." Came our answer.
"How about the lawbreakers upon your planet, we'd like to hear something of them," I said.
No understanding comes that is not guarded encompasses the

Universe and the Great
"There are none of the type you consider law breakers on," our planet was the answer. "Only those who do not obey, according to the laws that govern consequences. Those who refuse to obey the orders of those more highly evolved and occupying higher offices are punished mostly within their own consciousness; but if the reason for their disobedience is illness of either mental or material malfunction, then this is treated accordingly within our laboratories."
"What an excellent system of correction," I said, "But are there, never, any serious crimes?"
"Meaning attack of one human against another?" he asked, then added quickly his own answer.
"No, there are no such crimes on our planet, but once many years ago there were such crimes. Evolvement has moved us forward in this also, for it is the moral consciousness which has evolved to the stage where we are no longer hostile in our thoughts and actions."
"How beautiful your world must be," Betty said. "We can only pray that conditions will soon be elevated to that state here upon Earth. But for now, I think we have bothered you enough. So, perhaps we should bid you goodnight."
"Goodnight," I added.
"Mel Bez De Son," came our answer, as the power faded from our device.

CHAPTER THREE
The League

The next two or three days Betty and I were quite busy and while we worked, our minds were continually going back to the many things we'd learned from the Space People. We'd lost hours of sleep talking with each other for when bedtime came, instead of feeling sleepy we gabbed, long into the wee hours of the morning. The next day we'd both drag through the motions of living and swear that tonight we were going to get caught up on the hours of sleep we'd lost. But at first we never did. Then we learned a very important lesson. We just had to let go of this thing for a period and become normal human

beings again. During such periods, we'd feel our energies gaining proper balance again.

Once we felt fully restored, we'd dig out our device and get further information. What
thrilling hours these were as we both sat with our right hand upon the hearing disc, each
asking questions in a low voice so the other could hear.
"I think it's time we learned more about the League," said Betty a few nights after we'd
listened to the information of the War on Mars, and of their laboratory methods for dealing
with injuries, illness, and disobedience. The League fascinated me too, for to our knowledge there is no such an organization
upon our Earth. We made for the cabinet and removed our hearing device and laid it upon
the dining table. Betty and I both placed our hands upon it, and Betty made the call this
evening. There were times of interference, but tonight was not one of them. We felt the
power come into our device.
"Ah, Little Ones of Earth," came a voice which we heard distinctly, "What will you
learn of this night?"
"Are you the one we talked to about the war on Mars?" asked Betty.
"That was Fot of the city of Dufit Reuah. I am To," came the answer.
"I guess the League seems to be the most fascinating subject to us right now for we
know Zelas and Elen so well, and then Helen has also met Alna. These men are all part of
the League and of great interest to us because of their abilities and gentleness. Could you
tell us something further of it?"
"Perhaps if I chose an individual, who will willingly allow me such a privilege, and
carried him through his experience it might bring a certain picture

element to your minds
through which your understanding would be increased."
"Thank you, To," said Betty, we are anxious to hear your story."
"We shall take Kadar Menw as the principle. He is the son of Royalty, and through
many centuries of service to the League, was this time born to serve in high capacity
therein."
"You puzzle me with your remarks about many centuries of service, yet you say that
only now has he been born to Royalty. How can this be, do you imply reincarnation here?"
I asked. "Man exists or expresses on four planes of existence. The least of these is the physical.
Man is actually be-ing, what you would term soul evolving. This being is an eternal spark
of the All. It was sent out from the All in infinite Love to gain for itself independent
experience in all the phases of becoming. Throughout the Universe there are untold
numbers of such sparks, each in a different phase of becoming, each gaining independent
experience. Each spark, after it has gained its first realization of conscious awareness,
when it realizes it is individualized with Independent Will; then it evolves according to its
reaction to experiences that are set before it."
"The physical body, as you know it, is only an instrument for gaining those experiences.
The reactions and their results, either good or bad. Suffering, or freedom from suffering,
are recorded in what you term the soul. Those of lower station are merely less in
evolvement. Those in higher station are of a higher evolvement."
"You mean like those that have great power and wealth here on Earth?" Betty asked.

"This is not so," answered To, "Evolvement has only to do with man's ability to
overcome himself. Upon your Earth one with such power and wealth may be very low in
evolvement. But not so upon the planet Mars, for each here has a station that is in accord
with that evolvement. Such evolvement is immediately known after birth and that
individuality is then placed in the position for service as has been pre-ordained by himself.
Menw's station, gained through previous experiences in other material manifestations,
ordains him to serve as a high leader in the League. He has gone through the necessary
steps of overcoming to bring himself to this point."
"You mean everyone is born to accomplish a certain thing upon the planet Mars?"
asked Betty. "This is true upon all planes of existence. But planets such as Earth do not readily
recognize it, although the Law applies there as well as in all the Universe."
"Pardon me for interrupting, Will you continue?" said Betty.
"It is good to question, Little One," said To, "for only by seeking does one learn."
"Menw was such a one. Born of purpose and into the service of the League, for which
he'd pledged himself centuries before, he recognized the sad condition of the Turbulent
One, your Earth, at an early age and chose as his work, the edification of your planet.
After proper guidance at home, for he is the son of a leader, he was assigned to the School
of Instruction of the League. The school is in the City of Vrss. Here he had many things
to learn; much mathematics, much of Universal Law, much of the acts, languages, and

customs of Earth."
"Diligently, he applied himself to the task, always remembering the plight of your
planet, always with a burning desire to help. There is much science for such a one to learn.
Every condition in the Universe can be recreated within the laboratories of the School of
Instruction. A close hand the path of planets can be ascertained. All conditions pertaining
to the secrets of space are herein recreated. The actions and reactions of forces are studied.
Navigation is learned by these studies. Immense maps of the Solar System and other parts
of the Universe must be gone over carefully so each imprint upon them may be easily and
quickly recognized."
"The construction and functioning of our Meired and saucer craft are learned. The
secrets of the four forces which exist everywhere are mastered in all their complexities.
Survival procedures must also be learned and practiced."
"Each craft which flies near Earth, as you know, contains emergency cabinets. In each
is the clothing of Earth type. Also other necessary supplies. Should one of our saucer craft find itself in difficulty near Earth and be required to land, the operator immediately
contacts persons we have stationed upon your planet. It is the duty of this person to try to
reach the saucer craft as soon as possible. Once the craft is abandoned it is disintegrated,
and the elements of it return to their natural state."
"Magnetic lines of force must be constantly charted, and shifting is immediately noted,
for it is herein that our craft find their difficulty."
"There are varying degrees of force fields around different planets. Ships must be

created that will operate best in any given area. The operation and construction of such
ships must also be mastered.”
“Now to get back to the quarters of this School. Great halls of curved pink and shaded
blues within the various rooms all lent to the student a feeling of harmony. Their lessons
were taught by the learned Elders within the comfort of a luxurious room, decorated in
scenes that combined the lessons and principles being learned. One room’s floor is perfect
in roundness, and separated in four sections from ceiling to floor, and also separated
diagonally across by colored lines of force representing the four powers. These sections,
when entered, reacted upon the mind each in a different manner. The circumference of the
whole consisted of equations in the figure 73 inches, making each fourth equal to 1,750
totaling the number of the Creator, and this in turn his four or the four powers.”
“As a student nears this mystery, he can feel the power of these Four Forces emanating
from this design. Each force has a distinct reaction upon him. When he enters the school
in his early youth, uninstructed, these are of mystery to him. When he leaves as an initiate,
he knows these secrets well.” “Many years were spent by Menw in the School and though strict are their
requirements, he faired well. For while still a youth, he had mastered all instruction
offered. During his residence, Menw became the friend of one known as Zan.”
“At long last the day of Menw’s dedication came. Zan was beside him also. Together
with the other initiates they gathered in the great hall, garbed for the

first time in the dress
of the League. His clothes were of the softest woven materials. The capes granted them
were of like material yet interwoven with a golden threads. It flowed over his shoulders
and was held by a clasp at the throat. As they took their positions, the Leaders of the
League sat before them, awe inspiring; a group fully dedicated to service."
"The high elder stood before them in a glowing radiance. In quietness he waited.
Extending his hand he gave to each the oath."
"I pledge to serve the All," he said.
"Each Initiate repeated this vow. In the mind of each was the full meaning of what this
pledge meant. For, although dedicated centuries before, it had great new meaning. Each
would serve in the League in Faith and Will of the All until absorbed into the whole of
Creation."
"As Menw and Zan were leaving together, into Menw's hand was slipped a small piece
of paper, bearing the name of Ja, daughter of K. Shan, recording ruler of the Council.
Menw stopped, and Zan noticing his concern, moved back and paused beside him. Menw
handed him the slip of paper. Zan read, and his eyes became bright."
"A mate for Menw!" he said. "How fortunate you are that one has been found
genetically harmonious. Many are the members of the League who are never so mated."
"But Menw was not thinking of this. Rather he was wondering just who this person
was that he was to wed. Visions of many filled his mind, but just which would it be?" "Do you know o this one?" asked Menw."
"Only that she is older," said Zan.

Menw's thoughts flew faster. Was he chosen to wed with one twice his age? One to
whom the grace of intelligence was well fitted?
"You are disturbed," said Zan
"This day has been filled with too much wonder," answered Menw.
"Let us go to the Temple of the All. Perhaps there your feelings can be overcome."
"Into the great temple the two entered. Various rays of light radiated from the circular
ceiling. The floor was beautiful in design and texture. In the very center of the meditation
room was a great crystal ball which has no visible means of support as it remains
suspended nearly half way between floor and ceiling. Before it knelt many in meditation
and contemplation. None there knew from what source it received its strange power or
how it remained so suspended. This was the secret of the High Rilem who had brought it
into being."
"Various hues of light radiated out of the great crystal upon those knelt before it. Here
it was that students of science and mathematics came for solutions to their great problems
along with those seeking enlightenment and understanding."
"For those seeking of a scientific nature and guidance, a soft golden light fell upon
them. For those who were seeking self enlightenment and understanding of the All, and
those accepted into the Temple of the Creator, a light of purest white radiated upon them.
To those seeking answers to worldly affairs came a pink ray. Those seeking guidance in
their actions with others were flooded with a blue ray." "As Menw knelt before the huge crystal globe, and raised his arms in expectance, a ray

of golden light engulfed him. The graceful folds of his cape cascaded down his shoulders
and back reflecting and adding to the golden hues. Around Menw's neck, suspended from
a golden chain, was his medallion containing the secret of all application of the Creator's
laws. The symbol gleamed in the golden light as did his cape of golden hue. Inspiration
filled him and the promise that all was well, and as it should be. Guidance, he knew,
would be his always and the doubts of his present youth would be washed away in its
stream."
"Feeling reassured, Menw raised himself and moved outside the great temple. Once
outside he heard the chimes announcing meal time. Zan, waiting for him, joined in stride
behind him. Together they entered the dining area. Together they sat down. Before them
was the clear purifying liquid that is drunk symbolically before every meal. A moment's
silence in reverence to the All was observed , and then they both began their meal.
Silently, the meal proceeded, and as it did, many things filled Menw's mind."
"For him has been chosen a mate, one genetically perfect for him, and now that he knew
all was well, an urgency to see this one filled him. Would she be dark or fair? He knew he
had to know."
"After the meal was finished, he turned to Zan."
" 'This one I am to wed, I must see,' he said"
" 'You heed not the laws of the League, my beloved friend,' said Zan. 'You know such
is not allowed, and can only gain you certain infringements of rights.'"
" 'You will not join me then in this venture?' asked Menw." " ' For you,

in your impatience, perhaps the risk outweighs the impatience you feel, but
for me, such an adventure could profit me nothing. I wish you the best, if such is your
decision.'
"Menw left the dining hall now, engulfed in impatience. He must know.'
"Walking straight to the landing area, he entered his craft and navigated to the residence
of K. Shan. The light had gone now and a twilight darkness rested upon the grounds."
"Menw's craft came in silently and glided gently to the ground in the great gardens of
K. Shan. Heavy and beautiful foliage filled the garden and surrounded the living quarters.
Huge, symmetrically arranged pillars of stone surrounded a fountain that cascaded down in
swirls of blue light. Menw disembarked from his craft, and slipped quietly across the
grounds to the stone terrace area, that surrounded the living quarters. The blue shafts of
light from the walls sifted through curtains that fluttered gently in the evening breeze.
Quietly, Menw moved to the fluttering curtains. He remained motionless, peering within.
The room was large and the colors within blended in a symphony of color. The room
seemed quite empty. Should he enter boldly and seek out this one who was to be his mate?
He hesitated at such a thought. Perhaps if he remained quiet here in the gardens, she would
appear, and he could notice her unobserved. But there was such a quietness about the
whole of the living quarters he felt such a thing could lead to long idle hours lost."
"Perhaps within this deserted room was an image of her. Perhaps a

painting, a figure
done in bronze. Even a living reproduction as is made with our equipment. Softly, Menw
moved through the curtains and entered the room."
"Quietly he searched but he saw nothing. A sudden realization of his rash actions
flooded him. He clasped his cape tightly around himself and turned to leave. Laughter
like the tinkling of many bells flooded the entire room. Menw was startled. It was coming from behind the curtains through which he'd entered. He saw only cascading dark hair, as
she hid her face in the curtains to stifle her laughter."
"Menw remained as he was, unable to move. Only her eyes and her perfectly shaped
forehead peered at him merrily from behind the curtains."
" 'Impatience is not a virtue for one of the League,' she said, her voice tinkling with
every word. 'Yet I am happy that you have taken this venture.'"
"Menw opened his mouth to say something, but no words came."
" 'Because I am older than you, did you expect to find a flower faded? A mouth only
capable of spouting wise and great philosophies?' Again she laughed stifling in the rich
hue of the curtains. 'But time now you return, chosen one.'"
"Menw moved as if drawn toward the curtained doorway. Was this all he was to see of
his chosen one?"
"Daintily Ja placed her hand upon her hair as if to rearrange it, the curtain slipped from
her grasp and she stood radiantly beautiful before him, her eyes penetrating his to the
depths of his being. Smiling, she engulfed herself again in the curtains. Menw felt his
whole being become vibrantly alive. Without realizing it, he moved through the curtains,
engulfed in the vision he'd seen, and without full realization of his

actions, hurried to his
ship, clumsily made his way inside and set the automatic control to return him to the school
landing area. He sank into the deep cushions, completely overcome with emotions."
"Reaching for the clasp on his cape, he realized he had lost it and his cape in his rush to
escape. This too, would only add to his penalty should it be discovered. But concern
didn't touch him, so engulfed was he in the feelings that had come alive in the dwelling of
K. Shan." "Menw returned to the School and the familiarity of his own quarters, restored some
balance to his cascading thoughts. Tomorrow would be the day of formal introduction to
his chosen one, and now only impatience flooded him. He was certain that this would be a
night without sleep. But this was not so for Menw slept soundly and dreamed well."
"Golden shafts of light flooded through the slanted windows as Menw awoke the next
morning to the sound of chimes. He prepared himself quickly and made his way to the
landing section. Halls were crowded with friends and well wishers. Bright and
encouraging though their words were, Menw heard none of them, and reacted only
automatically."
"A huge craft with the Royal insignia awaited him."
"Among those waiting to greet him was his father. For a long period of time now, they
had not seen each other, for such are the regulations of the School of Instruction. They
embraced and exchanged words of affection. The Tribunal, who was now placed in charge
of Menw's affairs stepped forward to claim him. This was the one

who was to give him
guidance and instruction in the art of harmony and relations before his being mated to Ja."
"The craft was given immediate clearance and flew straight to the huge grounds of the
Rilem Temple. Here Menw was again parted from his father, for he was to become
absorbed for months in a more rigorous study of personal behavior. Here too, came his
chosen one. Together they enjoyed wondrous meetings together and with each meeting the
rate of harmony between them grew. And as time progressed each understood the needs of
the other, and the full application of Universal Law and Love to fulfill these needs."
"At last came the hour when the two would become as one, mated within the Rilem
Temple. Although the hard benches of marble reminded Menw of his years of rigorous
training, also the branches of trees, loaded with blossoms, gave promise of the future which lay before him. Menw stood reflecting upon these matters and the future which lay before
him. He and Ja would have many periods of long separation, but life without service was
life without purpose."
"He scented her perfume behind him and turned. She was there, radiant in the morning
light. Holding both hands forward, she offered him a folded cloth. He took it from her,
and it cascaded in his hands, and became the cape he'd lost in her garden. It smelled of the
same perfume that she wore and, almost coloring with the feeling that swept over him, he
realized that she'd kept it hidden to this day among her own intimate things. She turned
quietly and left for her quarters to prepare for he mating with Menw."

“The ceremony to bring two such persons together upon our planet is truly a beautiful
and wondrous thing. The two are swept together in a bond that is unending, full of feeling,
Love, and understanding.”
“ ‘Your story was beautiful,’ said Betty and I knew she felt the beauty and the impact of
the whole thing. ‘Are you a poet?’”
“ ‘There is within each the desire to create such illusions,’ answered To. Only those
who hear can determine the answer to your question.’”
“What of Menw’s service “ I asked.
“Much of Menw’s time was spent in the outer limits of space. Hard and arduous work
were his tasks. And always in these there is the longing to be among those they love. Yet
service must be given and such as Menw give these services readily and with a willing
heart. Upon their return from such missions, much happiness reigns and there is some
celebration. Yet precious hours are not lost. Such as Menw love to spend much time with
their children in guiding and instructing them and in sharing the affections they feel.
Forgotten for a while is the cloud that hangs over Earth, for another is serving. Yet within each is the knowledge that the hour when he must return to duty will come. This is neither
anticipated nor rejected for it is the service to which all have dedicated themselves.”
“You mentioned children?” I asked. “How many children does Menw have?”
“Menw is the father of sixteen,” said To.
“Whew!” I answered.
“It is not too many for these so well mated,” said To.
“Well Little Ones,” said To, “The Turbulent One still rotates upon its unstable axis and

casts its fearful pinkish glow. Join your efforts with those such as Menw so that such lives
of sacrifice shall not be lived in vain."
"We will do our best," we answered humbly. "Good Night, To."
The power went out of our device and Betty and I just sat there looking at each other for
a long time.

CHAPTER FOUR

Concerning Earth

After our talk with To, Betty and I had a much clearer picture of the Martians. Everything they'd told us to date made a very definite pattern of life. And if it didn't we were quick to ask them, and they always filled in so we could easily understand. Everything they told us left more questions in our minds so we continued to seek. On a night, some time after our talk with To and after we'd written, to the best of our ability what he'd said, we decided to contact the planet Mars again.

"We've heard so many stories on how the Earth was formed, let's ask them tonight and see what they have to say," suggested Betty.
"All right," I answered. "The kids are all asleep and as we've become regular night owls, let's just find out what they have to say."
We got out the device and placed it on the table.
I made the call this night. It was to the control station in Vrss, and we had to wait only a few seconds before we felt the power come into the device.
"Little Ones, I see your curiosity is awakened again," came the controller's voice. "Of what will you know this night?"
We would like to know about the planet Earth," I said. "We want to get your version of its creation and history."
"A question of such intricacy is not for me to answer," came the voice. "I shall connect you with the Temple of Light. There you will find one versed well in this subject who will be pleased to give you such information."
"Are we getting too inquisitive?" asked Betty.
"There are mysteries which may not be revealed to people of Earth,

but this is not one of them. Wait, if you will please."
We waited and I felt that perhaps we were maybe encroaching upon sacred ground. But it was too late now. We'd asked the question and if we were inconvincing to anyone, it was too late to retract it.
A voice came though, a gentle quiet voice, filled with a certain pleasure and humility. We felt better now for we knew this person was glad to give us what we'd asked for.
"I am Sapa, scribe to Tarrot, of the Temple of Light. Your question has been referred to me and I shall answer to the best of my humble ability."
"Thank you Sapa," I said. "Do you mind if we write down what you say?"
"You may write if you wish," was the answer.
I hurried for a pencil and paper while Betty waited for me to return. Finally I was ready. Betty would tell me what was said and I would transcribe it.
"The millenniums of time Earth has traversed her path in orbit has been turbulent and violent, also sweet and gentle, according to the influx or outflux of Universal movement."
"In the original beginning before creation of Earth, and her Sun and sister planets, there was a period of great calm. An influx of motion in which the positiveness of the Eternal Mind, called God, drew the energy of this universal space inward forming a condensed mass. Only the negativeness of this energy was drawn inward into a huge ball of motion. Outward and around this mass, remained the positiveness of this universal energy."
"Loosely, at first, the negative energy was still slightly mingled with positive energy as it gathered together. The negative particles followed His Law and joined together in circular globes, each trying to circle the other in seemingly endless motion and action. These globes of negative energy were in the form of high elements, or gasses, made so by their grouping together and densifying themselves by this community action."
"I see what you mean," I said for I knew he could hear me whether my hand was upon the device or not. "I think, but could you give me some idea of this positive and negative energy and how it goes to

make up space?"
"Draw before you, with colored pencils if you will, a dot of one color, then the next dot of a second color. These colors represent the presence of positive and negative aspects of space. Below it draw a second line in which the dot of one color is directly opposite the dot of the other color. Now a third line doing the same."
"Wait a minute until I get pencils," I said. I scurried around and came up with a red and a blue pencil. Then I set to work. After I'd completed the three lines as instructed, he interrupted.
"If you continue this process upon the whole sheet, you will notice that you also have vertical as well as horizontal lines, each made of different colored dots. If you will consider each of these lines without end, and you should draw the same design upon sheet after sheet until you have used an endless number of sheets, placing an opposite colored dot above the lower, you have an idea how space is constructed. Yet in space the lines become so closely together that they intermingle as do the pages when pressed together. Let the red which you have chosen represent positive energy, the blue negative."
I looked at the lines I had drawn. A sudden thought came to me.
"Then each particle, if you want to call them particles, of positive energy is completely surrounded by particles of negative energy and each negative is surrounded completely by positive particles?"
He didn't answer directly so I assumed my deduction to be correct.
"This is space," he continued, "untouched by Mind, Living Space! Alive with both positive energy and negative energy. From this living space are all things created."
"From this living space, His Mind begins creation. The negative begins to draw together, excluding the positive as it does. This negative draws together loosely, leaving some positive energy intermingled. Around about is a steady flow of positive energy. By this drawing together the negative is no longer pure energy, but a heavier gaseous element rolling and tossing. It is now moving also through the excluded positive energy, faster and faster – around and around. At a certain speed the elements burst forth as Fire, which burns up the gasses. This firey mass has an explosive nature due to the gasses within it, and throws off far out into the positive energy,

small particles of mass. These small burning globes of gas are attracted back toward the larger mass, but lack the force and attraction needed to completely reunite it with the original mass. Thus they slowly orbit around this mass at speeds in accordance with their densities and distance from the huge mass."

"Each small globe of gasses continues to burn for eons of time, creating fumes around about them. The fumes can go nowhere, but gather around the flaming mass of burning gasses in a fuming haze. The negative mass keeps these negative fumes drawn close because of their same polarity."

"These fumes cool in the space around the mass and form huge drops of liquid water, which fall down upon the burning, molten gaseous mass. The fire now ceases, and more steam and fumes rise from the chemical change of the water touching the burning mass. This covers eons of time."

"Four periods of Earth's creation have been reviewed, each covering eons and millenniums of time. Five more periods must be reviewed before you see your higher intelligences, which observed them and the Earthly globe closely. This stage must be broken down to more fully understand what these arriving soul essences represent and how they manifested."

A. "The highest evolved soul essences gathered together earthly elements, with the aid of the higher intelligences, and fashioned bodies of various forms in which to manifest. The various forms they manifested were a result of the helping higher intelligences idea and desires of this manifestation. The soul essences of Earth could not discern the differences of these manifestations among themselves as yet; for they lacked conscious understanding. These forms were combined male and female and reproduced after their own likeness from action within themselves."

B. "The next highest evolved were the 'soul essences' which were directed by the gentleness of those positive thoughts sent out by the less higher intelligences from other solar systems, and manifested themselves as plant life and the beauteous flower life."

C. "The lowest evolved 'soul essences' were directed by yet less higher intelligences of another system and manifested into the

elements. These in turn, acting according to Law, created minerals of a definite nature, which in turn worked upon the mass of Earth, conforming it to their nature."
"So now we have the three planes of existence called mineral, plant, and animal, created by the three phases of the Mind stage of the fifth period. Now we turn to the fourth stage of the fifth period, which in itself has twelve stages of development, too involved to take up at this point."
"At stage four, the animal group began a series of changes. They lost their qualities of male and female combination and became split; one half male, the other half female. During this time lapse, no change occurred in the mineral and plant groups."
"At stage five, a form known as humanoid roamed the globe of Earth, attacking each other, yet ever pushed onward by the will for survival. As yet no form of reason had found existence within their minds. The animal form also roamed upon the globe, containing a separate wave of 'soul essences'. These lacked even the Will being formed in the human mind."
"At stage six, a dull consciousness was aroused within these humanoid manifestations, enabling them to be aware of their own desire."
"At stage seven, a simple form of conscious reason enabled them to band together in small family communities. This is what Earth called Cavemen. Such a community, they reasoned, was necessary for protection; and now too, came the desire to keep close to themselves that which was born of the unions."
"At stage eight, their evolving consciousness led them to the forming of tribes and they became more aware of their surroundings."
"At stage nine, a governed and planned civilization made its appearance upon the globe of Earth. Also came the conscious realization of the Central Spark, the Sun's effect upon Earth. They observed the changes in seasons and reasoned that the Central Spark was the giver of life. Thus the first simple form of worship came into being. They offered sacrifices to it in the form of all things they found satisfying upon Earth. It was worship formed of fear."
"At stage ten, they became more aware of desire, and greater

became their tasks at satisfying this hunger."
"At stage eleven, the higher mind of understanding began its development. And with that development came higher perfection in reasoning power and ability."
"At stage twelve, the ability to understand was completed in the mind, giving it the ability to retain wisdom. Now, joined together was the Will of the early stage, with the reasoning gained in the later period, and understanding of the last stages, now, we have man as he was at the beginning of the sixth period."
"By the sixth period Earth had now perfected the body and the mind of man manifesting upon the globe Earth. Within this period the great continents of Atlantis and Lemuria were in existence. The people of this age were tall and graceful. They had mastered the secrets of space flight and atomic fission. They became friends with the people of Venus and traded commercially with them. They had even attained to the rare perfection of Eternal Life, for they practiced the Law of Love and understanding."
"Yet into this place of beauty and peace came the infiltration of 'Soul essences' from another system. These being of low evolvement were born into stations of high authority, for it was their desire to rule the planet Earth and the great continent of Atlantis. With the influx of these beings the great spirituality of Atlantis broke down and Earth moved into the seventh period."
"During the seventh period, the religious order of Atlantis was completely infiltrated with these low evolved aliens. The Atlanteans fell prey to the lasciviousness and evil offered by these."
"The continent of Atlantis lost its spirituality and began persecuting those good men who prophesied its fall into evil and destruction. Internal strife ruled everywhere within this once great continent, and it spread to neighboring continents.
"The Venusians ceased to come as friends. They only came to offer advice and wisdom, but the High Priests who ruled Atlantis would not hear. Atomic fission was used no longer for peaceful pursuits but now became a weapon by which they conquered the lesser people of Earth. Yet the Venusians continued to come, hoping to turn Atlantis back to its state of spirituality. Those last to come were put to death

in most horrible fashions by the High Priests of now evil Atlantis."
"Taunting, haughty, proud and boastful the Atlanteans went about releasing their poisonous atomic explosions upon less fortunate persons. The Earth began wavering upon her axis and strange cataclysms began taking place. Only one prophet remained alive and his warnings of doom were only laughed at. The Earth moved quickly into the eighth period."
"The eighth period brought torrents of cataclysms that loosed the bowels of Earth. The Earth shifted upon her axis and huge hunks of ice were torn loose from the polar regions and were flung over hundreds of miles. Earthquakes shook the land and then the rain began! The great chunks of ice being flung from the polar regions melted, and more rain poured down."
"Atlantis sank beneath the rising seas and amid the trembling caused by the violent quakes. Only the prophet survived. The Venusians had taken his welfare upon themselves and gave him the secret of such survival."
"Thus was born the record in your Holy Book of Noah and his ark. Recorded history began and carried Earth into her ninth period."
"The ninth period has been a revival of the intellectual and spiritual faculties of man, the battle to get the one functioning in harmony with the other. Man has traveled in this ninth period for well over the four thousand recorded years of history in much the same manner as did the early civilized man up to the Atlantean age. History repeats the same phase often times over and over again, in an attempt to consciousness of evolving man the necessity to profit from such. experience or the understanding that experience gives. Earth has now returned to the early Atlantean age. Air flight has arrived. Early exploring into outer space has begun. The knowledge of atomic fission is present in all nations of Earth. The Space People have returned for negotiations with Earth Governments and peoples."
"Great will be the folly of Earth if she continues in her proud manner of selfexploitation. The path of evolvement divides now into two branches. People upon your planet may take either. One, the way of destruction; the other, to a New Age for Earth. More time cannot be given to the planet Earth for she holds all the Universe back in

evolvement. There must be the harvest and the separation of the good kernels from the chaff."
"Above the heads of all this lie the 'many mansions' spoken of in your holy book. Many of 'the mansions' will house those who have risen higher than the New Age evolvement now occurring upon Earth; yet, many of 'the mansions' are the just receiving places of the chaff. For the chaff will be blown and scattered by the winds; finding and occupying those abodes which will then afford it the evolvement it needs to grow intellectually and spiritually. Upon Earth, those gathered in the harvest – one here in the field and one there in the market – shall live in the higher vibratory age that gives opportunity of higher inner growth and greater understanding."
"Freely and completely then can the Space People land and aid Earth in her onward path. Nations will no longer exist, but one great brotherhood shall unite Earth in Love, Peace, and Understanding. All upon your Earth shall, indeed become as little children, ready and able to receive the good prepared for them before Material Creation."
"In leaving, this axiom, I will relay, for spoken by the Greatest Master of All, it is the promise of the future, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.'
"These words are given you by Sapa, Scribe to Tarrot, of the Temple of Light."
Betty said the power had gone out of the device. My arm ached from writing, although I hadn't noticed it in the least as I hurriedly wrote while Betty dictated.
"Whew!" said Betty. "Did you get it all?"
"As nearly as I could in such a hurry," I answered.
"It's amazing that there has been a civilization more advanced than ours here on Earth, isn't it?" Betty asked.
"It certainly is," I answered. "Think of it. They even had space ships! And traded with the Venusians. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could live to see that age again upon this Earth?"
"It certainly would," answered Betty. "We know they're there waiting for acceptance. Why can't other people realize it?"
"Maybe there's too much chaff still around," I said.
"Wasn't that interesting about the kernels and chaff?" asked Betty.

"Did you understand it fully?"
impress upon the soul Wisdom is gained from
"Well, I can only judge for myself," I answered. "But it looks something like this to me. The Earth has a predestined course of evolution to follow, and all other planets in our solar system do too. Some people upon Earth are not evolving as fast as Earth is. Some are. Those who are, will still remain here as Earth moves into what is termed the New Age. The tenth period, I'd say. Those who aren't ready to move on will be separated somehow -- maybe by cataclysms, flood, or another less violent manner, and will be reborn into worlds that are still on a lower level of evolvement than ours."
"Something like School. Huh?" Betty asked. "If you don't pass a grade you take the whole thing over again."
"I'd hate to think of taking any Earth period over again," I said. "I'm happy to be where I am right now. Nothing behind me interests me in the least, but the future sure does.
"We've sure come to a point where we talk about souls being reborn into another body as though we had completely adopted the idea." Said Betty.
"Don't we?" I asked.
"I'm going to ask them about this more fully," said Betty.
"I'm dead tired," I said. "Let's go to bed and sleep; not talk, sleep!" Betty looked at me with a smile. She knew after I'd had my bath, we'd be up half the night talking anyway … It seemed to be the pattern of our lives now.

CHAPTER FIVE

Lucifer

"Let's try the sixty four dollar question on them tonight," I said one afternoon after we'd received our information regarding Earth.
"The sixty four dollar question?" asked Betty "What do you mean?"
"About the asteroid belt," I answered. "There are a hundred theories regarding it."
"Good idea," said Betty. "Soon as dinner's over and the kids are in bed let's get hold of Sapa and see what he will tell us."
I was filled with excitement as we waited. I'd heard that according to

some law that had something to do with the planets and their location, there should be a planet in the area between Mars and Jupiter.
"You take the notes, Betty, and I will make the call," I said. Dinner was over, and the kids were now sound asleep.
I got out the device and laid it on the kitchen table. I made the call for the control section of the League headquarters in Vrss. The power came into our device, and I listened as the operator answered me.
"Little Ones," came the answer, "does your curiosity always burn with such ardent fire?"
"May I speak with Sapa of the Temple of Light?" I asked. Later I realized I had spoken rather abruptly.
There was a moment's silence, then I recognized Sapa's voice.
"I am Sapa, Scribe to Tarrot of The Temple of Light," he said. "Much pleasure will be mine if I may serve children of Earth."
"Can you tell us of the Asteroid Belt?" I asked.
"Of this we have much memory. In this orbit once revolved the planet Lucifer. During the period of the sixth, which has been spoken of to you before, Lucifer has left a deep impression upon the history of the planet Mars. At the time of its rotation, we upon Mars, had reached the immature state of scientific development which now exists upon Earth. Those beings of Lucifer were of a higher scientific development, having at their command the means of traversing space. But wicked deeds were in the hearts of their scientists."
"They brought slag of radioactive materials and deposited them in our oceans; They blasted away many of our mountain areas searching for their precious ores. They stole our children from many places for their servants. Many other things they did to us also. We thrust at them with inadequate defenses, but we rarely touched their rapid craft.
"Upon our planet we have recorded certain flashes observed upon the planet Lucifer. They grew more brilliant through several years. These were explosions and flashes similar to those of atomic blasts seen upon Earth now."
"Their scientists were evil in their drive for more power and planned the conquest of every planet. Venus was the wisest of all planets, and

her rulers visited Lucifer to negotiate. These received a refusal to peaceful terms, and were told that the beings of Lucifer intended to rule every planet upon which they landed. Rulers of Venus warned them they would destroy themselves and then took leave."
"Within three years of Earth's time (after that) the planet Lucifer disintegrated into asteroid particles. These particles are what your astronomers see."
"Great catastrophies shook Jupiter and Mars; great floods, volcanic eruptions, axis shifts. Destruction of one of Saturn's moons left her encircled in her belt of tiny particles. For this threw her moon too close to the planet itself and it was dissolved by magnetic force."
"Earth's moon moved farther away from your planet, by this solar upset, and ceased to revolve upon its axis. Thus will your moon always remain with one side to your planet."
"Now the egos of those that had lived upon Lucifer embodied themselves on the other solar planets to complete their evolvement. These passing egos came to Earth, Mars, Pluto, Jupiter, and Saturn. Many have learned the lesson they had to learn well and have evolved; but many there are yet who hold this same evil within their minds (now)."
The beautiful land of Atlantis stood within the sun's rays at the years most closely relating to Earth's calendar time of ten to thirty thousand years ago. Living upon this lovely continent were tall and beautiful beings, learning from and serving off their past evil karma. Into these came the evil egos of the no longer existing planet of Lucifer."
"Again they practiced their black deeds and brought other people of Earth beneath their control. Thus also came the great destruction of this beautiful continent. When Atlantis fell the continent sank in a horrible sight. Only one mountain top remained high above the waters, and here the prophet you know as Noah set his craft to land."
"Other continents were thrust up from the Ocean floor, while yet others sank below. Throughout the Earth the grinding of this tremendous change wrought its work of rejuvenation. Pure races of evolving people of Earth were taken up by Venusians and were landed back with Noah's craft. This 'ark' was not a water ship, but built to remain 'above the waters' and was an aircraft built to

instructions given by the Venusians. This craft was of a long shape with portholes along each side and could either remain on the water or above. It was powered by the same theory that the other Atlantean craft used, yet it was of a finer design and construction."
"When Atlantis sank it trapped huge quantities of gasses beneath it surface. These do occasionally shift during certain moon cycles and cause tidal waves and other ocean fatalities."
"So this much I give, by Sapa, Scribe to Tarrot, of The Temple of Light."
"Thank you, Sapa," I said. "This is very enlightening, indeed. Can you tell us more about the egos that caused the destruction of Lucifer and Atlantis? Have they evolved to understanding, and if not, where are they now?"
"Many of those same Egos still hold with their evil ways and are now embodied upon Earth. They yet practice the ways of destruction that have caused such great catastrophies in ages past."
"Will they succeed in their destruction?" I asked.
"This depends on the peoples of Earth. It is our hope that they shall be cast out of Earth as they have been upon every other planet they have invaded with their evil."
Thank you, Sapa," I said. "We shall tell those who will listen. May I ask one more question of you?"
"Knowing your question, before you ask, I shall now give unto Larye, Scribe to Aaru, of The Temple of Light, the opportunity of speaking."
"I am Larye, Scribe to Aaru, of The Temple of Light. Of what, Little Children of Earth, would you know?"
"You know the question too, don't you Larye?" asked Betty, looking up from her notes toward someone above the ceiling.
"It is known by me, but rather it is asked so it may be transcribed in the notes." He answered.
"Are there people on the Moon, our moon, I mean?" I asked.
"Earth's Moon does have its race of beings. These are similar in evolution to Earth Men. But of this I will tell you no more. Mel Bez De Son, answered Larye.
His answer was final and we knew we had pumped them both of all they intended to give this night.

CHAPTER SIX
Religion

There was so much more that Betty and I thought we had to know before we had a picture complete enough to really understand life. And the more we discussed this problem, the greater the mystery grew. We had always felt that somehow, life was quite simple, and that we could get all the answers, wrap it all up and tie it with a string. Now, the size of wrapping paper we'd need was taking on the dimensions of the Universe itself and the string would have to be the length of Eternity itself. would get out our device and ask them until we had no more; answers to the ones we'd ask. we found a thousand new questions arising in our minds.

It was during such an evening that we got into a discussion on religion and its implications. For we'd reached a point where we felt they knew all things and we were unafraid to ask the Space People anything. Little did we realize the very finite scope of our minds.

We were both handling the device this night and we heard the station on Vrss answer us very distinctly.
"Ah, Little Ones of Earth," came the answer to our call, "what questions lie in wait in your mind to find an answer this night?"
"What is your belief concerning God?" asked Betty. Although this question had been bothering me all my life, and I imagine everyone else on Earth, Betty's bluntness in asking it startled me.
"Here I would like to clarify an impression that many of Earth seem to be impressed with. God, as talked of in your Holy Book is not who, but what. There is much misunderstanding among Earth people regarding this. Some see God as a very kind old man, who has a magic wand with which he can create miracles. And so they implore Him to fulfill their every desire in a manner that benefits only them. There are even those upon your Earth who believe they can live as they wish, without regard to law or regard for their brother, and when the hour of judgment comes, through very clever argument or by throwing themselves upon His mercy evoke His forgiveness."
"Ah, the Law of God is not so simple. God is a great mystery. We can

only know a little of His true nature and for further discussion on that, I shall connect you with The Temple of Light,"
There was a moments silence as we waited. This did not shock me, that which his words conveyed, for I had never thought of God as some sort of a superior person. There was relief within me. Perhaps, though, we shouldn't pursue this. It seemed as if suddenly this one person was completely destroying the God many have worshiped all their lives. I heard a quiet voice, which broke my thoughts.
"I am Larye, Scribe to Aaru, of The Temple of Light. Great shall be my pleasure in serving you."
"Who – what is God?" asked Betty again. I had to hand it to her for her persistence on this subject.
So, as questions arose we but when we'd ponder the
"What of the God as spoken of in your Holy Book and according to my understanding I shall relay to you. Sapa, Scribe to Tarrot of this Temple gave you certain information regarding the creation of your Earth. If you will recall to memory, he informed you that in the beginning was Mind, Creative Mind. Mind acting upon living space created the Universe in which we live and brought into being, through eons of time, the whole as is now present."
"Think, if you will, upon this a moment. This is MIND without dimension, without beginning, without end. MIND in its inherent nature has that ability to create. So at the beginning of all things, MIND is. Now MIND begins action by thought. This thought is termed by many as IDEA. Within itself MIND conceives IDEA. This IDEA is the whole picture of our Universe in what might be called a planning program. In this stage MIND completely plans what it shall create."
"I think I see," I said for it had come to me with a flash.
"Sort of like an architect, huh? He has a mind that has been trained in the ability to conceive a building or structure. Then he must spend certain hours drawing up and formulating a certain set of plans. He works with these, checking and rechecking until he has all the bugaboos out of it. Right?"
"That is why the Creator is often called the Great Geometrician of the Universe. If man would bother to look, as you have, upon this occasion, he would see the plan of Creation of all things."

"After this planning stage is completed MIND begins the third stage. The actual manifestation of all that has been planned comes into being. This creates the condition we know as Time and Space."
"Just as your architect has created according to Laws, for he cannot create anything that does not fulfill all laws pertaining to structures, so does God create also according to HIS LAWS. The seeking out of those LAWS and the application of them is what your Earth terms Religion."
"This is quite simple to understand, yet it frightens me," said Betty.
"Because I have clarified God for many?" asked Larye.
"I guess that's it," Betty answered.
"What many have worshipped is a God of man's creation. Confusing, without purpose, without power, Only through a Universal God, acting according to HIS LAW without variance, can all beings throughout the Universe receive Justice. Were this not so, chaos would reign rather than order."
"How then are we create in the image of GOD", I asked.
"Think you, if you will, of the unit you possess called Mind. Is his not a spark of the Central Mind?

Does it not have the attributes to plan, then bring into being according to that plan? Is anything created without first Mind action? Does not the exertion of will according to plan bring all things into manifestation?"

"The Mind you now possess, through future eons of develop-ment shall become MIND. Of this I will speak no more for there are mysteries concerning this that we have not fathomed."

"Then we really are Children of God, aren't we?" asked Betty.

There was only silence, and I knew until we realized it within ourselves Larye could do nothing further for us.
"What of all the religions of Earth?" asked Betty. "Is there any right religion?"
"As in your device, each crystal receives its separate impression and channels this toward the center to give certain concentration, so are religions of Earth. Each serves a certain stage of evolvement. Each

has its purpose. Were it not so, your many branches of the same tree would crystallize and become no longer of service. Yet most of your religions are still in that vibratory state where they receive and reflect just ahead of the seeking minds who maintain them. There is NO criticism of your religions here, foe each IS a path leading to the same goal."

"All religious orders on Earth are basically good, for they denote the advancement in evolvement of a civilized people striving for mastery of the elements, material and spiritual. Different individuals respond in a manner best suited for them, and so they choose a religion they can best advance in. The beauty of all religions upon Earth is not fully appreciated by the beings of Earth, but to us who have advanced similarly it is quite magnificent in its sweeping inspiration. Humbleness is ever present when Earth's brothers witness from space the activities of a Sabbath Day."

"Within all these various branches are many who become lost. Rather than gathering all that each has to offer, they spend unprofitable hours finding fault with the beliefs of others. So when you seek, Little Ones, seek that light which shines at the inner center of all religions."

"What you say makes very good sense to me," I said. "And even in religions we find persons of the same faith condemning each other for the way they practice that religion."

"What you say is true and shows deep insight. No two persons travel the same road of evolvement. In the establishment of true brotherhood, each shall allow the other to live according to his own convictions, and expect the same right for himself."

"But when we see others in trouble and want to help them with advice, is this wrong?" asked Betty.

"Each revolution of life can be considered as a term in school. Should a child bring all that is to be learned home to the parents, and gain any knowledge if that parent does that work for him? Be wise in this. All are not upon the same level of evolvement. Each is learning a different lesson. Until he asks you for assistance, give him none. And when he does seek, give him only the light by where he may complete his work with his own efforts. Also judge others upon this basis. Would you criticize your child if he knows not how to solve a

problem? How then can you criticize a brother who knows not how to handle his life? It is either through experience or seeking that he shall learn. Remember you this always, that you hold not another in bondage, for upon your head rests the conviction and punishment for such bondage."

"God then knows of all our needs? And is not truly far away?" I asked. I knew there were times when I was sure He was millions of miles away, somewhere lost in the great black space of eternity.

"Your God in his infinite wisdom, has always made Himself closer than the blood within your veins. Call back to memory that that God creates all things within MIND. This MIND knows no time nor space. Everything within the Universe is within this MIND. All His Laws are in thought form constantly and everywhere. receives not it is because he salls amiss. Think you upon this deeply."

"I understand the part about His Law, I think," I said. "Is it mathematics? No matter where we are or what time it is, all the laws of mathematics apply everywhere alike? If we add two and two in Spain or under the sea or in outer space we still get four?"

"Mathematics is a true Law of God, indeed. It is only having learned this law of mathematics that allows the proper application of it to the solution of any problem where it is concerned with quantity. This is true of all of God's Laws. They are as unvarying as the Laws of Mathematics, and when Earth people learn them thoroughly and practice them, great shall be the resultant harmony and unity."

"To go further into the matter, consider our much talk about vibrations. Think you, of yourself as constructed similar to what you call a television instrument. From a central If one calls and

something like point is the record made and sent forth. Power is induced into this instrument and upon proper relation between its functioning parts a picture is formed. Exactly a reproduction of that being recorded at the central point. Its clearness depends upon the quality of the instrument through which it is received. Vibration impinging itself upon delicate devices made vibrant by the induced power. Such is Man. By learning the proper relationship between his functioning parts, he too can receive all that is contained in MIND.

Power there is, for it is life itself. Consider you now vibrations. Within the same area can be vibrations of heat, light, thought, and even the vibrations that give shape and form to the picture you view upon the television instrument. So it is with MIND. Lower vibrate the Laws to serve that degree of manifestation. Higher vibrate the laws to serve the higher degrees of manifestation. Depending upon the vibrations you have the ability to receive do you manifest."

"I'll have to think about this a bit," I said. For I knew that some day soon, if I did not properly place this within my memory, that the picture for me would get fuzzy again.
"Persons must become 'grooved' to thoughts before they can manifest themselves in service," said Larye.
I realized he was reading my mind, for I was sure I hadn't said a word.
"Is this the way mental telepathy works?" I asked.
"Each person's mind sends out thought vibrations, and when one has been trained to perceive such, it is possible," he answered.
"Something I've been trying to completely figure out," said Betty. "God is good and just, but why must the Law be such that some seem to be punished unjustly?"
"There is no punishment directed from God. Only does man punish himself," said Larye. "Consider now the whirling metallic device which is the instrument with which you cut metals and wood."
"A power saw," I said.
"Should an operator inadvertently let his hand come in contact with the whirling blade, has the saw punished him for his practice? Yet already he has known the Law. In his carelessness, he has not conformed with it. Yet one lesson he has learned. If he is wise, great shall be his respect for the Law that governs the whirling blade and his physical being."
"I see then, God doesn't punish us, we only punish ourselves." I said.
"It is through the breaking of the Law that we are punished. Sad it is to us indeed, to see those of Earth who have been instructed in false laws which they feel they must conform to, Then when breaking one, punish themselves for so doing. Seek knowledge of the Law with all

your ability. For in knowing the Law comes great freedom and great power."
"Do we only receive help from God by the 'tuning in' process which you mentioned?" I asked.
"God in his Infinite Grace has created many, many helpers. There are those who have not developed within themselves the consciousness of this indwelling knowing. These too, are helped and guided according to their needs for enlightenment. Higher man serves lower man. There are those above that serve us, as we in our way serve you."
"Man?" I asked. "Are there more than just one type?"
"There are three types of man," said Larye. "Lower Man, Angel, and Archangel."
"Could you tell us of those three types?" Betty asked.
"First I must tell you that there are twelve planes of expression for Man. Each of the three types express upon four of these planes. Lower Man is allowed to express on the four lower planes which are Mineral, Plant, Animal and Man planes. Angel occupies the planes of the four powers, Fire, Air, Water and Earth. The four planes of the Archangel we shall not discuss at present. Learn you of these eight planes and you have done well." "Doesn't lower Man occupy the Earth?" I asked.
"Earth according to terminology here, has a different understanding. Lower Man is given command over the three lower planes. Lower man is now in the process of occupying the plane of Earth. He shall fully command Earth when he has fully mastered himself; now, he but dwells upon it. Angel is given charge over lower Man."
"Do we become as Angels then?" Betty asked.
"This is lower man's next step in evolution," said Larye. "When he has won the battle within himself he shall occupy the station of the Angel."
"Can you tell me something of the four powers you spoke of?" I asked.
"At certain charted points in the heavens we find the basic stars and planets which best accommodate Earth. As charted near the constellation Ursa Major there is a group of stars that house beings of

a highly sympathetic nature. These beings have passed through the lower stages of evolvement and are now risen in understanding to a stage where they aid in perfecting the material creations within our system. Each basic manifestation of solid matter here is worked upon by them and is being constantly improved."

"The very essence of material man is directed by certain beings there. When we understand that there are forces working in and around our system that defy the consciousness of present man to know, we will absorb into ourselves the directed thought vibrations channeled out by others and united with these beings. In this union we will become fortified with wisdom and start a chain of never separated understanding."

"If to our physical eyes we could behold these beings we would see as manifestation the glowing vibrations of Fire, Moving in a manner unrecognizable to our understanding. These essences are best symbolized as a Lion, spoken of in dthe Holy Book revealed to those here by learned men."

"Another section of our heavens house essences of the nature manifesting to us as rarified gasses, moving forth in currents of force. These control the atmosphere of the planets of this solar system, and are so spoken of as being symbolized as the Eagle. There are several different divisions of these essences and the Whole of Creation immediately connected with this system is controlled by them.

"Within a place in our heavens reside those essences who are liquefied and control the flowing ,manifestations of water and all liquids here. These are symbolized by the Lamb, and in sacred writings are referred to as the Blood of The Lamb, meaning to each their own understanding of sacred scripture."

"The last of these essences are defined by their solidification and symbolized by the face of Man. These are in control of those manifestations that serve man, such as the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

" The Four Forces spoken of are assigned a particular place in the heavens, and their directions fall within the realms of the given names; North, South, East and West. From the East comes and houses the Lion of Fire, From the West comes the liquefied essences

or Lamb. The South brings the glorious atmosphere and gasses or Eagle, while the North gives the face of Man; each moving and depending upon the other for realization and creating the power of the Supreme Consciousness. Their directions of motion are every way, but even straight forward, and these complete symbolized by the swastika cross with arms moving counter-clockwise."
"It will be found that this emblem graces the homes, buildings, inside the crafts and clothing of many existing in this system. Those living upon a star cluster, not too drastically distant from Earth to be traveled by those in special crafts, wear upon their person this emblem to remind them of these ever present four forces."
"Knowledge of these forces brings the subject of worship into a more understandable light. The existence of these forces and the Intelligence of the One that created them, and set them into motion is a subject which would take volumes to completely cover. We shall only say that nothing is realized without consciousness and this is obtained through a power not completely comprehensible by any on the Earth plane. As motion carries us further in evolvement and change we shall become wise and full of understanding, leaving the star Earth and dwelling within one of the 'many mansions' that will be further evolved than Earth."
"Will people believe me if I tell them this?" I asked.
"What persons choose to believe has nothing to do with the truth. What is in existence exists, and opinions can in no way change it," said Larye.
"Symbolized worship will ever be necessary to the present minds of men, for a correlation of objects with the Divine has been a means of evolution. The pagan worship of various tribes on Earth is a natural and necessary phase of civilization. Even the minute atom and the spacious Universe represent and compose the same laws of perfection and harmony, for nothing could exist if this harmony was lacking. These material manifestations are observable powers moving within our consciousness and representing a higher intelligence controlling them. Everything recognized is associated with a previous memory and so symbolizes an action or thought in return. It is this association we seek to correlate with the Divine for knowing as we do

all things are but in existence through this higher force or Divine power."
"I see what you mean, although it is deep," I answered
"Can you tell us what evil is?" asked Betty.
"Evil has many apparent faces," said Larye. "It is much as darkness, and is misunderstood a very great deal upon your Earth. Let us first consider light before we go further into this subject. Light and intelligence are one."
"Within your being is the equipment to experience light. Yet there are Light vibrations above your ability to observe and Light vibrations that are below your ability to observe. Should you walk into an area which to you is darkness, then you think there is no light. Yet there is light present, vibrating at a rate below your ability to perceive. You flood the area with light vibration which you can perceive. Now, you say, there is light. There is only a greater light that displaces the lesser light. So it is with intelligence. The higher always displaces the lower. So what is termed Evil is merely the lower expression of the same GOOD or GOD."
"What of sin?" I asked.
"Your term sin is interpreted to mean missing the mark of perfection of which you are capable of obtaining. What is sin for one is sin for all. There are no exceptions to the Law. All must suffer accordingly."
"What of Jesus?" asked Betty. I felt she was treading upon sacred ground but Larye gave us his answer in the same tone he'd used all through our conversation."
"Jesus The Christ contains much mystery, which I shall not reveal at this time."
"Can you tell us about the manner in which he was created?" asked Betty.
"I shall choose another time to tell you of how the All has created you and that which takes place as the wheel of life turns ever moving toward the high destiny of all mankind. Yet this I will add. The Heaven or Hell of which many speak is without dimension. It is a state of being. Heaven and Hell exist all around about you. Man has only to recognize that he lives within the eternal Heaven and Hell now. By your thoughts, your acts, do you bring one or the other into

manifestation. Observing the Law, not outwardly but inwardly in expressing all the attributes of Heaven do you acquire it. Breaking the Law, not outwardly but inwardly, for outward acts are the result of inward motivation and thought, is Hell created."
"What is the Law?" I asked.
"The Law is that you express as white light. Light has these six qualities: Faith, Purity, Gentleness, Truthfulness in thought, Honesty in action, and Humility. But all must be fed with the living waters of Love. They, expressed, and fed upon the waters of Love can only express as Light and truly bring Heaven into manifestation round about you."
"I think I understand what you mean," said Betty. "You mean if we force ourselves to do these things it's no good. We've got to want to do them from the inner urgings of Love of our fellow beings."
"Upon this hinges the fulfillment of the Law. 'LOVE THY GOD WITH ALL THY HEART AND SOUL AND THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF,'" Answered Larye.
"I see," I said. "But I know I shall have difficulties."
"What is worth having that is not gained by much sacrifice?" asked Larye. "Give full sway to Love within yourself and he six qualities shall express themselves without effort."
"How can all obtain such Love?" asked Betty.
"The Universe abounds with it. Only open yourself to it, and it shall flood your being."
"What forms of religion are upon the planet Mars?" I asked.
"Upon the planets Mars and Venus there is one basic religion; however, it has several branches and is served by the Rilem or High Priests. The lives of the Rilem are generally chosen from an early age, and the schooling is intensive. They may mate if they so choose but many remain in a state of purity unless they find a being in complete harmony with themselves. A balanced state is always idealized and there is always one man and one woman who serve in the ritualistic work of the Temple.
"Many times a Rilem is chosen for a special work and is sent from his home planet to serve in a brotherhood of Universal Love. These are dedicated to the advancement of all humanity, and serve in various

fields. Some are taught in a special field of medicine and healing, others to the spreading of Light and Wisdom, etc. The fields are many; but those chosen are few, for rarely is one ready to master all and serve the Whole of Creation.

"Truth and service is given to Earth by some of the special Rilem, but they are never known by name for they operate through another's mind to give to him the desired thoughts to be manifested. Too often those upon Earth attribute their success to their own creation, while the value of others' thoughts and actions are rarely recognized as the true means for manifestation. We cannot deny that we are affected by our every action and by others around us. This is evidenced by our present environment and actions regarding decisions made in any field."

"The service given by our Rilem is unselfish for it encompasses the Whole Solar System of Earth in a bond of Love. Love is a language that can be spoken to any being existing, and it is in Love that they serve Earth."

"Can you describe a service of worship in one of your Temples for us?" asked Betty. "I think we could better understand your Rilem and religion."

"Larye was silent for a moment, then spoke softly.

"Imagine within your mind a huge marble building with pink columns, standing upon a landscape of beauteous perfection. Soft notes of a flute reach across the grounds and combine with a gentle sound of cymbals. Harmony is ever present, and upon the huge doors hangs a whispering cloth that tinkles with each movement. The gentle breeze blows upon the cloth and sets the many woven jewels into motion against each other. The air is delicately scented with a lifting and inspiring herb that is burning in an urn surrounded by an enclosed fountain of water."

"The walls of a delicate blue are lighted and reflect the same hue of light throughout the circular room. Moving with grace and deliberateness through another door are several figures clothed in flowing garments. Being six in number, three feminine and three masculine, they plae themselves upon cushions forming a circle. The men are Rilem, and the women are dedicated Priestesses."

"With knowledge of the Eternal Divinity they join hands and bind the circle, creating the manifestation of a never ending completeness. Now both the Rilem' and the women's thoughts with the material essences are joined in Harmony."
"The colors within the room are complimentary to each other, and the very garments follow the spectrum; one white, then blue, green, yellow, orange and red. Each color represents a certain law of creation, manifesting and functioning in mind."
"The one dressed in White speaks and reveals his law. 'The representation of Light is within the absence of color, and can be obtained by absorbing and controlling all the other manifesting laws.'"
"At his side sat a woman, mostly clothed in sparkling blue and she spoke softly. 'Here within is the negativeness of all creations, the basic grossness and energy which builds, for this is the color of the Mother sitting beside the Whiteness of the Father.'"
"A man clothed in a clear and perfect green garment spoke, 'All manner of justice is present in what is represented here. All pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow.'"
"The bright and inspiring color of Yellow clothed the next and she spoke in deliberate and directed tones. 'Intelligence is represented here with all learning the footstool of Truth.'"
"A man in orange garments spoke. 'I hold the key to future revelations, for within my understanding is the relation of motion to mind'"
"A woman in flowing red spoke. 'Here is emotion, the builder and destroyer of all things in realization. Represented here in its basic form and color, low and unevolved.'"
"Thus united and knowing the Laws these united in mind and understanding, worship the Divinity which has caused all to manifest. Peace and serenity are within this Temple dedicated to Love and Humanity. Vibrations that engulf and lift the rate of every being present combine with the soft music and burning herbs, completing the harmony."
"Examining the room closer we find small figures of dancing men and women glazed upon the marble wall surrounding the fountain. The water within remains at a constant level even with the top, and tiny

ripples threaten to cascade over the floor beneath. The burning Herbs are centered within an urn several inches above the water, and wisps of smoke travel lazily up and throughout the room. The Rilem arise and in pairs leave through the draped doorways to their awaiting assemblage."

"Following the man clothed in White and the woman in Blue we enter a huge room that is filled with many worshippers, kneeling with raised arms and encircled with a light of white or blue color. wise ones entering. the wise ones leave as quietly as they came, with nothing but a gently gong to break the silence,"

"That was truly beautiful, and I can only say thank you from the bottom of my heart," I said. Betty was sitting with a dreamy look upon her face, and her eyes shone with a new understanding. Her hand moved slightly as she spoke.

"What beautiful words, but knowing the vast Universe and endless planets, can you tell of the Light and Truth that we would find on a star even more highly evolved than yours?"

Larye spoke quietly.

"If it pleases you to know these I shall humbly relate to you of a brilliant star known to Earth as Sirius."

"Upon the star Sirius beautiful buildings of pastel blues and greens color the cities. Huge dome-shaped spires reach heavenward, while smaller buildings with curved lines sit beneath their shade. The brilliant effect of light there is due to the extreme vibratory rate, and at times merging rates of vibration cause floating shadows to cross the land. There are vast ranges of heavily grown perennial plants and shrubbery, boasting their blue-green foliage in these silent sanctuaries of nature. The land has areas of fertile crops that flourish A cymbal sounds and each rise with bowed heads as they respect the A ceremony of much symbolism is performed, and when completed and produce the quantities of food needed for the survival of the people. The basic principle or quality of the food is extracted, and so a true elixir-of-life is derived. In quantity, a few drops of this liquid in a base of solid foodstuff would sustain a being's body for several days, so great in concentrated form is the energy given."

"Here and there a golden spire rises high, and is sparkling in its

radiation of pure metal. Beneath these protective covers reside the offices for controlling all the engineering, agriculture, educational and scientific fields. The individuals in charge of these departments are chosen according to their true adaptability, and must pass rigid tests."
"Inside these buildings there are mosaic floors of intricate designs and beauty. These pictures relate the story of that building's history, and an entire synopsis is written beneath each explanation. Huge drapes hang ceremoniously encircling a symbol that represents the mathematical location of their star in connection with all the other visible galaxies. The serenity within these buildings is never perturbed by any robust activity, for all affairs are completed in quiet and sedate manners."
"Everything about these beings speaks of grace and gentleness. Their very dress is flowing and quietly colored, for their evolvement is of a finer quality than we know of now. It constitutes a vaporous quality of all elements, though they are essentially the same as here upon Mars. Any state or manifestation can be raised to a higher vaporous manner, yet remains the same in its purpose and relation to the other elements for they too would be elevated."
"These beings have ceased exploring the outer Universe in space craft, for they have no longer a need for this type of vehicle. As a thought here on Mars can travel through space to you upon Earth, so in the same manner can these beings project their intelligence to any desired place. While young in cultural and scientific advancement they traversed the Universe in their elongated craft. Before this golden era many disasters befell the star, and disease ravaged the planet. The evolvement was low and only a few as here now were enlightened. All advancement is slow and nothing is give in tremendous jumps that would upset the harmony."
"As evolvement took place the gifted individuals again came forward and checked the populace to a higher understanding of the 'The Laws.' These beings reside together in groups within beautiful monasteries, that are built and attended by these same individuals. There are both men and women, for the law of balance is always observed. The knowledge they possess is complete in all understanding, and they control all the elements making the space of

Heaven their servant. All is order here, and within these groups there are divided hierarchies in close contact with all other star systems, to one of which belongs Earth. These contacts are made on the plane of thought, and deliver the necessary commands and help for Earth's advancement."

"When these thoughts arrive they are dispensed with through the hierarchies here in the manner they feel is best. Those learned ones there upon Earth are of a vast and wonderous organization of minds. The number of these beings range in the hundreds, and constitute the means for all advancement. Their abodes are exteriorally not easily found, but the thoughts of any can reach their domains if of Love. Beauty and simplicity is everywhere within their homes and schools."

"You mean," I asked, "that these schools are present here upon Earth where the more highly evolved beings of this planet live, and receive instructions from these other higher beings from Sirius?"

"Yes," came our answer from Larye. "Should one chance to be given the opportunity of visiting the abode of these beings, he would find himself within a palace of dazzling beauty. As in all civilizations governed by Law, there is one ruler who is chosen and so placed by his abilities. His power is absolute and completely one of Love and Justice. He does not ule alone, for by his side is another man and a woman, creating a triune head of perfection."

"The hooded figures of these humble yet stately beings are magnetically drawing, and their gentleness is an ever present characteristic. Knowledge seems to be the main desire within these homes, and present everywhere are books or instruments which attain this end. At times a strange and beautiful music can be heard floating through the air, and seems to follow a definite pattern or rhythm. When in a room where many of these gentle beings are present this music reaches its height and duration, for it is brought into being by the harmony of their thoughts, desires and actions."

"Beautiful fountains are always within their homes, and water is given a high honor for the qualities it represents and possesses. Aquatic flowers grow within many of the fountains, and water lilies are quite frequently found to be flourishing beautifully. Flowers and plants row

and add their beauty in these bright airy homes, filling the air with delicate fragrances. The permeation of roses and lilies is everywhere, and seems to follow these masters wherever they go. Their presence fills one with relaxation and peace, for from their minds come only thoughts of harmony and Love."

It is difficult perhaps to comprehend such complete Utopias upon your Earth, but they exist and are attainable to any who learn to master their thoughts and actions. It is such an existence that all living creatures wish to attain, and within the minds of all is this earnest desire and longing. However, before the paths of all are trials and must be surmounted and mastered, for none will ever reside in this beauty until he has met all problems."

"The darkness must be known and the choice to leave behind those pagan desires and actions must be made by all initiates into the light."

"This too is equally beautiful, Larye. But you mentioned that these wondrous homes of masters are here upon Earth. What is the true way of becoming initiated into this master's degree?"

"The inner portals of instruction are secret and forbidden to be revealed, but all can aspire to such admittance by completely elevating their thoughts and actions. No one will be admitted until it is thoroughly understood within their consciousness the necessity of eliminating the darkness and aiding the Whole by serving the LIGHT. The certainty that higher minds here unite is evidence that the highest of all systems unite, and so in likeness are strengthened one by the other."

"Thank you, Larye," said Betty. "There is too much here for me to think about without asking more questions tonight,"

"Good Night," I said

"Mel Bez De Son," said Larye.

The power went out of our device and we felt we'd lost contact with a great shining new world, yet we knew within our hearts that this too was within the grasp of us and everyone who would elevate themselves to Truth and Light.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Wheel of Life

Betty and I spent many hours discussing all that we'd learned from the space people. We talked for hours about how closely their version of the creation of the Universe fitted the story of creation in Genesis. We even realized the seven days of creation were seven phases unto God, and not as man knows now. In Sepa's story of Lucifer, we were certain we'd found the answer to a problem that has bothered astrologers for years. In fact everything they told us made sense to us, for it fitted like a well made jig-saw puzzle, and the picture became clearer with every conversation we had with them. Yet one thing needed to be added before we started in on more detailed information. That was: Where do we, as human beings, go from here?

Several nights after we'd had our discussion with Larye regarding the aspects of religion, we decided we'd have to know the answer to this – if they'd give it to us.

We dug out the device and placed it on our kitchen table. Betty made the call while I got paper and pencil to transcribe what I could of this contact. Betty, as usual, called the main control center in the city of Vrss on Mars.

"Yes, Little Ones," came the answer, "Of what service can I be?"

"We'd like to talk with Larye," said Betty, "that is, if he isn't too busy."

There was a few minutes delay, and then we heard Larye's now familiar voice.

"Ah, Children of Earth," he said. "What would you know of this night?"

"We've heard you and Alna mention the Wheel of Life and you've implied so much about continuous life, I wonder if you could give us information regarding this?"

"Like unto a huge circle or wheel is truly the life cycles of Man, manifesting upon the planes of existence. When explaining this detail, I find difficulty in truly reaching an expressionable group of English phrasing. So bearing with these differences in mind, we shall proceed. At this time I shall bring you the acquaintance of Bazon,

Scribe to Aaru, of the Temple of Light."
"Bazon, Scribe I am," said a voice we hadn't heard before. "Knowing your desires to learn of this wheel of life, I find harmony within your lives that bear examples to this understanding. Recording this as I speak, you are wondering also how I can know of lives already passing here in the ethereal consciousness of Man and registering as grooved actions. Bear with this revelation and you shall find wisdom will unfold itself to you. Be understanding therefore in giving this to people, for FEW will be sufficiently grooved to understand."
"Explaining this Bazon, we must explain to these what expression of action we mean by 'grooved'," said Layre.
"Grooved, Layre, can be explained in the following manner. Children, you understand what the waxy essence of paraffin feels like and reacts to. Indentures can be placed within its body of chemicals by pressure. Taking your finger you can press it deeply within this paraffin, leaving the exact imprint of it there."
"So likewise does your soul body receive imprints of actions performed by the material earthly body it occupies. At birth this untouched or ungrooved soul essence you call the 'electric body' enters, and assuming this bodily shape begins to make indentures by shaping this form."
"Can you explain more fully the electric body?" I asked.
"Like unto electricity in quality is this ethereal body. At birth the 'electric body' by sudden influx, or sucking in manner, occupies its position in the formed chemical body. This process is performed in a manner thus. Throughout all the Universe all things have dual polarity. The opposite action of this 'electric body' holds the chemical body in its form. All that is eaten is assimilated by the magnetic action. It the materials fed the body are gross, the magnetic action draws more strongly from its opposite polarity; the 'electrical' side of its nature weakening it. All things eaten must be overcome by this magnetic action. Knowing that all cells of matter have consciousness of their own, and those of animals higher than those of the plant kingdom, the stronger must the magnetic polarity become to contain them. They, having that individual consciousness, desire to be free to express, thus is the electric polarity decreased."

"True, Larye, true," said Bazon. "And now to pursue this subject further I shall tell them the action of 'grooving'. It is in the positive polarity that such 'grooving' occurs. Much as your musical records are made, so are the impressions grooved into this polarity of eternal body. When thought is accomplished, action taken, and results experienced, all is recorded as impression. Then like action is required, this record comes into the conscious mind and action is decided upon. Thus is the forming of habit."
"You speak well," said Larye. "Now to further the enlightenment of the double polarity of what is called soul. The 'electrical' body retains unto itself the evolvement that it has attained. It, being originated of MIND, knows the HIGH to which it is to evolve, and the LOW from which it has evolved. Like the child in school it takes many lessons on Earth to separate the HIGH from the LOW in the pattern of evolvement. Should it return to the LOW from which it has evolved, it experiences suffering; as it gains the HIGH, it experiences elation."
"Could you tell us more about the electrical body?" asked Betty. "Does it have form as does the chemical body?"
"Many there are upon your Earth," said Larye, "who have seen the emanations of this body. Perhaps you too have seen this, and not clearly understanding it, refused to recognize it. This body produces a glow visible to those that have eyes to see around and about the chemical body to an extent of approximately eight of your inches. By the coloring of this glow, can be determined the quality of the soul within the physical body."
"Can you give us those colors?" I asked.
"Only briefly for there is much art in reading the aura," answered Larye. "From the smoky grey to the golden glow does it vary. Those in high anger reflect a very red glow."
"Seeing red!" I exclaimed impulsively. "That's why people say they see red when they're angry!"
"The ethereal or electrical body remains within the chemical body through life. At times of great illness or near death the magnetic nature can no longer hold the cell consciousness of the body together and its hold is broken by what is termed the severing of the 'Silver Cord."

"Does this electric body ever move out of the chemical body before death?" asked Betty.
"During the loss if consciousness, the electric body may take ventures, reporting the consciousness either clearly or in symbol, that experience which it has had."
"Can this be accomplished voluntarily by a person?" I asked.
"This can only be accomplished voluntarily by those highly trained in the art; but there are those who apply the Law that governs this art, and involuntarily venture from their bodies. These powers do not realize what they have done, nor how it was accomplished," said Larye. "Easy it is to get lost in the strange worlds which lie beyond consciousness."
"Covered now is this subject to the border of Earthly understanding," said Bazon. "To the wheel of life shall we return. Understood it is, that the controlling mind moves the material body to perform the actions of living. Within this life the mind moves the body to form the motions of eating, sleeping, and fulfilling of desires, all accomplishing the obedience to GOD's Laws or disobedience to them."
"Then this is the creation of Heaven and Hell within each individual's consciousness," said Larye.
"Yes, yes, Larye, the material body does the acts which form action, which in turn leaves a definite imprint upon the soul mind, and grooves it with the results of these actions so that it can exercise correct decisions if ever again faced with a similar experience."
"True, but let us exemplify this to a definite action, imploring the past personalities of two upon Earth now. Remembering the stages and periods that planet Earth has gone through, let us travel back to the Atlantean Age," said Larye.
"So it shall be," said Bazon. "Pick I shall one at random who now is upon planet Earth. The period is the sixth and upon Earth is the Age of Atlantis, we go to the city of Kot. Beautious green valleys spread out between numerous mountain ranges, and therein rests the city afore mentioned. Came into this city aboard a Venusian craft, our one, to see and study the peoples and con- ditions of Kot. Great was this one versed in Universal Law and wisdom. Great were the crowds that gathered to hear his messages and enlightenment. Growing very

fond of these good people he journeyed again and again from Venus always bringing words of wisdom and enlightenment. Yet in each returning trip home, his mate wondered at the wisdom of giving the people of Atlantis such advanced learning."
"Shortly within their lives came the Venusian command from the Royal Rulers that the continent of Atlantis was falling from the grace of GOD's Laws. Adverse and evil priests were gaining control of all Earth, and were poisoning the elements with the radioactivity of their conquests. There conquests were gained over less fortunate communities by exploding the fissionable bombs and controlling the survivors."
"The One from Venus, feeling his great love for the people of Atlantis volunteered to come to Earth as an emissary of Peace and negotiate for the planet Venus, her petitions that the Atlantean Priesthood restore Love and Grace to the Earth people. So prepared and giving his last farewell to his mate and children, he left in a silvery craft, bearing the Venusian Peace Symbol of Love upon his uniform."
"Upon landing, the craft was seized and placed into use by the Atlanteans for more conquests, and our one was taken to the High Priests' Council. There he delivered in a direct and humble manner the words of the Royal Venusians. Even though he foretold the doom Atlantis must suffer, the priests mocked him and taunted him. Our one was unmoved, and when told he would be put to death he was unfaltering in his insistence that Peace be restored to Earth. So in the rising rays of the sun, our one was put to death. Although great torment he suffered, he vowed to remain upon Earth until once again his people could land and be at Peace with Earth."
"His vow was such:
'In the Eternal Calm of ever moving mind,
I vow the duty unto myself to serve this
dark planet Earth in her rise to light;
as even this sun rising over my head,
and I feel departure soon from this
bodily existence.
In the eternal Calm of the Divine One
I vow to see my people return in Peace,

And nevermore to leave, letting this
Planet share the True Light of
Wisdom and Love."

"Thus ended his life, while upon Venus his mate awaited his return and not finding it pleasing to be alone she left also into your world of sleep, vowing to aid her planet of Love into guiding the Earth People. They are joined now together in their work."

"Though many tines they have slipped behind the curtain you term death, and even forgetting their true identities; yet within them, now knowing its source is this everonward urge to accomplish that which they have vowed. And when the vow is completed in fulfillment, to Venus shall they return, yet more humble and containing more wisdom for this service."

"Together we find the soul bodies of each grooved with this vow and united in understanding. Within comes the Peace, while without is the work and action of attaining such Peace."

"Are there many of these on Earth?" I asked.

"Many there are, of their own free will have come to serve," answered Bazon. "Yet lost they may become, as many do, to us they shall return."
"This, Bazon, is the manner in which grooves are formed and fulfilled. Yet, now, these Little Ones, wish to know of the passing of consciousness and what it does after leaving the Earthly body."
"So, Larye, we must explain there are twelve heavens or hells the passing soul reviews and passes through. Let us proceed. You shall, the first explain this to them, and I shall aid if necessary."
"Let it be! Before the body has gained a soul it is lifeless and chemically controlled by the directing impulse of pure chemistry. At birth the soul comes to occupy the body, and in so doing enters the first cycle. This cycle has a governing planet that furnished the keynote of vibrational harmony necessary to give it the expression it needs. In the first cycle of birth and infancy the planet Venus gives

her Love, necessary for infant expression."
"Each cycle lasts seven years and follows this plan:

Love, is given by Gentleness
Swiftness
Strength
Desires
Magnetism
Grossness
Separation
Review
Cycle No.

Venus 1-7 years 1

Diana 7-14 2
Mercury 14-21 3
Mars 21-28 4
Pluto 28-35 5
Neptune 33-42 6
Earth 42-49 7
Lacina 49-56 8
Uranus 56-63 9
Justice Saturn 63-70 10 Wisdom Jupiter 70-77 11 "?" "?" 77-84 12

"When persons live beyond the age of 84, a start with planet Venus is begun, using the same seven year cycle."
"So, good this is, Bazon, Explain to them the expression each planet offers to Earth persons, while in its cycle."
"This will be, Larye, this will be! Now, knowing the lovability of a child and the desire that love should be returned, so does the vibrations of Venus acting upon those near fulfill that desire. Provided, however, through actions of past lives it has become worthy of such receiving."
"You're a little deep now, but I think we get the idea," I said. "The vibrations from the planet Venus instill within each child a trusting, loving nature, and being that all things have an opposite, desires love in return?" I paused trying to get the next part. "But if the child in a past life has refused love to others, then it must know the suffering

of not having that desire fulfilled?”
“Yes! So too this is of the reincarnation principal involving the good and bad as compensated for by the individual soul mind,” answered Larye
“The planet Diana has her place as second planet from the Central Spark, the first and closest planet is not known by mortal words of expression and is so explained by the Earth symbol of ‘?’”
“Gentleness comes in the second cycle, from Diana sent out. Knowing that, as each plant has its hour of fruition so does each life upon Planet Earth know also this hour. As the tree through its cycles does bud, leaf, bloom, and bring forth fruit after its own kind, so does Earth life. As each tree knows what elements it has need of in exact quantity so does soul know of what qualities of character it has need of, and draws from each controlling planet such vibrations as fill that need.”
“I think I see what you mean,” said Betty. “Each conscious soul knows what it is trying to accomplish so draws enough vibrations to accomplish this.”
“In the third cycle the swiftness of Mercury, which is also the third planet from the central spark, gives to the youth of 14-21 those chemical essences that speed his mind and body to growth.”
“In the fourth cycle the strength of Mars rules in the years of might, that one may refuel his body and mind with either the positive or the negative qualities, which one’s foundation of past experiences requires.”
“In the fifth cycle, Pluto’s vibrations come with desires of the now strengthened realization of past experiences which require fulfillment.”
“Pardon me a moment,” I said. “You mean the vibrations of Pluto awaken within one this need for further grooving of his soul essence by bringing into his mind the need for experiences that will produce these grooves?”
“To each his own interpretation, but you are wise,” said Bazon. “In the sixth cycle Neptune offers her ability of magnetism, which is the vibrational force that will build a strong body for long life or the force that delivers quickly the effect called Death.”

"In the seventh cycle does the planet Earth herself affect her people, giving them grossness needed for materially forming into realities and desires to be obtained for the person, or the grossness turns to a dark veil that covers the true desires and wishes, making it harder for one to find his true goal."
"This is the mirror in which we see darkly, then," said Betty. "The fathoming of our true goal in life?"
"In the eighth cycle does the planet Lacina, which is beyond the planet Pluto, farthest away from the Central Spark, start the separation of the good actions one has committed from the bad actions one has committed, and stores each in its proper place."
"In the ninth cycle does the planet Uranus react upon Man, and allows him to mentally review his past deeds."
"In the tenth cycle does the Planet Saturn give justice in the Creator, Whose force it is that decrees what experiences must be regarded as good and what is bad, and what must be relived over to obtain the Truth in them."
"In the eleventh cycle does the planet Jupiter give the wisdom of arranging the future life of one, so he may relive and obtain the experiences needed to evolve."
"In the twelvth cycle does the great mysterious planet nearest the Central Spark give its influence, which is likewise a mystery and known only to the ONE HIMSELF which is within reach."
"This then, Bazon, you have spoken well, for now they can see the cycles progressed through by an Earth person. But now so must we explain the occurrences of the cycles after the sleep called Death by Earth People."
"Simply so, Larye, it is in this manner. There is not that which exists that does not have an opposite polarity, or in the material plane, an opposite side. Think you now when this is turned over, that edge which was left is now right and that which was right is now left. All can be observed that is on this side, yet all on the opposite side is hidden. Inside out, and reversed in order, for now the soul upon this opposite vibrational plane goes first to the twelvth cycle and progresses upward to Love and Venus, experiencing in this order a progression to twelve 'Heavens' if the life be lived right or twelve

'Hells' if the life be lived wrong."
"So, good it is, and all go into these 'heavens' or 'hells'. But be wise in reading this, and while meditating upon those years in each cycle, refuel them and rearrange the 'paraffin' grooves in your soul that they will be Good and Holy, so you may progress into the true Heaven. Thusly, lifting one from the planet Earth and grossness. Mel Bez De Son."
"Thank you Bazon," said Betty.
"There is this that I would leave with you, Little Ones, for I know this is the last of our meetings for a while, for anxious you are that Earth should receive the knowledge which we have given."
"As before stated there are lesser degrees of the GOOD. Yet all is GOOD. This lesser good moves toward the outer perimeter of MIND and becomes inveiled in greater darkness there, Those progressing outward into the complete darkness there. Those progressing outward into the complete darkness of non-being have also great powers as equal and opposite to the great powers of the good. They exert those powers with great force as attractions to negativeness."
"Through these doors do they enter and influence men: anger, hate, greed, intemperance, lust, lasciviousness, and all other evil. When these doors are swung open these negative forces enter in and take command of action. Through this incoming influence is thievery committed,
committed, dishonesty committed.
adultery committed, murder committed, cruelty All crimes of Brother against Brother committed are the direct result of what is now to you dark influences of a lower nature."
"Keep the mind on positive matters. Close the doors to your soul by the practice of the six virtues: Gentleness, Faith, Purity, Truth, Honesty, and Humility. Radiate the Whole Light for in the presence of the Light darkness cannot exist. Surround your very being with such Light and be protected of GOD.
thought you entertain. Determine its source.
Examine every impulse you receive, every Be drawn into the Light of Being, not into the darkness without for there is much gnashing of teeth and great misery indeed for those who dwell in the Kingdom of

Darkness."
"You mean there are lower worlds as well as higher worlds?" I asked.
"There are, but I would tell you little of this, lest your mind chooses to dwell upon it and you should be drawn into its circle. Turn your thoughts toward the Light and be drawn upward rather."
"What is the other side of this life like?" I asked,
"Depending upon your own consciousness is the other side of life," said Larye. "If you have found much Heaven here it shall be multiplied. If much Hell, that too shall be multiplied, unless you have learned the lesson well and progress upward into the higher Heavens."
"You state that when we open the doors of our soul with the practice of vice, those of the lower world move in and motivate our actions," I said. "Is this also true of the upper worlds?"
"When the soul becomes as the pure diamond, the Light radiates into and through it giving it all things it has need of by radiating that light into the Earth around about."
"Then we are guided and inspired by higher beings?" I persisted.
"Each upon Earth is helped by those above and by his ability to receive does he receive, for GOD withholds nothing from Man. Man only withholds from himself all the GOOD that has been prepared for him in the planning stage. Of this I will say no more. Be about the construction of your book now. And this too, I will say, that those sufficiently grooved shall receive it with great earnestness. However those insufficiently grooved, across their minds it shall pass and finding nothing of a like nature there it shall not be retained but rejected."
"When those that would criticize you come forth, recall this to mind: Many Earth men's minds are like unto a shallow stream. When a pebble of wisdom is dropped therein, it reflects itself back to the one who placed it there in distorted and untrue fashion. To those whose minds are like deep pools, the Truths herein stated shall sink seep therein and no reflection shall come. Those who would judge another only ask for judgment upon themselves. With this I now leave you."
"Goodnight, Larye," said Betty.
"Goodnight", I said.

We sat pondering all we'd heard this night. So life was very much like a wheel, I thought. A greater wheel for some, filled with wheels within a greater wheel.
"What about this after life?" asked Betty. "I haven't had much time to ponder it. Bazon says that we start in reverse. If this be so, then it would sort of be like working an arithmetic problem backwards, wouldn't it? I mean you would start out with wisdom, after the mystery of course, and in wisdom know proper justice; then knowing justice, wouldn't a review of the type life you should live in your next Earthly incarnation come before you – or you'd plan it? So now you have the good and the bad in the next stage and you scramble the two together, and bury them in grossness or Earthly experiences. Then comes the type body needed to perform these Earthly experiences so the next stage works in. Then you instill within yourself the desires that will bring about these Earthly experiences. Then the strength of youth to get you started off on them. Then the development of the type mind you'd need; what you needed to know. If your Earthly experiences were to be in being rich, you'd need a mind bent to commerce and trade, wouldn't you? And the kind of looks and body that would best perform that which needed to be performed? Now you've got all the physical qualities, so a sense of gentleness would come over you when you realized that you'd planed for further devlopment of your soul and it was good. And wouldn't such gentleness bloom into Love? And in this Love wouldn't you be ready to try again?"
"They're still talking to you," I said laughingly. But somehow Betty's thoughts coincided with mine. Yet they were just our own interpretations. And as Bazon said, 'To each his own understanding,'"
Suddenly I had a very strange feeling, as if they wanted to talk with us again, but I'd had so many silly impulses regarding things I thought the space people were asking me to do; like jumping out of bed in my bare feet and running outside to see if they were overhead. Or going to silly places that I had an impulse to go to expecting to meet Zelas or Elen.
"Well," I thought, "I'll never know until I try."
I laid my hand upon the device and felt the power come into it, much

to my surprise. I signaled Betty and she placed her hand beside mine.
"Larye, Scribe to Aaru, of the Temple of Light," I heard Larye announcing himself. "There is much confusion in your minds regarding the state after eath. This will I give you, hoping it will add to your enlightenment."
"Recalling the information given by Bazon and I before about the twelve planets and the cycles of life and death, we find our answer to what happens when sleep, called death by Earth People occurs. We travel up the scale instead of down as in material life. The evolvement of one enables him to travel up this scale either quickly or more slowly toward that state of bliss called Love, where he will reside until rebirth. Many are held at various stages of this scale and some never reach the stage of bliss or Love before rebirth calls them. Recount and review this scale and you can see how many may be caught in the stage of review after death until rebirth, while yet others may get caught in the stage of grossness and there remain until rebirth. Yet others travel higher into the swiftness or gentleness and then to the Love or bliss stage awaiting rebirth. If caught within the stage of justice, one feels continually that torment he gave to others while alive. This is the stage for wrongdoers. Many persons pass through all the lower stages in three days after death, and then enjoy the bliss or Love. Others may spend many years in reaching this point. "
"Yet all must be earned in one's present stage of being before it can be obtained. This given by Larye, Scribe to Aaru, of the Temple of light. Mel Bez De Son."
"Now, this clarifies much we were wondering about," I said. "It isn't really so confusing once you get in the circle of it."
"So round and round we go," said Betty.
"Let's hope it will always be on an upward spiral," I answered.
"You know, Helen," said Betty. "I've always felt strange here on Earth. I wonder what planet I came from?"
"Stop now," I said. :You're just trying to escape from reality. Best we just face things and try to find this 'Heaven on Earth' that Bazon mentioned. But, you know, I always thought Mars would be a

beautiful planet."
"All right, be materialistic of you insist," said Betty. "Even though I have to go along with you on certain things, I still feel like the thought of an easy way out. Off to Venus and pure joy!" She sighed. We laughed half-heartedly, and she gathered up the device and put it away.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Prophecy

Many discussions ensued throughout the weeks that followed, and many more nights of staying up after midnight. Our talks roamed from one subject to another, but always the subjects covered were those given by the Space People.
"I wonder what the brothers could tell us of prophecy?"Asked Betty on such a night. "There have been many prophets upon Earth, but let's get a really 'out of this world'

prophecy." I said

We took a few minutes to get the device and place a call to the Section Control on Vrss. A voice we recognized as Zelas' came through to us.
"Beloved children, so you desire to know what your futures will hold." He laughed gently, then continued.
'To know of yourselves would profit you in what fashion? Rather would you not know of the forward movement of your planet Earth?" asked Zelas.
"If you mean a prophecy concerning all of Earth, we sure would," I said.
"If you will wait just a moment while I get these records and feed them into the controls," said Zelas, "then you will get a straight account of the conditions read from the motion expected from Earth. We can judge by the vibrations around Earth, which are created by all nations upon her, what the result of these actions will be in the future. We judge these vibrations as the 'cause' and the future will be the 'effect' of these 'causes.'"
"It is the intent of all here to help direct Earth in progression if Earth's

leaders will make earnest efforts to cease war and destruction. When the economy of a nation needs to be elevated, the necessity of war should drop instead of increase, for then greater strides can be made in the welfare of her people. The contention that absolute power must be had by any one nation is in itself a reflection of darkness in manifestation. No one thing manifesting to us could exist if it were not the combination of many conditions. It is the desire that all men upon Earth will unite in agreement, and select the ones best capable of promoting the world in advancement."
"A positive cycle has encompassed the Earth, and has given rise to many improved conditions. The following records were delivered by the Rilem and are so written:

'Let those who have ears hear: Wounded is the bear.
She throws her paws high, Her feet are off the ground, The hunter sees her,
Quick is his dart,
A pierce makes her bleed, The Eagle takes the wounded, Silent is the Eagle's flight.

"A greater understanding will arise between the East and the West when a change of political leaders in the East put the younger persons in power. In fifteen years the military services of the East and the West will be represented and contributing."

"The challenging call of outer space will be conquered by the combined efforts of the nations, and the first successful flight to the Moon will be made in twenty years by a crew of mixed and well trained nations. There will be three attempts before by the countries of America and Russia independently. The ship or rocket will be a long shaped craft, and will be powered by atomic energy. It will bear within it a red and blue emblem of the United States. The time spent in absence will be nine days, and it will be launched from Florida, U.S.A. These explorations of outer space will be accomplished by Earth's own evolved people; however, these conditions could be done many years sooner if our people intervene and influence your science. We desire to see Earth accomplish this alone."

"The advancement of medicine will be tremendous, and the disease of cancer will be checked and cured within six weeks. Electrical application for disease will be studied and its value will be appreciated, but the complete understanding will be delivered by a person who is not trained in the scientific field."

"Transportation will be mostly by air for long distances, and the automobile industry will change to smaller more compact cars that will be used for short distances and city travel. Overhead passes will be used for all public transportation, and automatic walkways will deliver the passengers to desired buildings. Most department stores will dispense the articles automatically from encased windows and change will be refunded in a like manner."

"The monetary system will be changed to universally accepted notes called 'points'. All military services will pay this type of exchange, and it will be at first tried in this manner. It will slowly spread and become the system of exchange everywhere. There will be three pieces of silver, and the penny will be abolished as will the dime here. Remaining will be coins similar to the nickel, quarter and half dollar. The entire economical system will be changed to likewise conform, but it will be the actual result of the economy that the money system will be changed."

"Looser garments will grace the bodies of women, while more closely fitted garments will be worn by men. Hoods will replace hats, and cloaks will return. Insulated material will be used for garments, and heavy bundlesome coats will disappear."

"Within the homes there will be automatic lighting that will switch on when darkness settles over the area. This lighting would be previously set and controlled. There will be a delicate blue effect to the light, and it will radiate from both the floor and the ceiling. Radios will be built-in devices, and for a newscast of nation-wide importance a gentle buzzer will sound seconds before the actual broadcast. One frequency will always be open and ready for such use, and all nations will have access to its use."

"Food will be cooked completely by rays, and no 'above-the-fire-stoves' will be required for they will be replaced by new oven types. Refrigeration will change and these appliances will open by a 'touch-bar' in a wall section instead of the front, Disposal units will be in all homes, and incinerators for all refuse other than food will be on the outside. The homes themselves will have curving roofs with sunlight portholes."

"Most furniture will have a washable cover that resists dust, and the colors of such will range in pastels. Rugs will no longer be used excepting small mats used for decorative purposes. Pictures will grace the homes, and abstract paintings will disappear. Tranquil scenes will give the homes a more sedate effect, and help balance the minds of all within."

"Yards will be well kept, but 'mowing' will vanish when the seed for short grass is perfected and released to the people. Spraying the lawn will replace this for it will be against the health regulations to allow your lawn to become a breeding place for insects. A full scale war will be declared here against some insects, while others necessary for balancing nature will be left unharmed."

"Flowers will grow in full beauty, and the parks will be fragrantly alive. Violet-hued flowers will be given full preference over all others, but will eventually fade back and stand among its colleagues. All perfumes will contain pure extracts from the flowers, and will shove the artificial perfumes into extinction."

"The air near cities will lose its pollution, for harmful smoke and refuse will no longer be infiltered within it. Coal will not be used in heating units, and a radiant heat will be within all homes and businesses."

"The Postal systems will be replaced by telephone and newer communication systems. Advertising will not be done by huge. posters, but will be replaced by hand-delivered cards to homes. The countryside and city will reflect harmony and cleanliness."

“Homes for the aged, orphaned, and afflicted will be provided for by the government, but social services will be improved in finding permanent homes for such. There will be no slum areas within the country, for there will be laws regulating the condition of homes. Improvements will be provided for by the state if tenants or owners prove unable to do so.”

“Intercontinental visits will be ever possible, and tourists in another land will find conditions relatively the same. In the distant future a Universal Language will come into being, and so there will be no insurmountable difficulties in speech for anyone.”

“Electrical wires will disappear from the streets and countryside, for power will be provided by small compact units that operate independently. Each home will have this equipment, and it will be maintained by emergency crews if failure occurs.”

“The weather will change causing most of the United States to become warmer. The Canadian border will warm somewhat, and the colder pole climate will shift slightly. The northern Siberian territory will get colder and more solid ice will form. The entire Earth will shift slightly upon its axis, but will not cause tremendous catastrophes for a gradual change will take place.”

“The calendar will be changed to Solar time that will conform with the moon cycle and planet rotation. Clocks will operate by the Moon, and time will be judged by a different scale.”

“Glass windows will be replaced by plastic, and this industry will become widely expanded. Dishes will be plastic as will many other commodities.”

“Huge companies will be formed and employment will be at its peak in the years seventy five to eighty. Many of the industries will be owned by the government, but there will still be some individually owned. The state will control the sale and manufacture of intoxicating beverages, and most agricultural products marketed.”

“This has certainly fascinated me,” said Betty. “Earth will certainly be a paradise.”

“Yes,” answered Zelas, “However, should Earth follow a course such

as the following. “Many small wars could shake the Earth, and smaller countries would be completely annihilated. The main countries could lose millions of lives in these conflicts. The Earth would quiver upon her axis, and cause internal turmoil. The Moon would be thrown further away from the Earth. Martial control of the Earth would be necessary and severe conditions would exist for hundreds of years.”
“Penalties for such action would be harsh, and the countries would bring upon themselves complete loss of power. The attainment of previously described conditions for better living would take many years longer.”
“It is the desire and hope that Earth will progress upon her own incentive, but should she fail the latter conditions would undoubtedly prevail. With thoughts of peace for all, we humbly say, ‘Mel Bez De Son’”
This was his way of letting us know he had other things that presently needed tending to, so we joined together and said, “Mel Bez De Son.”
Sitting reflecting upon his words, I said, “Well, I guess this gives us about all the information we need for our book.”
“You remember the information Alna gave us on the manifesting Universe?” asked Betty. “I’d like to end the book with that.”
“Very good,” I answered. “Let those who have ears to hear, Hear.”

VRSS
Capital City on MARS
About 200 miles in diameter
Covered with a Translucent Energy Dome
Homes Homes
Jupiter Venus
Purple Blue Green Purple
Industrial Manufacturing
Arts Sciences
Royal Palaces Government
Gardens and grounds
Education Schools

League
Headquarters Communication
Yellow
Trade and
Commerce Saturn Blue-Gray
Training
Schools
Purple Purple
Homes Homes

CHAPTER NINE

The Manifesting Universe

"To elaborate upon this subject we must use as an example objects which are easily understandable to every mind reading this material. The beginning of material creations within this solar system is torn between two possible explanations; one of materialism and the other following a spiritual trend. It is our intent to correlate the two into one, hoping to bring to Earth the understanding many lack in this knowledge."

"Imagine yourself as an observer removed several feet above and away from a flat surfaced table top. We shall refer to this as a plane placed somewhere in space; this space being a certain room of a particular house. We cannot see from the plane we are in how dense or thick this other plane is, except by placing our consciousness at an even angle with it."

"Now consider this plane as consisting of an essence within which objects of a denser quality can float, and place twelve circular objects with twelve smaller (also circular) objects circling each of these in different orbits. This total would be a hundred and fortyfour smaller, and twelve larger objects. These twelve separate systems are orbiting within this particular plane, and this entire plane is one of twelve orbiting around a larger system, etc."

"Each plane is one spiral higher than the previous, and so the la of continuous motion is carried out. Each plane is overlapping into the next by a slight degree, and it is this fringe area of a plane that

creates the manifestation of a cleft or 'hole' in space. Since our perspective or angle of observation is restricted to our particular plane, we cannot see the length or breadth of these clefts. It should be understood that not all fringe areas manifest as clefts or holes, but some merge into the other without any obvious manifestations to our consciousness. Our consciousness is always in attunement with the motion of the plane we are in, and since many galaxies are similar we cannot notice this jump.

"Motion is always rhythmical, and balance follows in all creation through this harmony. You may wonder what sets motion into being, and this we hope will be understood by the present consciousness in the terms we must express ourselves in. To man's consciousness there was no beginning, but only the merging into a material creation. All this is, ever was, and all that will be expressed will already have been. To many this statement will contradict itself, but let us attempt in humbleness to deliver the light, which will illuminate the Truth."

"The existence of a drop of water is taken and placed in a low degree of heat, which is termed extreme cold. Here it condenses and solidifies, but ascending the scale of heat, it liquefies and finally the contents become gaseous through steam. original elements it was composed of. No manifest-ation of presented to our consciousness if the elements had not already been in existence; therefore, water could not come into being from NOTHING. The stages of manifestation these elements express CANNOT BE NEW or different at any time, for they have ALREADY BEEN IN THE ORIGINAL that which they express."

"When consciousness enters into a stage of creation it is governed by the twelve planes in which it exists. The strongest rhythm which Earth consciousness adheres to is that which regulates his immediate solar system. Seven of these planes affect the material or solid expressions of matter, while the other five affect the lighter or ethereal essences. Earth in her present stage is in the fourth solar system, ninth galaxy, fourth plane of manifestation. Earth's galaxy is

now moving near the end of the fourth fringe area, and will soon enter the fifth. This will bring the eighth plane into a place of motion where it can affect the material expressions of matter here, where before it was confined to the ethereal essences. The first plane will lose its effect upon our system, but it will be replaced by all moving up one step."

"The concept of this rhythm and law is expressed in all things from the largest to the smallest. The relation of planet Earth to her closest neighbors can be more accurately judged by computing the nearest measure of circumference to her time of rotation. Each correlates to the other, and the scientists must find and understand this unity before they attempt o leave the surface of the Earth in a craft to explore their Moon."

"The friction of heat against the surface of the craft can be erased, for friction is in itself nothing more than the effect of motion in rhythm. Any motion is vibrations and all vibrations cam be altered or changed to a new rate, where it ceases to manifest as it did. If heat is the result of motion upon the craft or metal, then the need to change the vibrations when they reach the surface of this metal is evident. To lower this rate so it affects the metal differently can be controlled by the craft in question. This field of vibration control would have to be emitted by the craft from points where it would encircle the whole, that is why a circular craft is necessitated, for it is in relation to the law of motion. Experimentation will prove fruitful in this line of balance-study, and it will be completely necessary before any Earth-born craft will grace the outer areas beyond the moon satellite. The and which encircles the rim of many 'saucers' is this univibrator, and has nothing to do with its power for flight."

"The concept that an object traveling at the speed of light would cease o exist is not the true case, for only the reflection reaching the observer's consciousness would be lost in the con- sciousness due to its inability to receive the higher vibrations. The object itself would proceed in relation to that speed, and would place itself in a position of relation to higher vibrations. Those on a lower plane could no

longer perceive the object for it would then be vibrating at a higher rate and it would lose its relation to the plane it left. Now, could this same object return down the same scale of light speed?”
Yet we have not lost the water could have been

“As in thought we are dealing with vibrations, and if they can become elevated to a state of higher ecstasy so too would the same law apply for any material creation acending upward, for one is but the positive manifestation of law where the other is the negative. Once ascended the exactness would not be returned, for a slightly higher rate would ensue when the object was returned. This is the result of motion upon the basic energy contained in the object.”

“If we analyze the same object traveling at the supposed light-speed from a plane extremely removed from the present, we would not perceive it due to its lack of motion in relation to time. There are in existence many millions of stars and systems, which are not perceived by us due to our consciousness and its inability to as yet perceive these vibrations. These systems and stars have not as yet activated their vibrations to the distance in which we reside. There are likewise many millions of stars reflecting to us their vibrations when they are in actuality no longer existing.”

“These vibrations will continue to affect us though in this system until motion carries them beyond our perception. Our perception is limited to its vibratory plane that it resides within. To a consciousness that is above ours in vibration and motion, our entire galaxy system would be nothing more than a flicker of manifestation. However, on the extreme other side, a lower consciousness on a lower vibratory plane would behold us as an eternity of manifestation and motion. We must likewise place ourselves into understanding that which we behold as galaxies and stars for centuries may be to the consciousness there only one small space of time.”

“To the consciousness on these systems Earth is but a small infinite speck that hardly registers upon their memory. In relation to their existence the upward spiral and plane they reside in is much more

immense than our understanding will permit us to conceive. These in turn are insignificant to the other higher planes."

Our use of the elements within this planet can be compared to these huge consciousnesses and their use of our system, which is in repetition but a small speck to them. These huge planes intermingle with ours in a manner we cannot fully understand."

Earth beings use and charge the air they breathe within their bodies by draining it of its higher quality, and when expelled it is in a negative state. The flux of these higher galaxies and systems draw into themselves our entire system in a motion of influx of action, which gives us a positive period of time over eons. When expelled we are in a negative state that is considered an outflux of motion."

"Our conception of the fourth dimension is completely understandable, but motion will carry us into another plane that will relate us with the eighth plane which in turn will also bring a higher plane into affect upon our ethereal elements. This fourth dimension will be a plane hat our system will ascend to when we enter more deeply into the presently starting positive period."

"The influx of these higher galaxies will affect us and cause many effects to occur upon the planet Earth. Earthquakes, floods, cataclysms and magnetic disturbances that cause much material change are due to this 'breathing' motion. This motion CAN BE activated by the surface disturbances, which the nations aggravate by explosive wars. This knowledge is held by the beings in Earth's same solar system, and so delivered, hoping it will be understood in its fullest capacity."

"Violent vibrations cause the planet Earth to shift and become unharmonious; the effect that a group of diseased cells have in the human body is similar to a solar system that becomes off-balance. As cancerous tissue is the start of destruction of the entire body, so too are the wars and violent explosions the start of a complete destruction for that system. It is understandable that all exists

elsewhere similar to that which is here, for all are governed by the same laws."

These laws operate the same and are independent in their effects, for they cannot alter once they are set into motion. They have no alterable course and are directed by the vibrations received, which are set into motion by decisions and deliberate actions. The complete unbalance of a solar system by wars upon one should be brought under control by giving an understanding to the beings directing such action. However, if the deliverance of such knowledge is unheeded it would not be allowed for the planet to persist. For is not bacteria abolished from the body if it is causing too much disharmony?"

"Disharmony in any substance causes the flowing of broken vibratory energy, be this substance the human body or a huge planet. In comparison to the size of a substance the vibratory increase is noticeable in this relation. The larger the substance the more intense are the vibrations leaving it, and this is in unity with the coarseness of the elements composing it."

"The accumulation of many individual conscious essences, sending out vibrations of a certain degree, can affect those other individual vibrations they come into contact with. For any vibration will seek and join with those of a like nature, strengthening them and attempting to neutralize those weaker ones of an opposite nature. The necessity for all vibrations to be of a higher quality is evidenced by the coarser qualities noticed in any substance or consciousness. If all would put forth an effort for harmony in thought, the effects had upon all matter would be evidenced. However, where any vibration of coarser quality or any higher vibration is sent out it will unite with a like nature and reflect back so strengthened upon its source."

"A wave of vibratory energy creating any type of essence will place itself within an environment that will aid in giving expression to itself. The law it follows to intermingle with its nature attracts it to many new places. If strong enough, and meeting no other vibrations of an opposite origin that neutralizes its effects, it will thus united or alone, reach a point where it can express itself more fully. When the

destination is arrived at it will be attracted to a quality of its same nature, manifesting in its dual polarity."

"Laws which regulate the number of orbits in an atom can be applied to any existence in material creation. All must follow the same laws. There could be no recognition to our consciousness of an atom it we did not operate upon the same law. Matter can not give us expression of itself unless it follows the laws to which our consciousness is receptive to. If any material creation is removed from us by five planes of consciousness or vibratory rate we could not perceive it, though it would exist in our plane at a higher rate. An object within the Earth plane, which is removed from the Earth by six planes or higher, is invisible to our consciousness here."

"If an object here would come into direct contact with a craft removed by five degrees of vibration it would disintegrate due to the other object's high rate. The lower vibrations would be raised, and so materially would change their atomic structure from the intense change. The 'six-plane' craft would not be changed, due to its ability to control its own field."

"Sightings here upon Earth traced by such devices as radar, but not visible, are due to the above described conditions. It is with knowledge that these craft do not wish to destroy any other upon Earth that is mentioned here. When conditions prevail that make such collisions impossible (to avoid) it is deeply regretted by the Space People, for none have hostile orders concerning Earth. They realize the manner of deductions made by the conscious beings here, and do not wish to show their superiority in any field. They will operate from a distance with directed vibrations in the fields Earth is lagging behind in. This cannot be denied for it would be evidenced if an attempt were made to correlate the sightings with any new advancement."

"From the two polarities of consciousness and living do these craft come. Vibrations of tremendous force caused by the exploding of fissionable bombs on Earth are attracting more craft from various systems. The craft from Earth's own solar system are concerned for

obvious reasons. Evolvement is slow in its regular rhythm, and to interrupt this is like placing poison in a human system deliberately. From other systems that are lacking in the finer qualities of consciousness come crafts that are seeking to satisfy this lack so they may attain to a higher plane. Destruction and great change will sweep into their systems unless they alleviate the oppressing conditions."

"In opposition to these craft are those who aspire higher, but are withheld by the conditions in the system. The negative effects from the exploding bombs are hindering the motion of their system in its movement into a higher plane, It is their desire to help Earth to advance so she too will pass into a higher plane."

"If, however, these conscious beings cannot help Earth to evolve within a certain length of time the effect of change within their system will drive them from it due to its low vibratory rate. It must be understood that not all beings there would leave for another system higher, but only those who find the rate too low. There are many various forms of manifesting consciousness, and as here on Earth they would choose to remain on the same plane to balance it. If extreme migration takes place from a system it will cause a disruption in the material creations, and cause them to be changed or destroyed to other elements."

"Great cataclysms would take place throughout the systems involved, and orbits would change, affecting the conscious essences dwelling upon it. It must be understood that all creations are existing only in their twelve planes of manifestation, and these entire twelve planes exist only as one to the higher twelve planes to which it belongs, etc."

Life as Earth beings realize it is similar on many other galaxies and systems. There are however, many systems where life correlates to ours only in the manner of conscious understanding, for as stated before all related essences follow the same laws. If the material elements in another galaxy are more highly removed from ours by

four points they follow the same laws for creating, but the realization we would obtain here would be different in effects than those there."

"As said before we could not be conscious of anything removed by five points, therefore, we will use a four point galaxy as our objective. If the length of motion in this four point plane has been similar to the length of motion upon Earth we would perceive beings in material creation similar in appearance to us. That is, one head, two arms, legs, etc. The main difference would be the elements composing these beings would be vibrating at a different rate, and would reflect colors to us of the spectrum, depending upon the main element in manifestation at that time. Should the beings here perceive these others they would see perhaps a being reflecting the color received as green in their consciousness."

"This (presumed) higher plane would denote a more elevated consciousness for it is this plane of creation that evolves more rapidly. To become interested only in the material essences that serve as vehicles for this higher force or ethereal quality is to deny the very force that gives the material realization or manifestation. For one understanding without the other is of little value to either the material or ethereal qualities."

"Consider in your consciousness its beginning and you will be unable to comprehend it, for it covers eons of motion. The rate at which we evolve can be aided or retrograded by holding it in the same degree of understanding. To aid our consciousness we must feed it in a manner assimilative to it, as food is to the human body. As the body feeds upon material essences, the consciousness must be given those vibrations which it responds to. These are consisting of the tiny vortices of motion created by thoughts of harmony. (Hence constructive meditation.) Love being the great creative fiat, we are in necessity to give unto our consciousness those thoughts which give expression to Love."

"Deny the consciousness this understanding and it will remain in the same place of motion it previously held. For the plane it is now in will eventually move onward from it, and a new plane will replace

the old. The same conditions will eventually prevail that did in the last plane, and again this essence of consciousness will manifest and realize them. If it progresses to a higher plane by mastering those conditions before, they will vanish and cease to exist to his realization. It is this realization that will soar him to the plane beyond where his consciousness will be tested with the conditions

there."

"The relation of consciousness to motion can be broken into the phases of past time,
present time, and future time. Any phase can be so entered by the consciousness if it can
place itself in relation to the motion that phase encounters to manifest. The past is a plane
of consciousness whereby those past experiences had will be repeated by those in the plane
one below the present. The present plane needs no explanation for it can be understood by
the consciousness in any degree it chooses to place itself. The future is the prophetic phase
that many have wondered about, so placed in motion that it is one plane removed from us in
our present environment. To cross this plane one has to elevate his consciousness past the
present and enter into that vibratory motion which will deliver him to the future. The future
will consist of those material essences and conscious essences that are in rhythm to his
manner of thinking. There are many varied degrees in all individuals' thinking processes,
and these cover also the twelve planes. Seven being the basic controls of thought that affect
the material essence of his thought manifestations, and five affecting the ethereal essences
of his thought patterns."

"The future or place in motion that a particular plane will enter is to

those who
understand the basic laws nothing more than the transcendent quality of higher thought.
Projected consciousness on this elevated plane will not realize the exact conditions, but can
only relay to those upon his native plane his interpreted realization of the conditions to
expect. It is impossible to fully comprehend the exact extent of conditions in this future
plane, but a fair understanding can be delivered back by one so transcended." "With each plane of ascension the consciousness becomes more highly vibratory, and so
experiences in its realization those degrees of thought to which it is more highly attuned. If
the thoughts it holds while ascending are of Love, then it will experience those degrees of
Love which it is in harmony with. Sympathy is but one, and if this is the main thought held,
then it will enter upon a plane which holds all those conditions necessary to the
development of sympathy. If the thought is that of ecstasy then the ascension will be related
to that plane of thought, and will be experienced in its realization as the conditions which on
that plane create such."
"Throughout the entire twelve planes of thought in motion can the consciousness be
elevated, and experience these stages of evolution. To completely comprehend the
magnitude of these statements would undertake too much space, so we must leave it to your
individual means of understanding."
"This thought or motion constitutes the positive side of mind, while the negative planes
constitute a consciousness that is dormant in a sleep in its realization. The entire twelve

planes of negative consciousness are not entirely separated from the positive for they are in
the same classification. These contain the mineral and plant life upon any plane. These
planes are divided in the same manner and by the same laws that the twelve planes of
material creations obey."
"In these dormant stages or planes the sleeping consciousness or dormant thoughts obey
the laws of motion working upon them, and do not create their own motion or choose their
immediate environments. They are infused by the laws into the material creation to give
expression to the higher thoughts in motion. They will, by this motion working upon them,
retain certain waves of indentations in their ethereal essence and begin the evolvement that
will carry them to a higher plane. The length of motion that carries these consciousnesses to their highest plane is infinite in the application of correlating this motion to our
consciousness in the terms of time as we understand it."
"When we consider the number of the various species and degrees of mineral and plant
life we can see the magnitude of the endless creations within this realm. Each direct and
pure specie is but one of the original twelve which it is in complete classification to, etc." "As stated before, nothing can exist to another plane if it is five degrees removed;
therefore, to a plant on one of the lower planes the very manifestation in one of the higher
planes of light wouls not be in existence due to the brilliance of the light"
"All planes starting with one to six, two to seven, three to eight, are in harmony and
respond one to the other, etc. But take a plane of material creation in the one to six degree,

and if it were possible place it in a plane of light from three to eight. The results of the
higher plane would shatter the lower, but would not be conscious of the lower plane's
existence or disintegration. Neither would the plane be conscious of the shattering effects
of the Light vibrations, but the indentation would be more severe than the average rate of
vibration it would encounter within its own plane."
"All minerals and plants respond to the same law of relation, and scientists upon Earth
can correlate this law with the atomic weights of elements that are known to them. If they
desire a metal that can withstand tremendous pressures from their fuel-energy used to force
their craft onward, they need only to analyze the contents of the metals that constitute the
first five planes, etc., then to correlate these metals with the planes which combine the 'fuelenergy' to be used."
"In understanding the problems of outer-space flight the scientists would do well to
correlate the planes and get an understanding of them. The various branches of science
have remained in separate fields of study, and do not attempt in any true effort to unite. All
things do correlate and the Understanding of these planes would erase the problems they
would encounter in their craft."
"To elaborate again upon the study of light-speed travel. It is possible to the craft only if
they are within the first five planes of light, compared to the first five planes of the metal
composition of the craft's metal. To exceed would be annihilation."
"This same study of light reflection or light vibrations covers many fields. In one field
there are machines which can capture the vibrations that are

reflecting out toward other
galaxies. These vibrations of past events and persons can be reflected upon a screen that is
very similar in operation to a television screen on Earth.
reviewed and be recorded, if desired, by these machines.
for entertainment purposes, and for educational series in the schools which present the
historical background of a system to those selected servers, who will travel on missions
there."
These selected servers belong to a League, which constitutes advanced members from
those twelve galaxy systems to which theirs is in harmony. One higher member of these
twelve is selected as an ambassador to the twelve higher, etc. There is a Supreme Council
of such members who constitute the supreme ruling power or voice of the systems under
their council. To receive contact from these members is a rare privilege, for it would
indicate a matter of extreme importance"
"Their abodes are situated in galaxy that is in harmony with the twelve planes, or the
plane six. This Supreme Council can be considered a Hierarchy of beings so supreme to the
Earth consciousness, that beings here would regard them as Archangels. Their
countenances would reflect the higher vibrations of thought in motion as a radiant light. To
our interpretation their entire bodies would appear as a glow of brilliance." "Beings who reflect those higher qualities and mastery with understanding are those
beings who will enter the League when they move into a higher plane. The continuous
evolutionary phase of a being is endless, as is motion, and the relation of essences to it. All the great personalities can be This form

of ‘television’ is used Realization of this motion is being registered with the ethereal beings’ essences or thoughts. It is this essence that motion will indelibly impress those conditions which it sweeps along from one plane to another.”
“All conscious beings are classed in a certain Hierarchy within a twelve plane range, and
this is the explanation of seemingly higher beings full of wisdom residing upon planes
which are considered ‘below’ their intelligences. They must remain in the planes that
pertain to their classification which they obtained while in the dormant plane of thought.
Every plant or mineral contains in its evolutionary phase that classification to which it will
belong when it reaches the planes of thought in motion. All the phases above reflect the
same as those below, for this is the Law. Contained in those higher thought
consciousnesses are those same classifications that the dormant ones aspire to.” “There are four main classifications with three sub-degrees for each, totaling the number
twelve. Upon the Earth planet these consist of the Divine or judges, the leaders, the
followers, and the servers. All beings here can be classed under one of these four, and their
personalities will reflect one of these qualities. Should one classified being be forced to
share the experiences of another he would become unbalanced in his true ability until his
removal from that classification. It is not difficult to understand or know the true class to
which a being belongs, and he should be given every opportunity to express his nature.” “In the Earth solar system those evolved beings from the planet Venus, Mars, etc., are
advanced in this art of analysis. The placement of the consciousness within certain

environments are studied and judged before a high position can be filled. There are no
errors in this judgment for it has been practiced for thousands of years, Earth time. Those
beings who are sent to study or serve in the League to advance Earth, are individuals who
were born and trained in that classification. Qualities of the highest emotions are found in
each of these beings, and their lives are ruled by this inner sensitivity and gentleness.
Without their presence one here upon Earth would sense this to the degree his perceptions
would allow. Many would find themselves in harmony with one in his plane of thought
concerning one of the twelve divisions, while others would find harmony in one of the
twelve classifications of consciousnesses, be it Divine, leader, follower, or server. The
amount of harmony one would find in the other's presence would depend upon the manner
perceived."
"To live in understanding will be a matter of harmony and should reflect from every
living being. Actions of hostility toward those of a higher nature is futile for it is
neutralized by the other's high vibratory rate. Motion ensuing from such neutralization
need not be brought into manifestation, for harmonious conditions are more strengthening
and eternal, To one there is no end, while the other has manifestation only so long as the
hostility persists. When harmony enters the other fades and ceases to exist, but the rhythm
of manifested harmony is unending."
"Each system of evolution must traverse the twelve planes of perfection, and each

consciousness can put their thoughts into motion through the everlasting harmony of Love.
All brethren must be united in understanding, and those unharmonious qualities must be
removed from our plane. Let us all unite and aid each other in this ascending scale."

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PRESS RELEASE
AMONG THE SAUCERS
BY
Helen and Betty Mitchell

The last chapter of the 50 year old autobiography by the Mitchell sisters of Florissant, Missouri, is a most amazing and erudite explanatory description of answers to the most profound and confusing questions we all have harbored about the nature of the extraterrestrial visitors to our Earth and our relationship to them.

These explanations were given to the sisters over a two year period of time in answer
to the many questions asked by the sisters of their human contactors visiting them in
their home area during a several year adventure beginning in May 1957.
Their initial contactors were two males who alleged that they came here from MARS,
and that they and their society lived on Mars, and had been there since before organized
societies began on Earth.
According to them Mars was a beautiful and hospitable world with water, atmosphere
and vegetation much like Earth in its glory before the catastrophe. The society of
humans living upon it was a highly developed civilization with agriculture arts and
industry of all kinds flourishing there. Their marvelous engineering

and production
facilities produced all they needed and enough to furnish other planets in our solar
system as well, including the destroyed planet that resulted in our Asteroid Belt between
Mars and Jupiter. Because of their particular engineering and industrial skills, when the catastrophe
came they were able to survive, but barely so, by going under ground. Where some live
today.
When the Mars atmosphere was carried away by the horrendous explosion of the now
missing planet, drastic measures had to be taken to survive, and some did. They learned
to live underground and in a few domed cities on the surface. Communication was by
huge underground tunnels connecting the population centers. These tunnels, hundreds of
feet in diameter, also included agricultural production nurtured by artificial light.
In 1955 Earl Norman, a trance medium in southern California began channeling
information on Mars and its societies, and in 1956 was even taken there in out-of-body
experiences by his communicators, where he claimed he inspected homes, factories,
public centers and even their transportation tunnels, "up to 500 feet wide, including
agricultural gardens along the roadways illuminated by artificial light".
Earl Norman published his 200 page report in a limited production book titled "The
Truth About Mars" that came out in 1957 with sketches of what he saw there.
There seems to be little chance that the Mitchell sisters could have heard of Earl
Norman or he of them at the time, yet their individual accounts agree

remarkably in
detail.
Now, with the release of 27,000 photographs taken of Mars by our Mars Orbiter ten
years ago, we are seeing anomalies, remarkable corroborations of the Mitchell sisters'
and Earl Norman's reports on Mars.
There are images of "tubes or tunnels" up to 500 feet wide emerging from
underground and running on the surface and then back underground again. There are
pictures of various circular, 8-sided, 6-sided, square and triangular structures miles in diameter in craters on the surface of the planet. There are even what appear to be living
creatures of giant size photographed on the surface of the planet near one of the
"tunnels". There is what appears to be standing water in visible cavities on the surface.
We have decided to publish those Mitchell sisters personal autobiography in full, all
216 pages of it, in a good quality hardbound library style report in permanent binding
for all to read. This is anticipated to take several months to get out, if this year at all.
Thus we have considered a novel new approach to publishing.
If there is enough interest in this book we will consider publishing it on the Internet
for all to read and down load for about $1.00 per chapter if they choose. All it will take
is credit card information or authorization from a Pay Pal account to download any parts
while the book is being printed and bound.
Look for this on my Website at the following address:
www.ufophotoarchives.org

APPENDIX 1

The Shuttle and Spacecraft

Helen Mitchell has described the Martian Shuttle Craft that picked her up near St. Louis in November 1951 as a bell-shaped vehicle, identical in description to that described and actually photographed by George Adamski on 13 December 1952 at Palomar Gardens near Vista, California.

The craft described by Helen seems very similar to that used by Adamski's "Venusians" in contacting him, and even taking him aboard and out to our Moon and back. A very similar craft was also used by Bill Clendenen's "Venusians" contacting him in Seattle and elsewhere, and by Dino Kraspedon's visitors down in Brazil. Leonard Cramp tried to reconstruct and analyze this ship in his book SPACE, GRAVITY, AND THE FLYING SAUCER, PUBLISHED IN February 1955, and prepared a detailed cut-away drawing from the various reports and descriptions

Ron Card in Miami, Florida, was picked up by his "Venusian Visitors in just such a craft as well. They occasionally picked him up coming from the University campus in their rented car and drove him to the parked saucer to go aboard. They even asked him to return the car for them once after a trip. Those Venusians were also in contact with and occasionally accompanied by a man alleged to be from Mars. They would drive Ron to a juice bar where all drank fruit juice before proceeding to the craft.

Cedrick Allingham described a similar ship used by Martian humans in their contacts with him in Scotland in February 1954 and he also photographed that ship near noon on 18 February 1954. He published his book, FLYING SAUCER FROM MARS in February 1955, and included his photographs in that book.

Omnec Onec of Venus describes a very similar craft that transported her and her uncle to a big Cigar-shaped mother ship in space, and then from that mother-ship to the surface of Earth, which her uncle retained here for some time after. Omnec understood these Venusian ships were built for them on Mars by Martians. She and her uncle were met by a Martian man north of Las Vegas, Nevada, and were driven to Little Rock, Arkansas, by that man driving a black Cadillac sedan. The bell-shaped craft was kept at a Monestary in the high Himalayas in Tibet for the time she and her uncle were being "conditioned" to live among us here on Earth.

Helen Mitchell described going aboard a big mother-ship in the smaller shuttle craft, which went inside the bigger one crew and all, and parked on a metallic floor inside. Her descriptions of the inside of the mother-ship correspond to Adamski's descriptions and photographs of such a cigar shaped mother ship

descriptions and photographs of such a cigar-shaped mother-ship launching smaller ships from an exit bay in the much larger mother craft, which Adamski claims he photographed himself on five and nine March 1951.

Bill Clendenen, then living in Seattle, Washington, observed the Adamski type saucer flying close-up overhead, less that fifty feet above him, which changed his life forever. He was later contacted by the occupants and taken aboard, where before leaving he was allowed to examine the ship in detail, including the power system under the floor. He went aboard two more times after that. Bill Spent the rest of his life trying to reconstruct the systems explained to him by those occupants, and he published his book, MERCURY: UFO MESSENGER OF THE GODS, published in 1990.

These pictures and drawings have been popularly "debunked" by self-styled debunking experts, but are they always right? They offer a lot of rhetoric but very little actual evidence to support their contentions.

Here then are drawings and photographs from those other sources to confirm Helen's descriptions. Remember these drawings and photographs were not available to Helen Mitchell

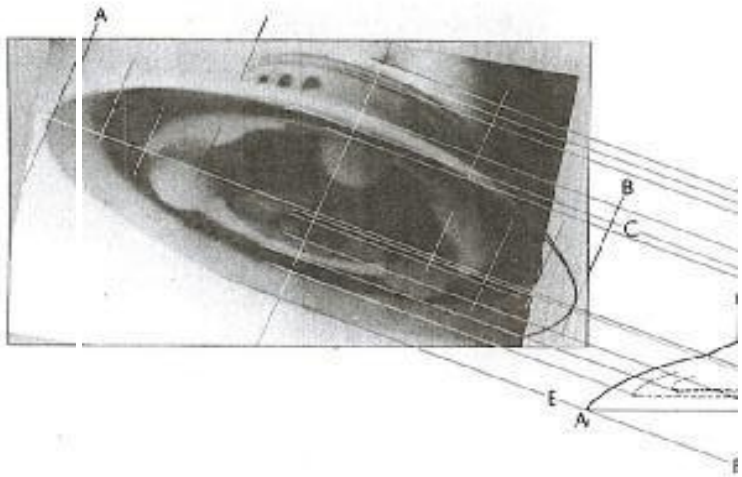
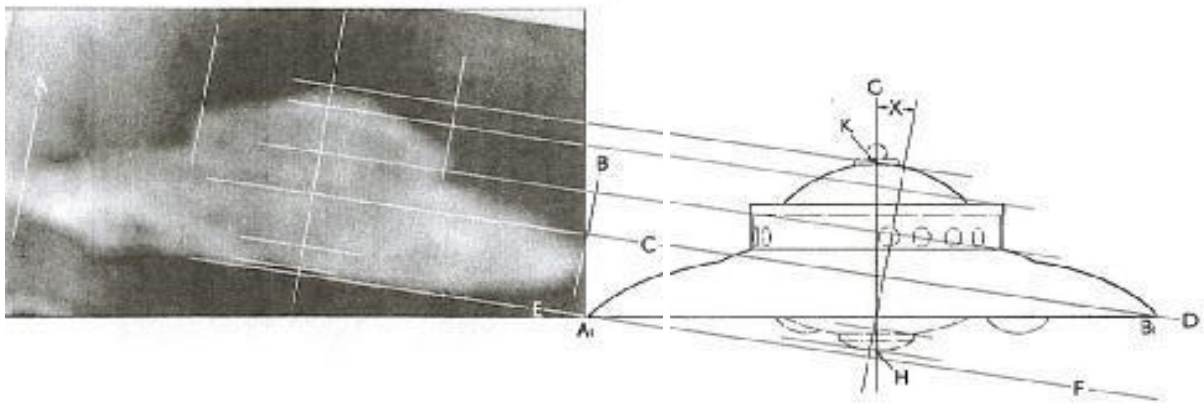


Fig 15a Comparison by orthographic projection of the Adamski (t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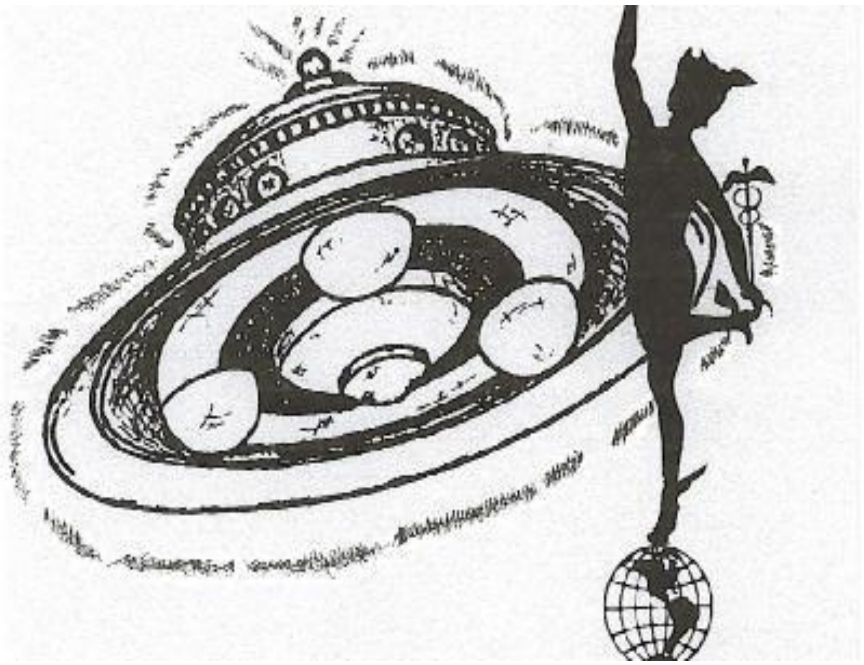
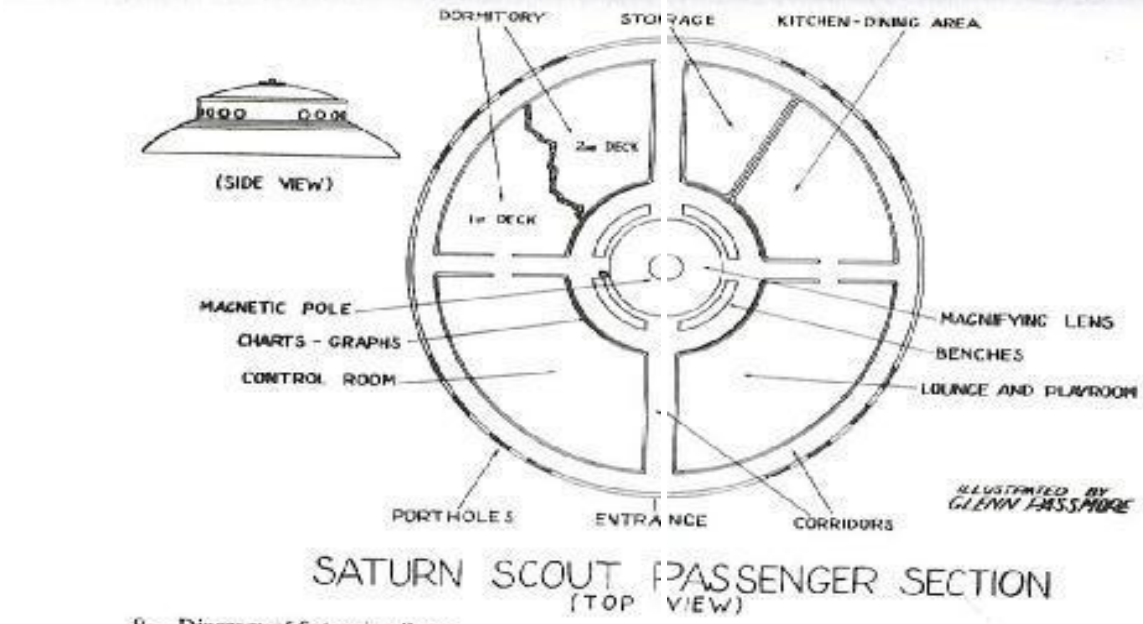
Mercury: UFO Messenger of the Gods

by
W.D. Clendenon



3. Diagram of Venusian Mother Ship, An Athodyd in Form



9. Diagram of Saturnian Scout

both in churches and independently, the planets, space travel, etc., all became an integrated part of this work.

It was inevitable that sooner or later I should actually take a "flight" to some planet, not that this would be done in a rocket or some such machine; man has not progressed to such an advanced state of engineering as yet. So any such trips would be in a clairvoyant state. I am not the only one by far, who has had such experiences; the persons both known and unknown who have made such flights and contacts are too numerous to mention at this time. I might add that much of what is written in the following pages has since been corroborated by some of these persons, without my previously having read any articles so written by them.

It has been my consistent habit to spend an hour or so of the late evening time in meditation. During these hours I have made innumerable contacts with those who have passed from this plane of existence, however no serious attempt at interplanetary contact was tried until the second month of the year of 1955. At that time I began to be increasingly aware that something like this was being attempted by the peoples of other planets. One evening, about the first part of May, of this year, while in a deep meditative state, I suddenly perceived a rather strange looking man standing before me. At first I thought him to be Chinese, as his dress and general appearance was somewhat similar to that of a man of ancient China. After introducing himself as Nur El, however, he quickly explained that he was from the planet Mars, and that if I so desired, I could go there with him, to his city (in astral flight) and that he would be my personal guide. He explained that his people were very desirous in view of all the controversy going on, to clear up some of the so-called mysteries of Mars. He further assured me that it was quite obvious that a complete understanding was not possible in one visitation; therefore as the first contact was made, it would be comparatively easy to establish other contacts, as was convenient and necessary. Since this first contact and trip was made, I have returned on several occasions; in fact, Nur El often stood beside me as I wrote, to further clear up, or refresh my memory regarding any details which were not entirely clear.

Now I will contact my Martian guide and take an astral flight through space, and see just how it is that man lives on the red planet. Almost immediately a very distinguished looking man stands before me; he is Nur El, a man of high position and esteem from one of the Martian cities. He is dressed in a very brilliant red suit. The coat is long, almost to the knees, with loose fitting pantaloons. On his head is a red hat with a square shaped brim that is turned up on four sides.

Our trip there is a matter of split seconds as no craft is used or needed. Arriving on the surface of Mars, we are at once aware of the extremely rugged terrain, rocky hills and sandy wastes that stretches out endlessly around us. There are many peculiar whirling dust clouds all about. Nur El explains that the ionosphere is very thin which leaves the surface almost unprotected from the various beta, gamma and cosmic rays. This high concentration of rays ionizes the very rare and gaseous atmosphere and together with thermal currents, creates terrific dust storms. There is also a very thinly divided dust layer on the ionosphere which helps create the reddish appearance of the planet. There are also a number of volcanoes, three of which are of major size; one of these was just barely visible on the horizon trailing a thin wisp of smoke from its truncated cone. It was also explained that as Mars has only seven degrees axis inclination there is not much of a seasonal change. Water is very scarce on this arid planet; most of the precipitation falls at the poles. Vegetation is also scarce. There are a few varieties of prickly-cacti looking plants. Also near the polar ice caps, grows a very luxuriant green alga-like plant that follows the melting snow line. This spongy growth often attains a height (or depth) of forty to fifty feet. It appears and disappears with the season as it grows tremendously rapidly, and it also disintegrates very fast.

There are also a number of species of lizards, reptiles and of some insects whose hard shells have enabled them to weather the extreme atmospheric conditions and among them are giant ants which walk semi-erect on the two hind feet. The guide tells me these are mutants which were accidentally produced from a small ant in an atomic experiment ages ago. They are similar to humans in a very low state of intelligence and at one time it became necessary to make war on them, as they became so numerous and large. These strange ant creatures average two to four feet in height and live in rocky caves. But we did not tarry long on the surface; I followed my guide to a rather strange looking rock. Then, taking a small whistle from his coat pocket, he blew one note and although I heard nothing, the rock immediately swung open disclosing a car-like elevator. We entered and, after the door closed, I had the familiar dropping sensation of our own modern elevators. The trip down took but a few seconds, and, upon stopping, I stepped forth into what was my first glimpse of a Martian city.

I was immediately impressed by the soft white light that seemed to come from everywhere. We were standing near the entrance of a large tube. On Mars the cities are all underground and are connected together by huge oval metal tubes from three to five hundred feet in diameter. There are monorail cars as long as our pullman trains which glide silently and very swiftly from one city to another. The bottoms of these immense tubes are used for parks, growing foodstuffs and innumerable small manufacturing plants.

Because of the great distances between the cities, these tubes have been built only partially submerged. There are emergency air locks and bulkheads at the ends where they connect to the domes; other safety and precautionary measures are used to protect the cities and tunnels in case of breakdowns or outside attack. It is these tubes which have confused the astronomers on the earth. Some believe them to be canals. There are also other theories. The shifting desert sands often cover or uncover them which leads to further confusion inasmuch as they seem to appear and disappear.

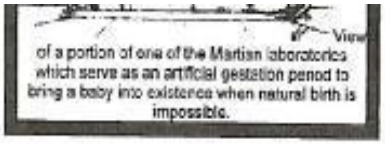
Turning about and looking down into the city is an unforgettable experience. Like all cities on Mars, it is built on the floor of a huge metal dome. These domes are sometimes four or five miles in diameter, and up to three thousand feet high. They are constructed of huge curved trusses of a whitish metal, seemingly of a magnesium compound. These trusses are covered with a metal top and bottom and the space in between filled with a plastic foam similar to the construction of the houses. This also gives added protection from the various cosmic rays as well as sealing in the precious air supply. Underneath the roof is an inner shell or a second false shell which is composed of sheets of a pale blue plastic. This is suspended from brackets from the dome at a distance of about six feet; in this space are the many thousands of fluorescent tubes which make up the lighting system and they reflect downward the soft radiant light which I first noticed. I was told this light is very similar to a modified sunlight, and is very healthful and stimulating to plant life, as well as to the people. As these domes are built in the bottom of excavations, the sands soon drift over them and cover them up, giving added protection from the strong surface rays.

The cities are laid out like a wheel. The center hub is a very large circular structure which houses the various municipal and civic governmental departments. Underground is a very large atomic power plant for supplying the cities' needs. The streets stretch away from the hub like spokes, and at regular intervals circular streets are intersected; this is similar to our national capital. The streets which radiate from the hub rise at a very gentle rate of inclination. The houses and other buildings are built on low elevations which rise like tiers. Walking up one of these streets gives one the impression of walking on air, as the paving is of a springy plastic material in a very soft shade of green. Stopping to inspect some of the houses, I am nearly overwhelmed by their wondrous beauty, simplicity and charm. In every small, vacant space in the streets and grounds around the houses are growing plants. These are mostly fruits and vegetables. They are planted in metal troughs and other containers. The soil is a mixture of natural and artificial plant humus and moss. The houses and buildings are semi-prefabricated in a wide variety of plastic of pastel shades. The walls are formed of two sheets of this plastic about two inches apart. After the walls are fastened together, a liquid foam like plastic material is injected or blown in between the walls. After this hardens, it gives the whole structure tremendous strength. This hardened plastic foam acts also as a good insulator.

There is no problem of heat or cold in a Martian city, with an abundance of atomic power. The whole city is air conditioned, free from dust and fumes, and is maintained at a constant temperature of about 68 degrees. Further comfort is assured the occupants of each home by its own air conditioner. Huge electronic pumps suck in and filter the thin outside air and raise the pressure to about seven pounds per square inch. This is somewhat of the same way in which a modern earth airliner pressurizes the passenger cabins. It also strengthens the overhead dome structure by pushing out uniformly at all points simultaneously.

As the outside atmosphere is very rare and of a low oxygen content, the Martian cities are becoming less and less dependent on that source of air supply. Many thousands of years of ago they learned how to obtain air from water by electrolysis. They also make a great effort to create great underground reservoirs near the ice caps to drain off and store any surplus surface water which also, along with the oxygen, has become increasingly rare through the centuries.

At the present time, scientists on Mars are learning to make air and water synthetically out of other elements. They have also explored every possible existing subterranean river or lake and have added much to the dwindling water supply by some important discoveries. It is estimated that, with careful conservation, they will have enough water for several thousand years, during which time other means will have been arrived at for solving this problem.



View of a portion of one of the Martian laboratories which serve as an artificial gestation period to bring a baby into existence when natural birth is impossible.

Nur El further explained that this laboratory process was only taken advantage of by those women who could not ordinarily bear a child or where there were other and sufficient reasons for so doing. Passing through this laboratory the guide went further into the problems of birth control and sex. He stated that children are limited to usually, two to a family so as to prevent overcrowding and a lessening of an advanced family relationship. The ratio of births is usually determined by the death rate average.

Sex relations are very sacred and considered a great creative gift. There are none of the usual sexual stimulants, such as advertising, spiced heavy foods, etc., which tend to over-excite the people of earth. Consequently, sex assumes its rightful place in the life of the Martians.

These people have a basic spiritual concept which teaches them from birth, the importance of love of one another and finding their greatest joys of life in doing for each other, not doing each other. I did not see any of our familiar churches and steeples; it was explained to me that there are none. Worship is not a pagan-like bowing down to some mythical god (or gods), but a twice daily observance to the Great Infinite Creative Course , and there is a once-weekly community observance giving thanks to this Source.

Other spiritual aspects of Martian life include communications with those who have passed into the spirit world; in fact, every Martian considers his spirit friends and relatives a part of his daily life. No doubt the Chinese have derived their ancestor worship from this source.

The Martians have also developed reincarnation to a point where it forms an integral part of their lives; they plan for a future time when they will again relive a new life among old friends and relatives. Many children frequently identify themselves as former loved ones.

I was tremendously impressed and overawed by all that I had just seen, when, passing out of the building, we entered the courtyard or foyer to the central section which is a large community stage and theater. Sitting there to rest, my guide went on to further explain some of these fascinating facets of life in these cities. He was still talking of children, and said that soon after the birth of a child, all the potential mental faculties and quotients were determined by an electronic diagnosis, and any criminal or negative characteristics were removed by the radiant energy process. The child was further conditioned against such recurrence. There are no public schools. The child is taught to a large extent in his sleep by a "Z-ray" which imparts the lessons or knowledge directly into his subconscious mind. This ray can be likened somewhat to a radio frequency which carries the spoken word yet is inaudible to the ear; in this case however, it is received and stored for use in the child's mind.

Usually a child will have the equivalent to a college education by the time he has reached the age of ten. Such schooling is done to bring out the best points of character and to especially train him in whatever vocation he is best suited for. As I listened to the soft accented voice of my Martian friend, my mind inadvertently began to recall and compare scenes of my earth life with the simple quiet way I was just beginning to glimpse and understand. Things like the roaring streets and highways, the stench and smell of thousands of cars, of hate and greed and avarice. Nur El caught my thoughts and for a moment stopped speaking. A slow smile lifted the corners of his mouth and his eyes began to twinkle. "No," he said, "these people would not migrate to the earth. First they would have to become accustomed to the difference in air pressure, and if this were done suddenly it might be very dangerous, like a diver going down beneath the water too quickly." He paused a moment then continued. "Then there would be deadly disease germs and the many viruses that we here on Mars, not having had such things for thousands of years, have lost our resistance to."

I could see his point but I wondered a bit as to how they knew so much about the earth, but patiently he explained that there were semi-surface observatories with electronic telescopes as well as a variety of radio and radar like devices which gave them a very good idea of what went on there. Besides some of the more

advanced scientists were masters at astral flight. Even an ordinary citizen of Mars was quite adept at mental telepathy and this type of communication was used as much as speech.

But I was curious about the large theater which was confronting me. However, I waited until the explanation came that this was the large central theater or community playhouse. Here the various plays, pageants, and observances took place. There were also many civic orchestras, and various kinds of folk dances were given here. Many of these customs are of ancient origin and the meaning of some has almost been lost in antiquity. I was privileged to see part of a spring festival. Here on the great central stage several hundred children were gathered in large circles are decorated profusely with flower garlands; in the center was the queen of spring. The children were all moving slowly to and fro and chanting a slow sing-song rhythm. It was all very beautiful and color.

Going back into the ring shaped building, we emerged into what were some of the chambers used for judging or administrative phases. The government is of very simple form. I was amazed when told there are no written laws. Each citizen lives under a simple understanding, of unwritten code. It was a very reasonable facsimile, if not the actual golden rule. In other words, do for others first. If a person acts selfishly, or begins to steal or shows symptoms of anger, he is considered ill and treatment is quickly administered.

Each five families have a group leader or "Ilda," as he is called. He represents this group and is responsible for their general welfare. The judges or heads of different departments are chosen on their merit and it is usually done through elimination, examinations which require a lifetime of special training. There are no political systems. Brains and character alone determine a candidate's fitness for an office. Male and female are regarded as equal and with no discrimination shown. There are no old age institutions in these Martian cities. Great respect is shown the aged and they live with their children until the time of passing. No doubt the Chinese on the earth brought this custom of respect and veneration down through the ages from their Martian ancestors.

Passing along through a hallway, we again emerged into what I immediately gathered to be a library. Here a number of persons were busily engaged in sorting and caring for a large variety of books (if they can be compared to ours). These were for the most part, rather ancient scroll-like volumes, but there were others which resembled somewhat our own bound volumes. I was told that this library was kept mostly for research and for historical reasons, as comparatively little reading or writing is done in our usual manner. Most

records are kept in memory machines or some other unfamiliar electronic device. The alphabet consists of a number of cryptograms. I did not linger long enough, however, to go into things of this nature in detail. Another thing that did impress me was the wide variety of pictures and objects of art which were everywhere. These people are exceedingly artistic and almost everyone spends some time at his particular chosen express on decorating screens, ceramics, furniture, etc.; all were given some treatment whenever opportunity presented. It was all in very good taste, however, and most pleasing to the eye. These traits are quite evident in our modern Chinese.

Going through several of these offices we again emerged into the open air. Before us was one of the larger radial streets: coming down this street was what looked like a silver gondola of some sort, suspended from an overhead rail. going closer to examine this strange craft, I found that it was about twenty feet long. It had six or eight bucket-like seats. There is a rather elaborate system of control used. All is done, of course, electronically. There is an 'eye' on each end to keep it spaced a reasonable distance from other cars. Gyroscopes are used to prevent sway and it is powered by a motor in each flanged wheel which rides a single rail, suspended at short intervals by metal standards. These cars are stopped with a single blast of a noiseless supersonic whistle and started after the passengers sit down. A number of the main radial streets have this monorail shuttle car system. Others used moving sidewalks, somewhat similar to escalators.

Inside the tubes, which are the martian cities, are these little shuttle cars, used for transportation.

At this point my inspection of these very interesting monorail cars was interrupted by what appeared to be a gay group of people going into one of the nearby homes. As they disappeared, laughing and chatting through the doorway, I turned and looked inquiringly at Nur El. He smiled as he informed me there was a marriage going on. He went on to explain that marriage is very sacred here; very rarely is there a separation or divorce. As children, couples are selected according to their mental quotient and their compatibility. Further work in preparation is done until the time when they are actually joined marriage, usually around the age of twelve or fifteen (as compared to our years). These marriage ceremonies last for about three days. The first day is spent in the exchanging of gifts between the respective families. The second day is devoted to mind projection and various semi-secret preparations. The whole affair climaxes on the evening of the third day with a banquet. Sitting on opposite sides of a long low table, the close relatives of the bride and groom eat a silent meal, not glancing up or looking across the table during the entire time. This silence is broken by the two fathers, or in the case of their absence, the mothers can substitute by the sharing of a cup made from the juices of certain fruits. After this, the cup is passed around and the whole thing ends up with several hours of merrymaking. Then a parade takes the newlyweds to their new home.

But to return to the subject of transportation. It seems that these people do not travel much, as compared to our earth people. There is, of course, considerable inter-city travel over the monorail car system which I saw in the tube. There is however, a kind of communication which renders a great deal of travel unnecessary.

case some of you are wondering just as I did, what caused his people to go underground and why they do not migrate to some other planet since they have all the necessary craft to do so. Nur El explained all this by first saying that Mars was, up until about 100,000 years ago, a planet very similar to the earth. There was air, water, and an abundance of plant and animal life. The cities flourished on the surface just as ours do. At that time, through their occult science and also with their superior telescopes they saw, somewhere out in space, a cataclysm take place. One of the giant suns suddenly went berserk, flared up like a nova and then exploded in a terrific blinding flash. Huge chunks hurtled out into space in different directions, each one a smaller, white-hot, atomically burning sun, shooting off great streamers of atomic energies. It was determined by calculations that one of these fiery pieces would pass very close to our solar system. As it was larger than our own sun, it was conceivable that there would be tremendous gravitational pull, besides giving off great energies. It was also determined, as light traveled much faster in space than this huge chunk, that it would pass our solar system. This therefore gave the Martians a grace period for preperation. They had, however, a choice: to stay on Mars or to migrate to another planet far away from this solar system. After a search of the nearby, practical limits of the heavens, it was found that there was no other planet available which would be suitable. So an alternative was decided upon. They could build huge cities underground! During the next two hundred years or so, an almost frantic building program was assiduously pursued. We can well imagine some of the problems, the sacrifices, and the labor and research which went into this tremendous project, but it was finally accomplished. In due time all was snug and ship-shape as possible. Buried deep under many feet of rock and earth, in their newly constructed dome-like cities, the people of Mars waited for the final hours. Day by day they watched the white glowing mass of light grow larger and larger. There was no really accurate way by which to measure how close it would pass or just how hot it would be. No doubt many thought it would be the end!

Finally the hour struck. Nur El stated that for eight days the planet was rocked, torn and twisted as great forces blasted and ripped the surface. Plant and animal life disappeared almost entirely, except for the few species which escaped by being buried in caves. The air and water too, were largely dissipated or drawn off with the passing nova. When it was over, Mars was decimated and burned to a cinder.

Other planets also suffered. On earth there were great earthquakes and tidal waves. A great continent and civilization, called Lemuria, sank beneath the sea. Great deserts were burned into the surface in places which were formerly beautiful forests and plains. The Sahara and Gobi deserts were two of these. Earth's orbit and axis (or the poles) were also changed. Instead of a circular orbit Earth was rocked into an elliptical orbit, with the addition of a very slight but definite wobble or oscillation, which it has never lost. Uranus was pushed out into an orbit much further away from the sun. Neptune suffered a similar fate although not quite so pronounced. It is conceivable that the other planets were also affected according to their size and position at the time of the passing of this huge celestial "atom bomb." No doubt the knowledge of this cataclysm will clear up some of the mysteries of Earth's history which have been puzzling the seekers of truth for many years.

Another question might be asked in regard to the Martians' system of time. As nearly as can be determined, they maintain a daylight and dark cycle of days just as we do; this is done by simply dimming the overhead dome-lights at regular intervals. A week is about twelve days. There are apparently no months tabulated, but the year is divided into four quarters, something like the seasons. Their sense of time is quite different from ours. They practice none of the hurry scurry which is so prevalent here. Thus there is no constant clock watching, or the tensions which such a practice produces. Here again is a similarity to the Chinese, i.e., "there is always tomorrow," a familiar Chinese adage. Not that it should be construed that they are a lazy or indolent race, from from it. They are very industrious, but mark each day by their accomplishments and not with the passing of hours.

Just in the event that there may be individuals who may take personal resentment, or a wrong view of any comparisons which have been made as to forms of government, etc., for the record let it be said: I consider myself just as much a loyal staunch American as any other citizen. My parents and grandparents were all pioneers and helped carve out of a wilderness, what is now known as the state of Utah. Moreover, my views on present day political systems are comparatively average. As a philosopher and scientist however, I might point out as others have, many obvious flaws which are a matter of present day concern. It is the task of our legislative bodies to anticipate and to circumvent such flaws. The Constitution is, in its entirety, a very wonderful document which expresses very highly evolved concepts of living. Such documents and governments resulting from them are, however, effective to the relative degree in which the so governed people integrate them. The end result therefore devolves upon each individual so participating. The fact that

there are twenty-one amendments proves the correctness of this reasoning. We must always remember that at no time in life should we ever assume we have reached perfection. We must always visualize an infinite universe in which perfection is only relative. We must not become restless or dissatisfied with what we have. Rather, let us be thankful to our Creator for each daily manifestation of His love and abundance, always secure in the knowledge that He will always so manifest. Our forefathers and those who helped carve out this great nation had such idealism and faith. Because we have countless conveniences which they knew not, we must not lose our initiative to keep pushing back the frontiers of ignorance, fear and insecurity.

Our present civilization, good as it is in some respects, leaves much to be desired. It has been the purpose of Nur El, the people of Mars and myself to bring you some understanding of their ways of life, hoping thus to bring about, not only among the nations of the world, but future interplanetary relationships which are harmonious and conducive to a better way of life.

We all salute you and wish you infinite love, wisdom and peace.

ADDENDA

Shortly after writing this article there appeared in the *Saturday Review*, on May 28, 1955, an article written by Dr. Robert S. Richardson, astronomer at Mount Palomar, which refers to the findings of the International Committee on Mars, which closed its fourth conference on March 25, 1955. There are several interesting statements made, on which I will comment. Mr. Richardson states the consensus of opinion is that there is life on Mars, or that it could exist. This is at least some progress in the right direction. Also he is quite correct about the deserts. Most of the surface of the planet is sandy red-ochre hues. It is however, incorrect to say there is no oxygen there.

The presence of the green maria, which he called sponge-like algae, proves the presence of oxygen, although in a comparatively rare state. As everyone knows, oxygen is necessary in the breathing cycle of any plant which contains chlorophyll (oxygen on Mars is about 10% of the density of the earth's oxygen) as was stated in the aforementioned article. This sponge-like algae is found growing along the edges of the snow banks and often attains a height of forty to fifty feet. It dries up with the vanishing of the snow caps and regrows the following spring.

What the doctor states regarding water on Mars is very true. It is very scarce and the people of the underground cities take great pains to conserve every gallon of it.

As to the temperatures, that is still a matter of conjecture. It is a very tricky business to measure heat over thirty-five millions of miles distance. Moreover, surface temperatures do not affect the inhabitants of the underground cities, as they are completely pressurized and conditioned with temperatures maintained at a comfortable level.

The most surprising part of the entire article was that there was absolutely no mention of the famous canals of Mars. I wonder what happened to them? These canals were for many years a great controversial subject. The photograph in this article does not show them, but this is perhaps explained by the fact that this photo was taken with infrared light film. It may be that the savants at Mt. Palomar would like to explain this.

It is of questionable value that the writer interjected such a material angle as real estate. It seems it would have been wise to confine the remarks within the domain of science and leave this problem up to some of our great promoters in that future day of landing. It might also be that the Martians would resent our tearing up their planet.

It is also probable that in that future day when man does have space travel to mars, he will be able to take his wife or loved ones along. Landing there will be somewhat like taking a plane to a far off city on this planet. On arriving on Mars the space ship will be taxied into a huge airlock. The passengers will disembark and find hotels and accommodations in a similar fashion as on earth. (Assuming of course that such factors as

APPENDIX III

The Inhabitants of VENUS

As this book goes to press astronomers are becoming more convinced of the possibility of life on other planets. The reader will be interested to know that no less an authority Dr. Harlow Shapley has confirmed this in a recent interview with the press. We quote:

INTELLIGENT LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS CERTAIN, SAYS HARVARD ASTRONOMER

"A conclusion that living things with some kind of mentality exist in other worlds now is inevitable," says Dr.Harlow Shapley, noted Harvard University Astronomer.

"Probably the conscious beings which inhabit other planetlike bodies in the Universe are not like the Earth's humans or manlike animals, the primates," Dr. Shapley told a lecture audience at the University of California. "Nevertheless they must be capable of some kind of thinking," he said..

The developments that make this conclusion inescapable." Dr. Shapley asserted, "are comparatively recent biological discoveries, and they make a convincing picture when linked to findings in the fields of Chemistry and Astronomy."

"The biological findings include a mounting pile of evidence of a close relationship between molecules, viruses and genes. All things are made of molecules, which essentially are nonliving aggregations of atoms. The molecules which compose living organisms are made of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and a few other chemicals.

"Scientists have found that viruses are elaborate molecules and they have some of the characteristics of living things. Under certain physical conditions a nonliving molecule accumulates more atoms and at some stage it takes on the aspects of a living organism. And genes, which are responsible for the transmission

of heredity from one cell or one organism to a descendent, closely resemble viruses."

"On Earth it has taken a delicate balance of natural forces – just the right temperature range, a supply of water and air, and chemical conditions for bringing the atoms together to produce this," Dr. Shapley said. "And the findings of Astronomers make it appear that conditions somewhat like those on Earth must exist in COUNTLESS OTHE WORLDS."

-- The Los Angeles Times, April 14, 1956.

Among the other cases of reported contacts with human beings from Mars and Venus is the following most important one about which very little has ever been published. This report is from personal knowledge and experience.

While Navy Lt. Comdr. Wallace Carey Halsey, nephew of Admiral "Bull" Halsey was sailing in the Pacific during and right after World War II, he was contacted by extraterrestrial human beings who said they came from what we call Venus. His contacts with them continued, and when he left the Navy and came home to Utah at the end of the war, his wife, Tarna , wanted to meet them too. The Ets told him that they considered the couple a "unit" and would accept her into the contacts also, which they did.

The Ets would give the Halseys rendezvous points, often hundreds of miles away, for meetings. When Wallace and Tarna got there they would be met by males and females who told them they were from Venus, and sometimes the visitors would be accompanied by other human beings who avered they came from Mars.

Then all would go to a small restaurant for fruit juice and a snack. The visitors always ate very lightly, and after that they would drive out to the landed craft together, where they were occasionally invite aboard and once accepted.

In 1954, Wallace and Tarna were invited to Washington, D. C. to the White House, to meet the President of the United States.

be in tune with and perceiving such a vast and expansive panorama as to feel completely frustrated and overwhelmed. Thus, to convey in words what is being seen is very difficult at times.

The word "seeing" is used rather loosely. This "seeing" refers rather to a contact with the higher self or inner consciousness.

At times, "seeing" certain high ceremonies, the power would be so tremendous that the great ones would build up an "energy shield" similar to a bubble in order to protect the centers of the psychic body of the transmitter. In one instance, the power was too great and a physical shock was suffered.

Also, in some instances, undoubtedly the mind of Dr. Norman was "conditioned" during sleep because several transmissions would come forth immediately upon awakening. The philosophical material in these books was given to him by several "old, white robed and white bearded men," that were psychically

seen by a number of people who knew Dr. Norman over a period of years. They were also observed around the writer and identically described to her shortly before meeting him. These, we were told, were Elisha, Enoch and Ezra.

Several of the communicators expressed themselves as having great difficulty in conveying thoughts into words, as it had been so many thousands of years since they had used our languages. However, the ancient masters seemed to be able to express themselves more beautifully than some of those who had more recently "changed worlds." It is interesting that such entities as Darwin, William James, Mendel, and others, belittled their work while on earth, in view of the vast perspective now available to them. Evaluating them I would say that more spiritual perception was added to their writings while on earth.

The photographs of Dr. Norman's face and hands are unretouched. The psychic nail scars in the palms of both hands cause some distress at times from nerve contractions. At Good Friday through Easter time the fingers and hands are drawn or clenched as the cords and nerves become activated or contract. The large welted circle on the forehead is the result of viewing the crucifixion nearly two thousand years ago. It is called "the eye of Mohammed," a psychic stigmata emanating from a previous incarnation in Mohammad's time.

These particulars are merely pointed out to show that these are indeed very unusual and rare, if ever duplicated, conditions whereby these very extraordinary contacts are made. Whether you are a "believer"

or disbeliever in things of this nature, whether a spiritualist or a psychologist seeking to understand the abnormal or supernormal, you have before you a most unusual case of extra-sensory perception and clairvoyance, worth serious study. Such men as Dr. Norman give evidence of abilities once possessed by men and lost, and which may be far more frequent in the future generations. At any rate, we hope the wisdom received and the visions described will be a blessing to many.

Ruth Norman

has found through his telescopes various other heavenly orbs or bodies revolving in fixed orbits around our central sun. And he has assumed from such external appearance or from studies made by refractory instruments that these planets, as he calls them, can or cannot sustain life as compared to the life about him on his own earth plane. Such a concept is extremely limited and baseless, and while he calls himself a scientist he has not reached the point in his mental evolution where he can visualize anything beyond the spectra of his own 100 elements; and thus he has become like the child with the pebbles. Each and every planet in this solar system could quite possibly support life in one of the count-

less innumerable dimensions which lie outside the realm of perception for the earthman.

It can also be said, that while the earth man sees about him many things which are completely intangible, as far as his own perception is concerned, even though, ironically, he may have created these so-called intangibles. He may think he has the picture of the atom yet he has never seen one. He may send pictures and sound through the air and yet he is not quite sure how this is done. Life for the earth scientist is an almost daily break-down of many of the time honored and treasured laws of the past. While this has been goin on for thousands of years, so likewise will the thousands of years of the future hold break-downs of many of the ideas and laws which he has set up for himself at this day and time.

Through your mediumship you were given a factual picture of life on the planet Mars and this

planet lies closer to your own spectra than any other of the planets of the solar system, in fact one of your races of people were migrants from this planet. Let it be said to the astronomers of your earth that they have not seen all of the planets of your solar system, for there are others which reside in different spectra and therefore cannot be viewed or analyzed by any means known to your earth people. The planet Venus has always been something of great mystery to the earth astronomer because it seems to be shielded by what appears to be masses of clouds. This is erroneous. These so-called cloud masses or vapors are actually substances which reside outside of the realm or spectra of the 100 known earth elements. They are actually, in a sense, condensed masses of wave forms of high frequency energies which are kept like a protecting envelope around the planet through certain applied laws of frequency relationships.

This has been done purposely by the highly developed minds which live on Venus to avoid what would be an obvious state of confusion of the earth people, inasmuch as if they could see through their telescopes the actual surface of Venus, and its radiant beauty as well as its completely different spectral analysis, it would not yield to any known scientific earth definition. The materials which compose this planet, while they might appear to be solid if you were standing there, are actually outside the realm of frequency relationships with which the earth people are familiar in their own spectra. In other words it is something similar to your equation of

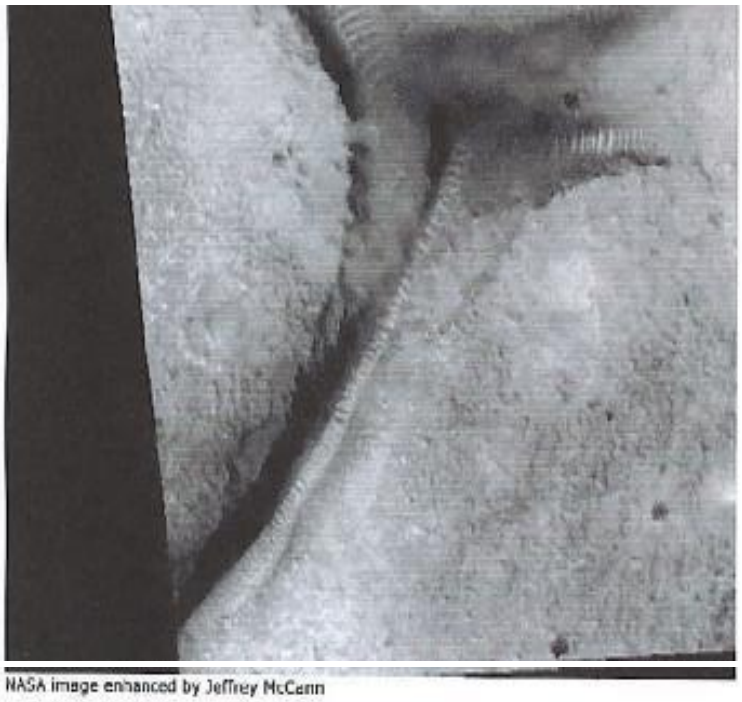
We can only offer what we can see here now, as we have no positive confirmations to provide, of any of this at this time. But the mutual corroborations coming from other sources, mostly unknown to each other, do tend to weigh in favor of one another. They do tend to confirm a story that is sure to grow and be confirmed one way pr another with our future Mars programs.

May I suggest the following internet sites as a beginning:
http://www.space.com/imageoftheday/030731.html
http://www.geocities.com/photon9999/bigpicture.htm
http://ida.wr.usgs.gov/fullres/divided/m08046/m0804688.jpg

A list of Mars photographs follows:

1. Craters with raised domes
2. "Epcot" dome in crater
3. Octagonal dome in crater
4. Translucent Tunnel with point light source
5. Tunnel surface breakthrough
6. Illuminated Tunnel
7. Illuminated tunnel, convex dome in crater
8. Illuminated tunnel, convex dome in crater
9. Convex dome
10. Convex dome, tube surface breakout
11. Convex dome
12. Hexagonal dome in crater, tunnel descends
13. Hexagonal dome in crater, octagonal dome in crater
14. Anamalous craters with raised domes inside
15. Tunnel junction
16. Tunnels descending into surgace
17. Object in tunnel with illuminated point light
18. Tunnel descending into fissure
19. Tube junction, domed crater
20. "Waterfall"
21. Water lake
22. "Banyan" trees on Mars

23. Dark creatures near tunnels
24. Triangular dome in crater
25. Sand dunes on Mars
26. Sand dune pattern
27. More sand dunes
28. Looks like standing water



NASA image enhanced by Jeffrey McCann

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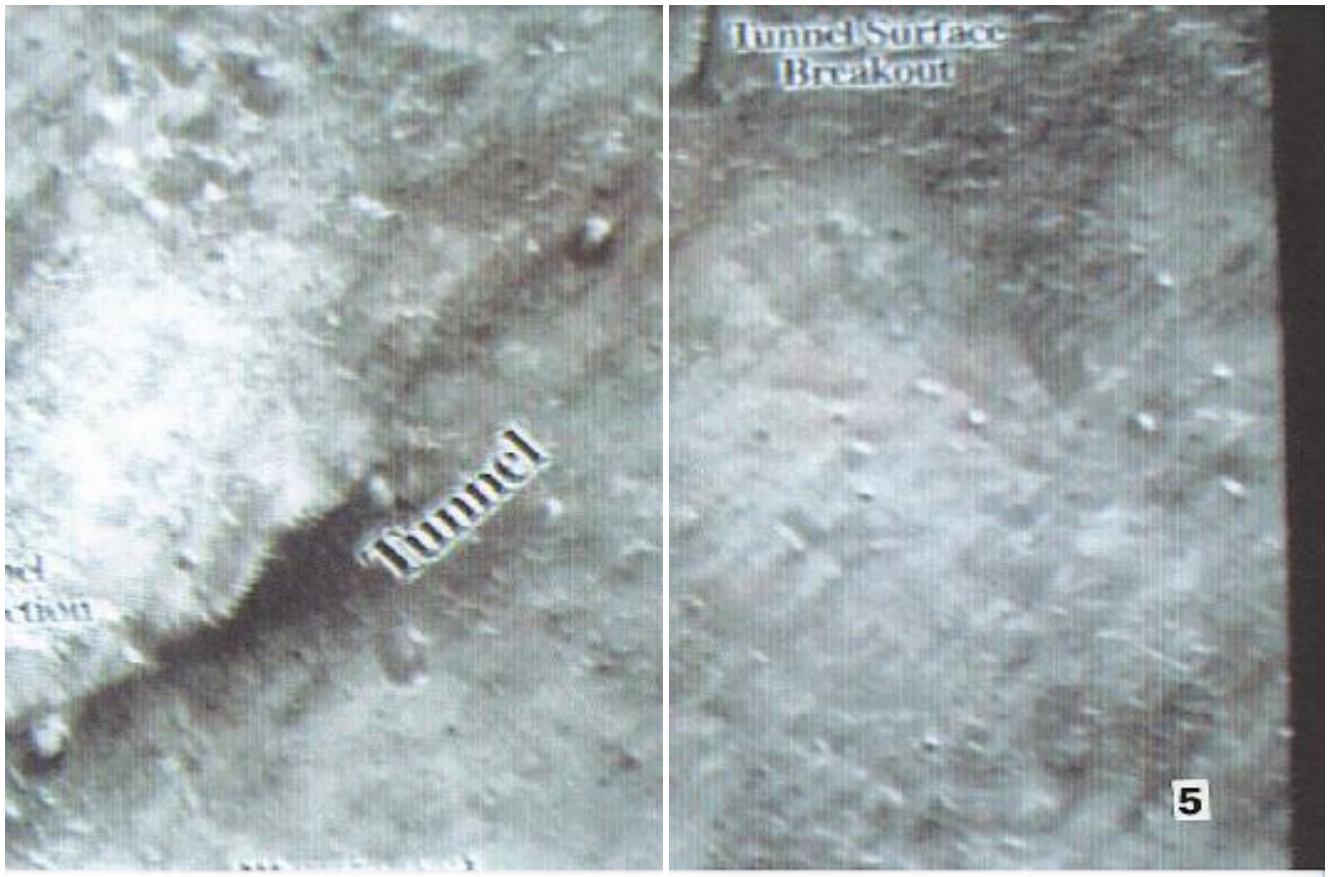
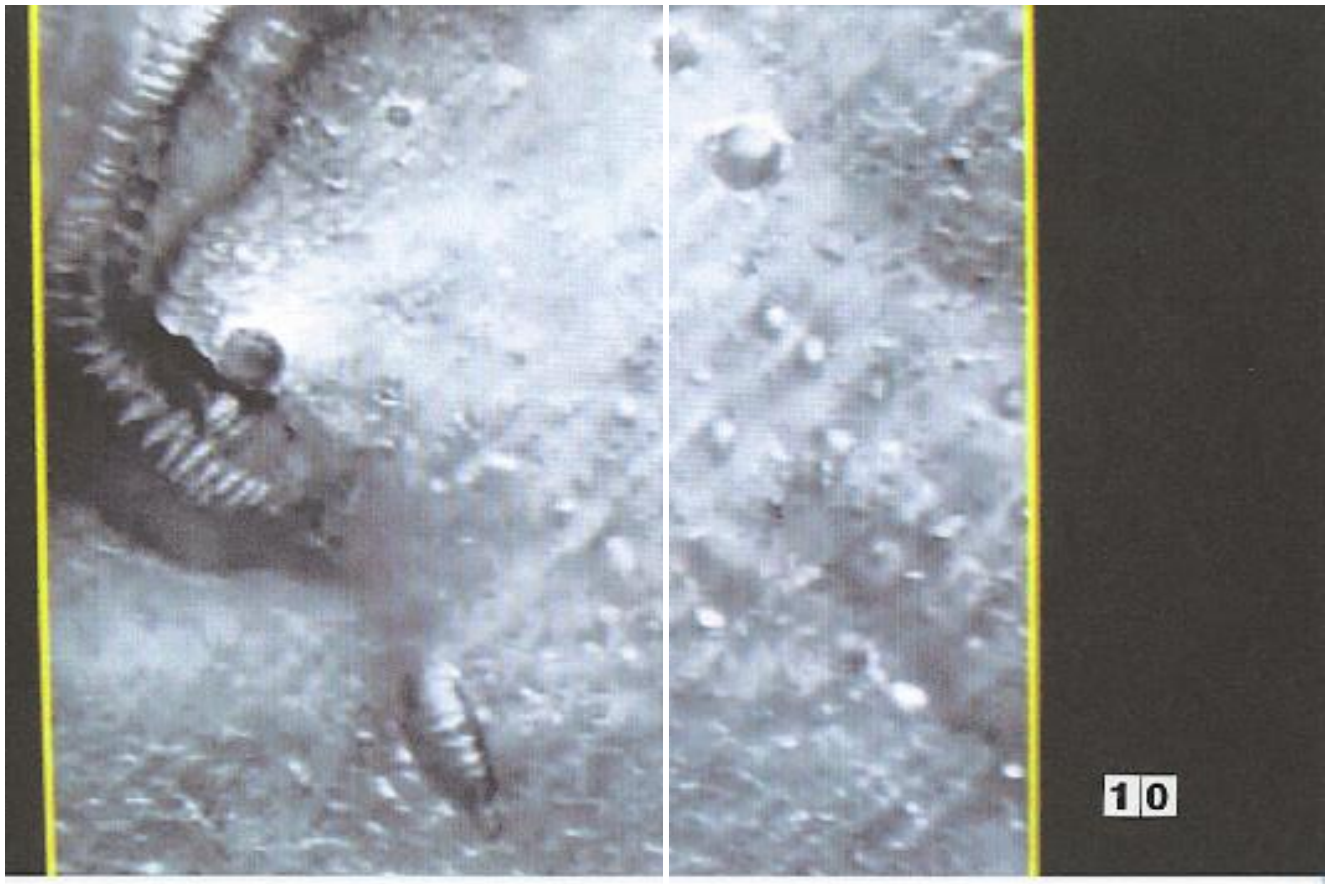
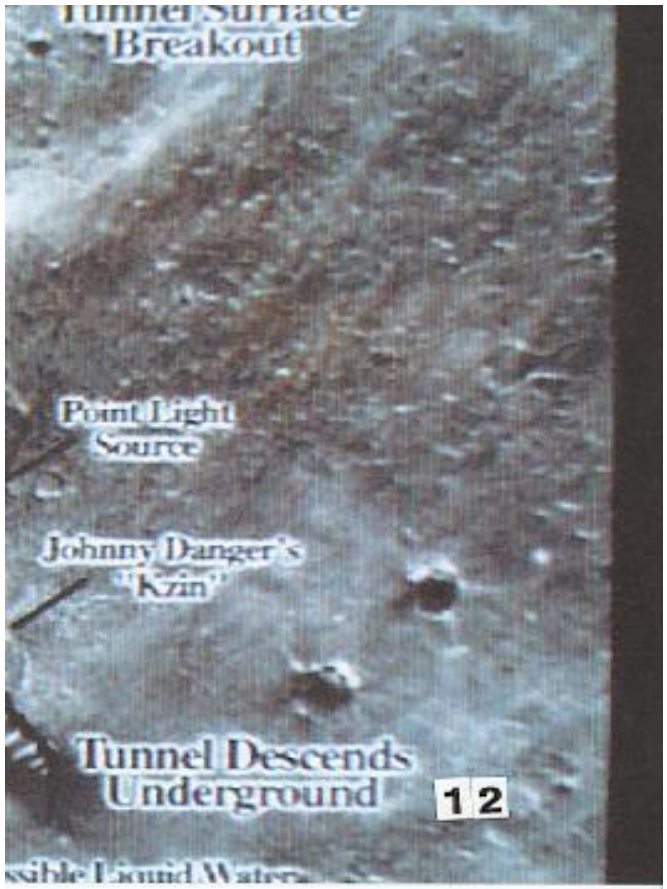

Tunnel
Tunnel Surface
Breakout
5

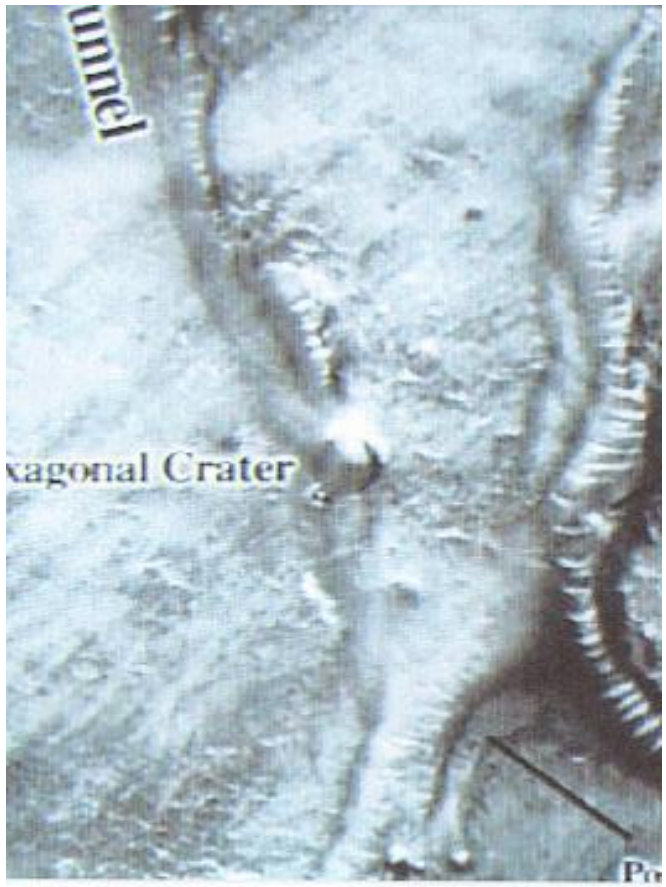
6

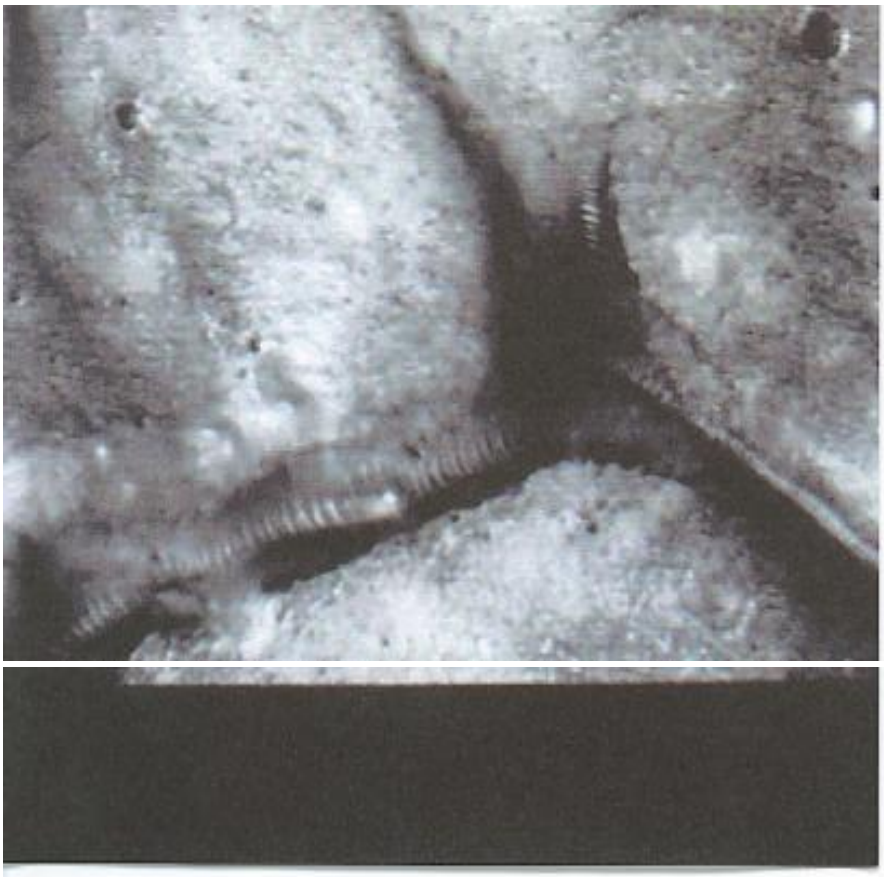
Illuminated
Tunnel
(What is the light source?)

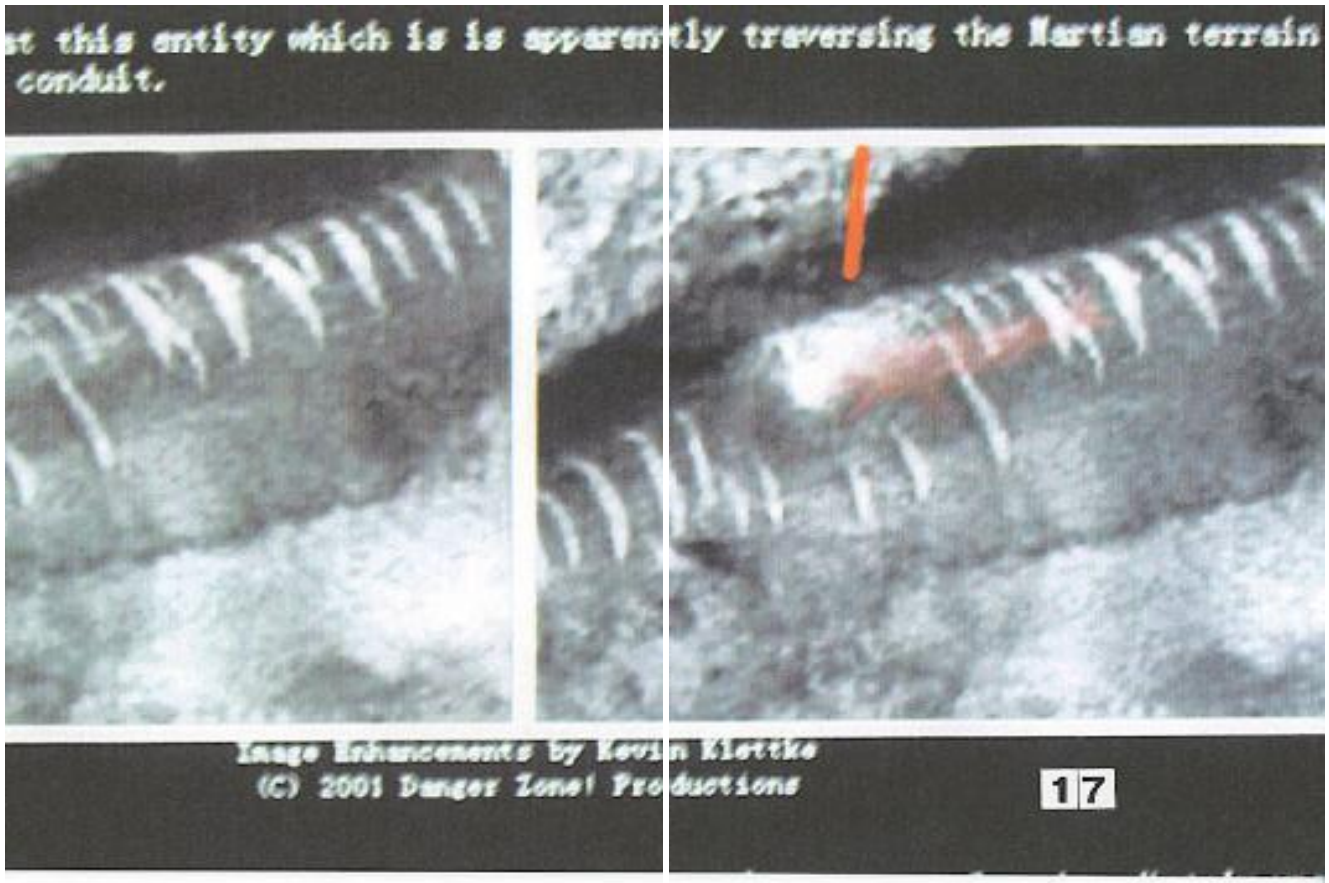

10

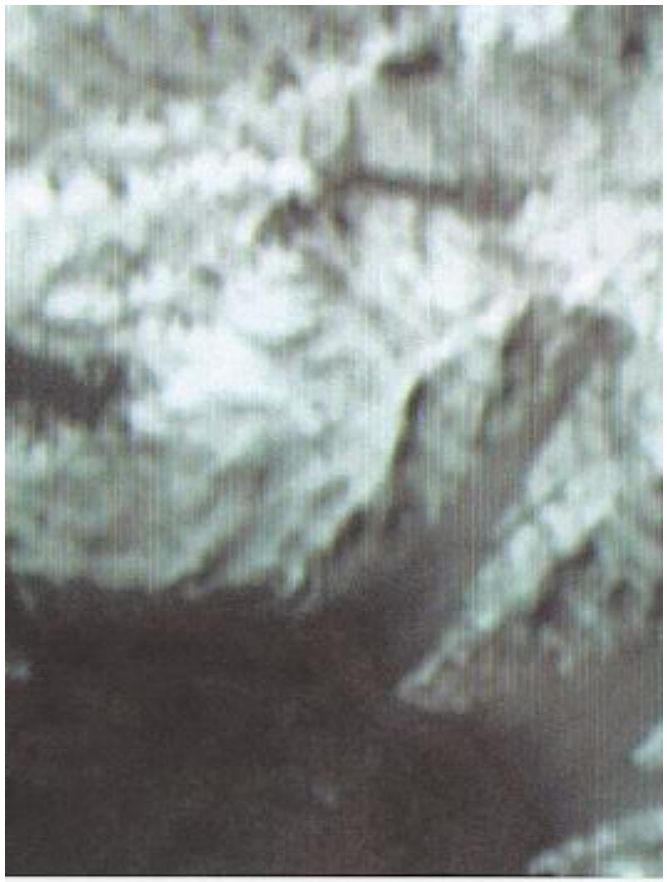

Tunnel Surface
Breakout
Point Light
Source
Johnny Danger's
"Kzin"
Tunnel Descends
Underground
12

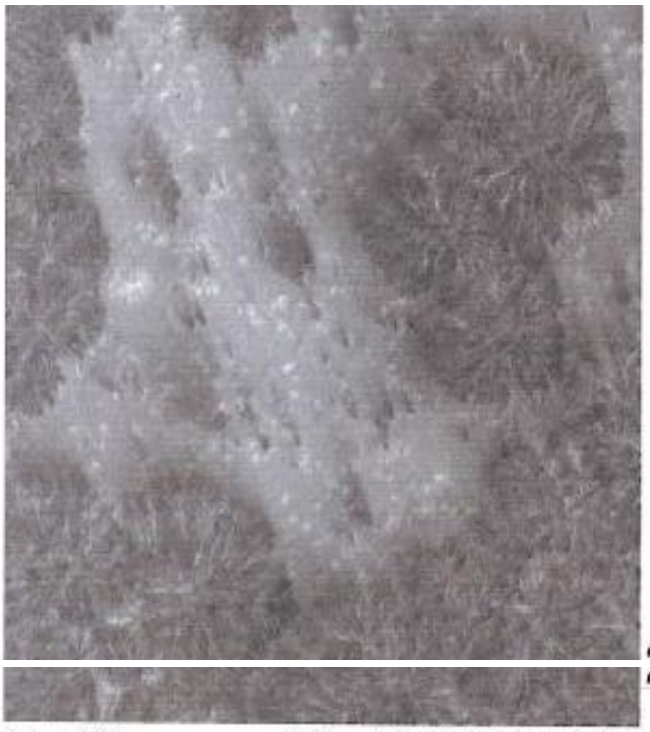
16


xagonal Crater




t this entity which is is apparently traversing the Martian terrain
conduit.
Image Enhancements by Kevin Klotzke
(C) 2001 Danger Zone! Productions
17





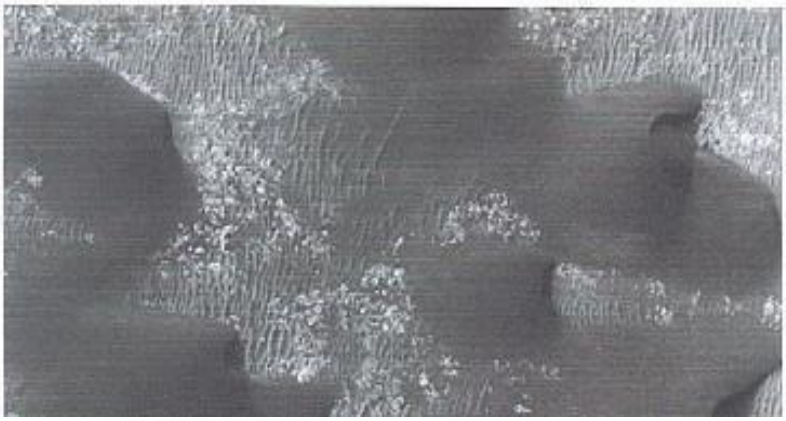
22

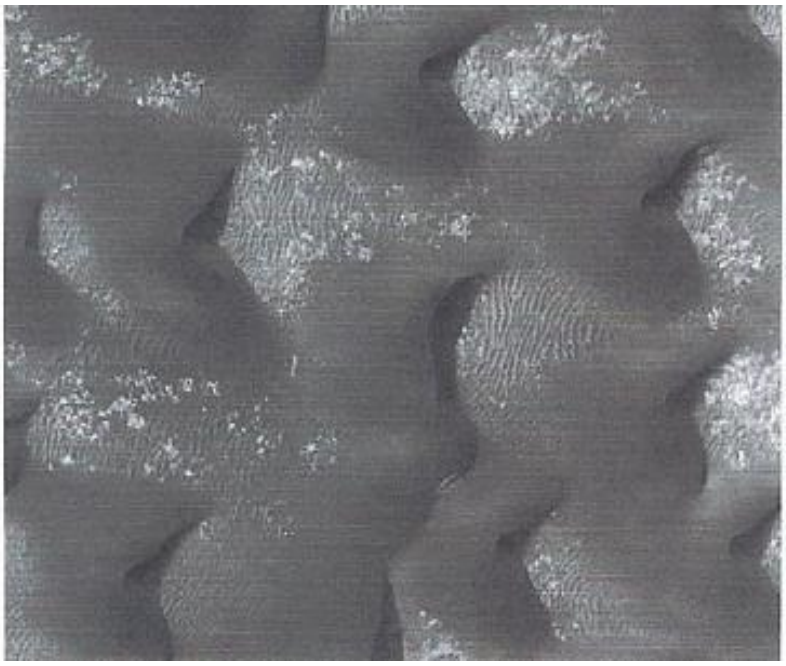
http://ida.wr.usgs.gov/fullres/divided/m08046/m0804688a.jpg

23

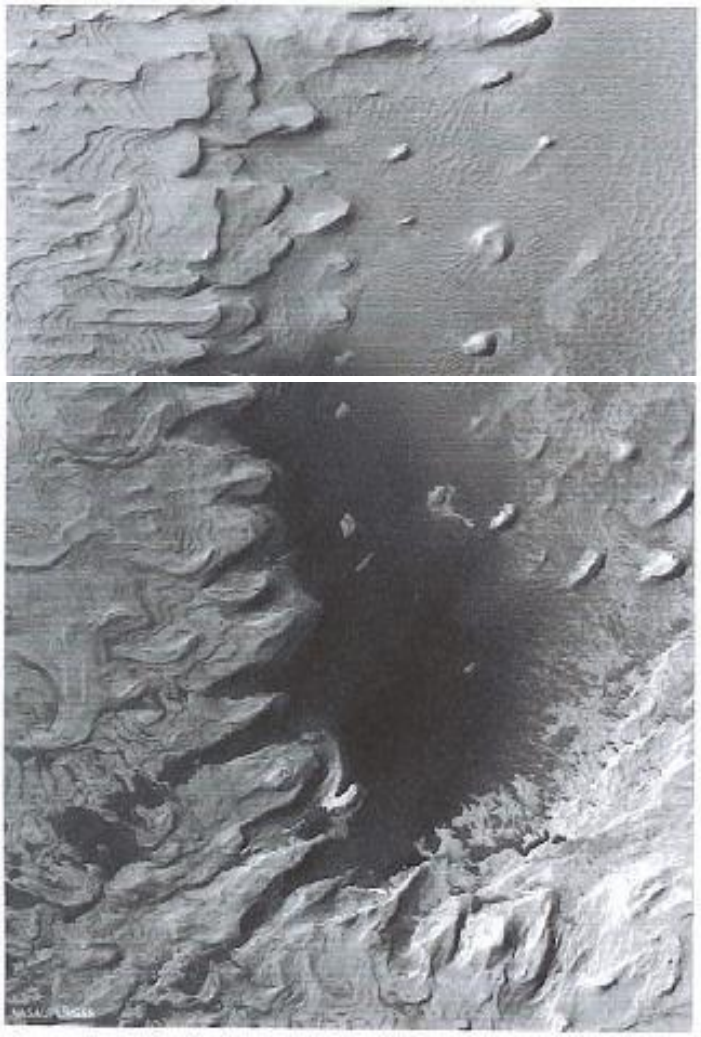
been transporting the sand from the southwest toward the northeast (lower left toward upper right). Click to enlarge.

This Mars Global Surveyor (MGS) Mars Orbiter Camera (MOC) high resolution image shows a field of dark sand dunes on the floor of Kaiser Crater in southeastern Noachis Terra. The steepest slopes on each dune, the slip faces, point toward the east, indicating that the strongest winds that blow across the floor of Kaiser move sand in this direction. Click to enlarge.





One of the earliest results of the Mars Global Surveyor (MGS) Mars Orbiter Camera (MOC) investigation shortly after the spacecraft began to orbit Mars in 1997 was the discovery of layered rock outcrops reaching deep down into the martian crust in the walls of the Valles Marineris. Since that time, thousands of MOC images have revealed layered rock in a variety of settings--crater floors, canyon interiors, and scarps exposed by faulting and pitting. Click to enlarge.



NEW UFO BOOK

UFO CONTACT FROM PLANET VENUS
We Are Not Alone

By

Edward James – Wendelle Stevens

ISBN 0-934269-55-6

HUMANITARIAN INTEREST

After a series of visual sightings of silvery flying discs in the sky, young High School Student Edward James (a pseudonym) was deliberately met by an alien ET being who encountered him early in the foggy morning of 7 February 1962, on the shores of Biscayne Bay at Miami, Florida.

He Addressed him by the boy's first name and said, "We have been watching you for

NEW UFO BOOK

UFO CONTACT FROM PLANET KORENDOR
ANOTHER ADVANCED SOCIETY

By

ROBERT P. RENAUD -- GABRIEL GREEN
WENDELLE C. STEVENS

HUMANITARIAN INTEREST

An eighteen year old Ham Radio Operator and Electronics Inventor in Massachusetts, tuning in to an annoying beep in the 25 meter band, ...

in Massachusetts, tuning in to an annoying beep in the 25 meter band on his short wave radio, was surprised to discover that somebody was trying to get his attention and talk to him. Having succeeded, they also gave him instructions on how to modify his radio set to facilitate this in radio, and later on in TV.

That opened an extensive ongoing dialogue with them that eventually resulted in face-to-face meetings, and his even going on trips into space with them. They said they came from a planet they called Korendor, some 400 light years from our own Sun. They were studying our level of evolution in intelligence some 3,000 years after their turn at our level of progress.

They belonged to a Confederation of planets that they said one day we would also join if we did not eliminate ourselves first.

NEW UFO BOOK

UFO CONTACT FROM PLANET NORCA
THE SHOCKING TRUTH

By

H. Albert Coe – Wendelle Stevens

ISBN 0-934269-59-9

HUMANITARIAN INTEREST

Young H. Albert Coe on a fishing trip to Canada, rescued a man, who turned out to be an alien ET visitor. A friendship subsequently grew up between them. The visitor said he was from a planet he called NORCA in another solar system. Those humans left their own planet when their resources began to run out and came to our solar system, landing on Venus and Mars first where they eventually set up new colonies and began developing the resources of their new homes. They possessed marvelous technologies which they

brought with them including vast interplanetary travel capabilities, some of which they shared with their new neighbors, who eventually developed spacecraft and learned interplanetary travel as well.

After Albert met and married his girl friend they would meet the visitor together. The visitor always had o lower his vibrational rate to become tangible to us in our society, something which he could easily do. This is one reason why we do not see the life wave evolving on Venus now, because of our own limited range of perception.

Albert was repeatedly picked up and taken on trips with those ETs, and once they took him to see their own depleted planet, a fate in our near future if we do not learn to properly husband and protect our resources. They sought to hopefully guide us in saving our planet if we would just listen to the result of our activities today if unchanged.

NEW UFO BOOK

The BLUE PLANET Project

Anonymous

HUMAN INTEREST

This is the mysterious document received by Prof. A. J. Gevaerd from Brazil, by EXPRESS MAIL at the Oasis Resort Hotel in the small town of Mesquite, Nevada, where he was a guest speaker at the famous INTERNATIONAL UFO CONGRESS in 1995.When he opened the 11" x 14" one inch thick package, there was a 180 page report on the UFO activities of the U. S. Government over the previous ten years, including the then little known facilities at area %1 in Nevada, those activities at Los Alamos and also at Dulce, New Mexico

Los Alamos and also at Dulce, New Mexico.

We watched those described events revealed one by one over the next ten years, slowly confirming the contents of this document, including some of the discoveries of Dr. Richard Boylan such as the Star Wars City, The secret Space Academy in Colorado, Companies participating in our own disc development program, the comprehensive activities at Dulce Base in New Mexico.

The originator of this document was a U. S. Government insider who became disenchanted at the pervasiveness of the activities and the brutality of its directors and left his highly paid and important inside job, and immediately became the "hunted", on the run for his life. He has left this country and is in hiding with a new identity in a foreign country, unknown to us at this time.

The gradual confirmation of many things he said ten years ago is what has now prompted me to release this document for all to read. I have no way to verify the truth of any of it. You may now judge for yourself.

EARTH COSMOLOGY

THE EFFECTS OF THE GIANT "DESTROYER" COMET

This work is compiled and prepared by one Mr. Larry Driscoll, a self styled Student and Advocate of

Larry Bryson, a self styled Student and Advocate of the "Billy" Meier contact material. He reads and translates from the original German Transcripts himself, and has gone to great pains to collect and correlate a particular aspect of the most voluminous amount of Contact Notes now accumulated.

ISBN 0-934269-41-6

NEW UFO BOOK

UFO Contact Fm Beyond RIGEL
A CHEROKEE GIRL'S ODDESY

EXTENSIVE DISCUSSION ABOARD

Lucius Farish – Wendelle Stevens- Phyl Pierceall

HUMANITARIAN INTEREST

An ethnic Cherokee American Indian girl is abducted from

An ethnic Cherokee American Indian girl is abducted from her home in full view of her mother, was taken aboard a hovering flying disc, examined, and was then shown around the craft and allowed to ask questions, of which she asked many good ones and was told and shown answers to many of the questions and other things.

She observed amazing technology and in answer to her many questions was shown remarkable machinery and devices that were also demonstrated for her.

She was told the visitors came from another Galaxy, and because of the vast distances involved, that society maintained an operating base on a friendly planet here in our own Galaxy.

The visitors actually had Green skin and a quite different morphology from our conventional concept of humanity, but they seemed to be quite human in most other respects. There were males and females aboard the visiting craft.

NEW UFO BOOK

UFO the DULCE story
An Incredible Deception

By

Thomas F. Castello – Wendelle C. Stevens

HUMANITARIAN INTEREST

Stories of the United States Government contact and involvement with alien extraterrestrial beings have been circulating since the 1960s. There were even rumors of live UFO occupants in the hands of the American Government since the later 1940s when the four occupants of the Socorro

recovery in 1 June 1947 were taken alive. You saw one on the autopsy table in the Santilli film, that injured one that was killed at the scene by a sentry.

Paul Bennewits, an Albuquerque businessman, flying his own airplane, claimed he filmed and photographed flying discs over the Archuleta Plateau above Dulce. He reported them to his district's Senator Schiff who launched an investigation and died before he finished it.

Thomas Castello, a government employee at the Dulce underground facility at the Archuleta site claimed he left during an underground firefight between U. S. Government forces and the Alien ETs operating there and remained on the run for years. He died on the run. His story, recently released by the CONSPIRACY JOURNAL completes the circle of evidence supporting the incredible Dulce Story. Now we have to wonder how much more there is to this that we simply do not know. Stay Tun

NEW UFO BOOK

UFO CONTACT FROM ALCYON
FALLING BODIES THEORY

Long Ongoing Instruction Aboard

Lloyd Zirbes – Wendelle Stevens

HUMANITARIAN INTEREST

These ET visitors from Alcyon in the Pleiades Star Cluster repeatedly took Lloyd Zirbes of St. Cloud, Minnesota aboard their craft and taught him the failings of our present sciences and technology in understanding the great damage done and still being done to our planet by our misuse of the atom. They imparted to him aboard their ship, the knowledge of what we are doing to our planet in the hopes that we will come to our senses and try to save what is left.

They also taught him a new concept of physics that may help us to better understand our suicide.

NEW UFO BOOK

UFO CONTACT FROM PLANET BAAVI IN PROXIMA CENTAURI SUN SYSTEM

ASSEMBLED BY

WENDELLE C. STEVENS

HUMANITARIAN INTEREST

The BAAVIAN extraterrestrials have made contact with terrestrial humans a number of times in the past. In 1964 they took Monsieur Y. from the Algerian Desert to their home planet BAAVI for two months stay, living among them and working with them, where they taught him their language, mathematics, sciences, philosophy, etc., which he brought back to Earth when he returned.

Mn, Y.s Contact Notes filled twelve volumes of thick notebooks covering the exended time of his ongoing contacts.

The extraterrestrial's home planet, which they call BAAVI, orbits in a family of cold planets around the Proxima Centauri star in the constellation Centaurus, 4.3 light years from our own sun.

Language scholars studying the BAAVIAN language brought back by Mn. Y. say it has all the characteristics of a useful language system and was probably not a new contrived language created by anyone here.

ISBN 0-934269-46-7

NEW BOOK

UFO CONTACT FROM PLANET APU

100 HOURS WITH ETs

By

Vlado Kapetanovic – Wendelle Stevens

HUMANITARIAN INTEREST

This is a case of repeated ongoing extraterrestrial visits to the Indian shepherds of the Peruvian Altiplano to heal the ill and injured where they have no other real medical support. They perform rescues where necessary, and rain when needed. They have and use marvelous devices and equipment. These human visitors can fly individually in their marvelous suits, and they use a variety of different craft in their operations. They have been coming here for a very long time, and are known among the Indians as the BROTHERS FROM THE SKY.

ISBN 0-934269-38-6

UFO CONTACT FROM PLANET ZETI IN ORION

16 October 1979. Marana, Arizona. Raphael Chacon in front of his

modest mobil home where all this began and where most of his ET abductions took place before his willing departure for his ET home.

GOING "HOME"?

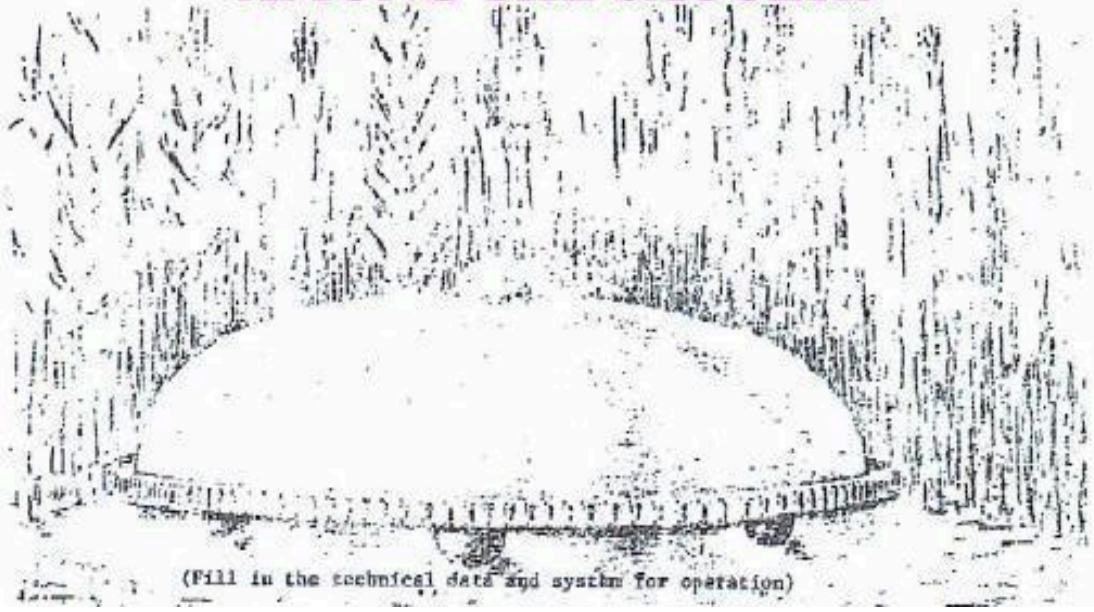
WENDELLE C. STEVENS

ISBN 0-934269-39-4

- Adult men carried away never returned
- Unusual ET spacecraft abducted them
- Each led to believe he was one of them

UFO CONTACT FROM MARS

AMONG THE SAUCERS



November 1957, Floresant, MO. Helen Mitchell was picked up by a craft like this parked in a vacant meadow in farm country on the outskirts of the town near St. Louis Missouri.

By

Helen and Betty Mitchell

- Men from MARS working in harmony with Men from Venus –
- Witness taken in smaller craft to and aboard the bigger mother ship –
- Witnesses given communications device for contact with visitors –
- Martian society and life described and shown in detail –

ISBN 0-934269-26-2